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Cape Cod Magazine

January, 1917

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr.

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NUMBER 9

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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 2 JANUARY, 1917 NO. 9

From the Publishers' Desk

* * *

WE EXTEND to our readers our most hearty wish that they may enjoy a happy and prosperous New Year. May they, one and all, find the year 1917 a banner one in their experience; may their love for Cape Cod expand; may their hearts be warmed by the thought of the service they may render to it and its people.

To those exiles from the Cape, living their lives in distant regions, may they be able to return to their native soil and renew their acquaintance with the friends of their youth. To those who are not able to come, we express the hope that the monthly visit of this magazine may be to them a breath of the salty breezes of the clime from which they are separated by miles of dreary distance.

We trust that the coming year will have much in store for our Cape Cod land, that it will see progress and prosperity such as it has never experienced before. We hope to see it come to its own through the realization of its beauties and natural attractions and that it may exert a "call" that will reach the hearts of every son and daughter, every tired and weary city sojourner, and bring them to its confines to enjoy at least a vacation amid its whispering pines and beside its ocean grandeur.

To tritely wish "A Happy New Year" means much or little, according to the warmth of heart and soul that goes with the message. A warm hand clasp, a loving glance, an earnest good fellowship, is needed to make the wish genuine and sincere. As we settle down to contemplate what the coming year has in store for us, let us resolve that, whatever else we do, we will dedicate ourselves to the task of helping to make our community one which can proudly rear its head above all others and one in which the joy of living is exemplified to its greatest extent. Let us determine to aid all good causes, to be neighborly in our thoughts and actions to the end that we may more fully realize that our welfare is the welfare of all and that whatever we do to advance the interests of the community in which we live is a direct step toward our own advancement.

"Each for all and all for each" is a motto worth framing and, with a latch string that is always out, we may achieve the title of "Cape Cod—the Friendly Land."

The House of Years

By HELEN T. WOODS

They built a little house of years
    And left ajar the door,
The timbers were of loving deeds
    From Life's great strong-house store.

The windows of the house of years
    Reflected Love's own sun,
Where silken, web-like curtains
    In graceful beauty hung.

At last Love came. The house of years
    With wide-flung open door
And blazing fire upon the hearth—
    A light forevermore.

Oh, little house of years, in which
    They gave their all to you;
Oh, storm proof, time proof shelter,
    Where dreams are ever new!

Oh, hearthstone wide, by blazing log,
    What destinies here were wrought—
In marking well the toll of years
    And worth thy sons have sought.

Cling to the old in memories sweet
    Of youthful visions here;
But with latch string out, and welcome warm
    Hail to the glad New Year!

WAREHAM, THE BORDER TOWN

By L. C. HALL

WAREHAM is not geographically on the Cape, although its interests are so closely allied with it as to make it practically a Cape town. It is in Plymouth County, but on its extreme edge, and is only separated from the Cape proper by the arbitrary line which runs through the waters of Buttermilk bay and through the center of the long bridge which spans it.

It is a town with a population of over 5,000 people and is growing rapidly, both in its numbers and commercial interests. It is a trading and banking center for the surrounding locality and draws a considerable portion of its business from the places upon the upper part of the Cape. Unlike the Cape towns, Wareham was, and still is, a manufacturing town. Its activities in this line date back for nearly two centuries, and for a long time it had a considerable iron business, with furnaces scattered through its various sections. Even before the Revolutionary War it was noted for the manufacture of hollow ware, in the form of iron kettles and various utensils made from that material, and later it produced the plate for cut nails and merchant iron. Its furnaces gave employment to a large number of people and its rolling mills were famed throughout the country for the quality of their product. At present it has a large steel plant, with modern furnaces, which produces nail, tack and shovel plate, and which has recently been acquired by the United Shoe Machinery Company. In the nail works at Parker Mills it still produces cut nails.

WAREHAM RIVER LOOKING TOWARD BRIDGE

At South Wareham there is a large works devoted to the manufacture of horseshoes, a thriving industry, giving employment to a considerable number of people.

Its most recent industry is a bleachery for bleaching, dyeing and finishing cotton cloth. This is a modern mill, built only a few years ago, and rapidly outgrowing its original buildings, so fast is its business increasing.

It also has a number of barrel and box board mills, which utilize the logs from the white pine forests of the surrounding locality. There is a boat-building establishment which is growing under efficient management and Wareham-built boats are to be found in waters far distant from its shores.

Agriculture is not practiced in Wareham, except to a limited extent, unless we term the growing of cranberries an agricultural industry, in which case we shall have to say that its agricultural interests are large, for it is the center of that business, and the various stations within its borders ship more cranberries than are shipped from any other town in the United States. Its cranberry bogs, many of them of great acreage, add much to the taxable valuation of the town and a large amount of both local and foreign capital is invested in the business.

Wareham was one of the first towns in southeastern Massachusetts to appreciate the value of having good roads, and its miles of smooth highways attract attention from visitors and are one of its chief assets in appealing to summer guests. It is the "Gateway to Cape Cod" and its roads carry a traffic during the summer that is truly enormous. Congested conditions upon its main street is leading to the discussion of means for diverting some of it to new through roads to be built in the future.

Another important feature of its life is found in its good schools. Modern structures are replacing the older buildings and the force of teachers necessary for the instruction of the young is increasing year by year. Its fine high school building is a model of its kind and it has just completed one large, modern school building at the west end of the town and is about to build a like structure in the east end. An unusually large proportion of the graduates of its high school seek higher forms of education and, at the present time, the principal colleges of the country are well supplied with students from Wareham.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND CHURCH

Within the limits of an article of this length it is impossible to speak in detail of the many features of life which are found within its borders. Social activities are indulged in to an extent greatly in excess to that which is usual in towns of its size. Its numerous clubs are playing their part in community life, the secret societies are unusually well represented, its churches are active and fully alive to their opportunities.

Its amusement facilities have recently been enhanced by the construction of a modern theatre, in which moving pictures are shown nightly, and which is also utilized for the presentation of musical and dramatic productions, lectures, etc.

The subject of Wareham's summer activities will be treated in another article at some future time. It has a summer colony of wealth and refinement and, at Onset, a popular resort that is well known throughout the country.

RESIDENCES ON HIGH STREET

Wareham has grown rapidly within the past few years. After lying dormant for more than a decade, it woke up and commenced to shake itself. Its people began to see that it had the germs of growth within itself and it began to expand. With the coming of the trolley roads, it felt the need of new homes and more modern conveniences. Building took a boom, which has by no means exhausted itself, a fine water system was built, fire apparatus purchased and electric lights and power utilized. More attention was paid to appearances and the town blossomed forth with beautiful residences, lawns and shrubbery.

Wareham has natural advantages which promise to be more prized in the future than they are today. It has a fine harbor, which has just been dredged out by the state at an expense of over $35,000, providing a channel with sufficient depth to float vessels drawing 12 feet of water, at low tide. With both railway and waterway facilities for transportation, it is well located for many industries and there are many who expect to see the town made an important manufacturing center within relatively few years. It is only six miles from the entrance of the Cape Cod canal and its strategic location at the head of Buzzards Bay, with both Boston and New York only a few hours away, gives it freight and shipping facilities that are bound to be appreciated sooner or later.

We will not speak at length of the history of the town, but merely state that it can boast of a past of which it may justly feel proud. It has sent more than its quota to every war which the nation ever had; it has been represented in the affairs of the state and nation by men of high ability and has produced men who have achieved reputations high in the chronicles of statesmanship, literature, art, sciences and law.

The early settlers of the town were of Pilgrim ancestry and many of its leading families trace themselves back to early colonial times. Later it became impregnated with people of other nationalities, which leavened the stern characteristics of Pilgrim blood with warmer and more liberal vintage, and, at the present time, it is inhabited by a democratic people, having characteristics which trace their sources from England, Ireland and other European nations. In other words, Wareham is a typical New England town, although those who live in it patriotically maintain that it averages above the average, if such an expression is permissible.

Wareham is being developed largely from within itself. Its own citizens have faith in its future and are planning for it. They are optimistic, as a whole, and see opportunities opening up in which they can invest their capital. They have sufficient faith in themselves and their community to risk both their time and their money in it. One of the most promising signs of the times for Wareham people is that home offers so many opportunities and advantages that its young people are not so apt to be tempted away from it by alluring mirages to which distance lends enchantment.

The County is about to build a hospital at Pocasset, for the benefit of its residents. It is something that is needed and an expenditure that should not be grudged.

Much building has been going on about the Cape this fall. As an evidence of prosperity, there is nothing to compare with the sound of the hammer.

A VIEW FROM THE HOUSETOPS

Cape Cod will be represented in the legislature of 1917, which is about to convene, by able and energetic representatives and a senator whose experience qualifies him to take an effective part in advancing the interests of the Cape region.

Every town should cultivate the community spirit, which means that its citizens should work together for the good of the whole.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

A TRIP OF INTEREST

By A CONTENTED WOMAN

HAVING given up city life for that of the country, and being a long way from neighbors, a trip at night is almost an unheard of thing for me now, but recently I have taken two, which I count as among the most interesting I have ever participated in.

In the early fall some friends, having business at "the heel of the Cape", asked me to accompany them. It was rather cool for our climate at that time of the year and a little damp, but I decided to go, and I can say with all my heart that I am glad I did.

We passed through Mashpee quite early in the evening and there our first stop was made, as our friend wished to see the schoolmaster on business. The rest of us waited in the auto, enjoying the beauties of the evening in the only former Indian reservation in Massachusetts.

The schoolmaster's home was almost opposite the church and it was most interesting to watch the members gather, light up the heater in the basement and get ready for their weekly prayer meeting. Some of them were well along in years and were interesting characters. Mashpee is well worth studying and needs all the cooperation the Commonwealth is able to give it.

As the schoolmaster came outside his door to bid good night to my friend, I could not but notice what a pleasant voice he had when he said: "You know this is a holiday here and the young folks are to have a dance tonight, and I shall go over later and enjoy it with them."

Groups of people, young and old, were coming along the road from all directions. The road was very dark, the dampness steamed our wind-shield and the headlights shone dimly through the mist. The Mashpee road is by far the most dangerous for foot travellers of any on the Cape, and especially so in summer. Recently rebuilt, it is the shortest route from one end of the County to the other

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS

and is constantly used by thousands of autos from all over the United States. Considering the terrific speed of some of them, it is certainly a providence of God that not more of the town's people are run over. I have seen autos going and coming by daylight, rushing in both directions, and as there are no paths or walks on either side of the road, it is a problem to avoid hitting some of the villagers, especially at night.

On our return, later in the evening, the church was closed, but in the hall nearby the sweet strains of music came wafting out and we all hoped the young people were having "the best time ever", for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", is just as good a saying as ever it was. I wished that I could go in and watch them dance for a while, but I did not mention it, as I feared I might be intruding, little thinking how soon things would take a turn and that I should meet these people and learn for myself how smart and interesting they are.

A month later I was invited to go down to the Mashpee town hall to hear a lecture by one of the good workers now on Cape Cod. She had been asked to speak about her work for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children by the members of the Village Improvement Society. The president of the society was a Carlisle graduate, as were many others who were present; and the vice president we found was a fine leader for all the young people, looked upon with love and respect.

Too much credit cannot be given these students returning from distant schools and colleges to help in the betterment of their home town, turning their backs on the lure of the big cities. It is hoped that they will continue to do so, for every American's home ought to be where the heart is.

The president told me that the Village Improvement Society had money in the bank and that the membership was increasing at every meeting, but that there were too many needs for their funds (for concrete walks for their churches, lights for the roads, etc.,) to give the young folks the things they really needed, a library and a larger hall where they could hold their monthly meetings and gather for social instruction and entertainment. At the meeting which I attended it was voted to purchase twelve new street lamps.

THE HOTEL BY THE ROADSIDE

It seemed to me as though it would be money well expended if the state would provide a few electric lights at intervals along that dangerous road and let them keep their money for things that are vitally necessary for their comfort and enjoyment.

Besides the speakers of the evening, a very fine selection was given by one of the members on the piano, and I was informed that many of the young folks of the village had musical ability. They all looked so healthy and happy that I could not help but contrast these peaceful, quiet and dignified Indians with the men who are keeping all Europe in a blaze of warfare and I hoped, as I listened to one of the oldest male members, who asked a blessing as finely rendered as any I have heard in any fashionable church of a big city, that his prayer, which included a blessing on the guests of the evening, might be answered and to the full.

THE CHURCH

We all hope to go to this little village again and take our friends. The society holds its meetings once a month and is glad to welcome all who come in friendly spirit and is willing to listen to any suggestions that will help to improve the civic worth of the community.

Postmaster G. W. Jones of Falmouth has had a continuous service of 27 years as postmaster of that town.

The Cape Indians

WHEN Gosnold landed upon Cape Cod in 1602, history relates that "a young Indian, with plates of copper hanging in his ears, and with a bow and arrow in his hand, came to him in a friendly manner, and offered his services." This seems to be an example of the friendly character of the Indians of the Cape in general. When Captain John Smith coasted the Cape in 1614 he was kindly received by the natives. It was Captain Hunt who captured seven Nauset Indians and sold them into slavery in Malaga. This was an act which showed that the friendly spirit was not always reciprocated by the whites.

A plague, which came in 1617, broke out among the Indians and almost depopulated the region, but prior to this, the Cape Indians had captured the crew of a French bark in retaliation of the act of Captain Hunt, and had killed nearly all. A captive, whose life had been spared, told them that the plague was due to the fact that God was angry with them for this act. When the Mayflower and its freight arrived they took heed of this warning and exhibited no hostile spirit except the shower of arrows which greeted the Pilgrims at Nauset, the place of the "first encounter", when they feared that their corn would be taken.

There were three principal tribes of Cape Indians, or sachemdoms. One comprehended the territory from Plymouth to the south shore of Cape Cod and from Woods Hole on the west to Barnstable. Within this territory were several petty divisions of which that at Mashpee was the chief. At Nobscusset, or Dennis, was another sachemdom. Then there were the Nauset Indians at Orleans. All of these tribes were tributary to Massasoit of the Wampanoags. Some of the Indian names of places on the Cape were Massapee, or Mashpee, Scauton, Cummaquid, Mattakeeset, Nobscusset, Monomoyick, Sequatuket, Nauset and Paomet.

The settlers on the Cape acknowledged

the Indian's title to the soil, by the purchase of it where they occupied it. The compensation was not great, it is true, but the Indians deemed it sufficient and they still reserved the privilege of roaming over the territory and the right to hunt and fish at their will. So long as Indians remained they had reserved for them all the land they could improve with advantage and often more than they could make use of.

Attention was early turned to the Christianizing of the natives and Elliot, the apostle, worked among them. Richard Bourne, one of the settlers of Sandwich, carried on the work in that vicinity. The setting off of Mashpee as an Indian reservation was due to his efforts. The court appointed six Indians to have the management of it, with the help and advice of Mr. Bourne. One of the Indians was installed as constable and Indian courts were established. The Indians held these courts, tried criminals, passed judgments and executed sentences. Mr. Bourne was made pastor of the church established there. His successor was an Indian, Simon Popmonet, who had a useful career of over 40 years. Solomon Briant was another Indian pastor. He preached in the Indian dialect, was a good and devoted man, but was apparently deficient in executive ability, for dissension arose and he was dismissed in 1758. Then followed a succession of white pastors.

In 1834 a system of partial self-government was installed and the incumbency of preachers was made by choice of the people. The first chosen was Rev. William Apes, himself an Indian of the Pequot tribe, and a man of much vigor and power, both as a writer and speaker. He became an advocate of the right of the Mashpee Indians to participate in their government and became their active champion.

In 1833 the legislature accorded to these people the rights which they claimed and Mr. Apes was regarded as their deliverer from oppression and injustice.

SOME MASHPEE HOMES

The form of civil government which was adopted, after the establishment of the new order of affairs, accorded to the people a partial, though not complete, management of their own interests. They chose their own town officers, who were supervised by commissioners appointed by the state. By an act in 1842 their lands were apportioned among the proprietors in lots of 60 acres each, not to be conveyed, however, to persons not inhabitants. In 1870 Mashpee was made a town and endowed without restriction, with the rights of self government like other towns.

Mashpee is a region of picturesque scenery, diversified by ponds, groves, streams, woodland; its waters abound in fish, its woods are filled with wild game and its soil is adapted to the growing of vegetables and corn. To this region the Indians of the Cape finally resorted and it became theirs, both in fact and by deed. For some unknown reason the Cape Indians continued to dwindle in numbers until the last one of pure blood is said to have died in 1903-1905. The present inhabitants of Mashpee have considerable of the aboriginal blood in their veins and retain many of the finer instincts of their ancestors; they are of fine moral character and no people in the country attend with more fidelity than they to the civic duties of the citizen.

It seems strange that no fitting memorials were ever erected in memory of the Red Men on the Cape, that so few of their relics have been preserved or that even their last resting places have remained unknown in most cases. A few shell heaps, stone utensils and arrow heads are still to be found scattered over the fields and remind us of their former existence.

In and Around Cape Cod

Some Snap Shots by Frances Mason Dean

BAPTISM IN THE BIG OCEAN

It is a gray day in the early spring, and the water is cold. This, however, does not diminish the fervor of the minister and his willing convert, who wade far out into the chilling water, there to receive the blessing and regeneration promised through Christian baptism.

As the minister and his candidate wade into the ocean, they sing a hymn, in which they are supported by a choir and the crowd on shore. The ceremony of ocean baptism is extremely impressive.

SINGERS ON THE SHORE

Unusually picturesque are the old pines of Cape Cod. There is something Japanesque about their outline and their irregularity, especially when their dark foliage is silhouetted against a moonlit sky.

This contented dweller of Cape Cod cares little for the interests of the outside world. Happy in her quiet retreat, she sits and rocks, with no ambition beyond the satisfaction of her curious gaze, though crowds may pass her humble cottage.

SWEET CONTENT

With an aversion to being obliging, which is unusual among the kindly natives of the Cape, the man in the picture refused in unrepeatable words to consent to a picture of himself or his cow. Instead, he jerked the animal along and furnished a view that is more interesting than if he had posed for the picture.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE PHOTOGRAPHED

A very important man on the Cape is the ever-faithful attendant of the old kerosene lamps along the crooked, dark roads. It is only when the moon assumes his responsibility that he takes a holiday. Incidentally, the picture gives an excellent view of a Cape Cod village.

THE LAMP LIGHTER

An interesting spot in Dennisport is where an old wind-mill once stood. Recently the mill was destroyed by fire, but the bit of landscape is still beautiful. The road in the foreground, which leads to the ocean, is of bright yellow sand.

LANDSCAPE

In response to many requests, the publishers decided to repeat their most successful subscription contest of last year, offering, as prizes, excursion tickets to Washington to the High school classes credited with the greatest number. Last year, High school classes on the Cape received over $250 from the magazine, which helped them materially in their efforts to achieve their purpose. Readers who desire to encourage the pupils in their praiseworthy efforts, can do so by handing them a dollar for a year's subscription to the Cape Cod Magazine.

THE HUMBLE SCALLOP

By L. B. ROBBINS

I GLANCED hungrily down the chalked bill o' fare swinging in the winter's wind outside of Sam's restaurant and mentally raged at my financial condition as my eyes rested longingly upon the words, "Scallops, 50 cents."

Such was life!

Nevertheless, with sixty-five cents jingling in my pocket, I took a chance and decided upon one last wild night of dissipation.

The warm air sucked at my trousers' legs as I swung open the door and sneaked over to an empty stool, where I noisily presented a half-dollar and called for "scallops, well done."

It was nearly closing time, and, as two self-satisfied scallop gormandizers paid their bill and passed out into the night I turned to Sam, standing at the cash register adding up the day's receipts.

"Where do you keep them, Old Top," I asked, "in the safe?"

He tore his gaze from the "financial column" and eyed me quizzically. "Huh, what you mean?"

"Scallops, you cheap crook!" I retorted, shaking the snow from my hat.

Sam's face relaxed into a wide grin. "Oh, I got yuh," he chuckled. "Little too steep for yuh, hey?"

"Steep? Good night, nurse! Here you fish magnates are soaking us **poor** working men 'four bits' for a measly two by twice dish of scallops that I'd feel ashamed to offer to my mother-in-law's pet dog. Why, when I was a kid running around in my Old Man's cast-offs, a barrel of scallops wouldn't bring two nickels for pig food! Nobody would eat 'em. Thought they were poison. What's the idea, anyway?"

Sam didn't seem excited at all. "Keep your shirt on a minute, Bill," he said, "and I'll elucidate."

Whereupon I stuck strictly to my knitting, so to speak, shivering mentally as the window-panes hissed under a smother of sleet. It wasn't long before Sam emerged from the kitchen and hove around the end of the counter, shoving a million or so dollars in his pants pocket with one hand and slipping me a plate of smoking, golden bi-valves with the other. Then he turned out all the lights but the one overhead and hoisted himself up on one of those over-grown piano stools alongside of me. When he saw that I was well started eating, he commenced his oration.

"Listen, William," he began, "and I'll tell you something. I wasn't always and forever a hash-slinger like you see me now. I used to—"

"You used to work at an honest living; is that it?" I horned in.

"No, you boob! Listen," he repeated, shoving over a perfecto, which, by the way, wasn't a regular thing for Sam to do, so I pocketed mine in order not to break the spell.

Sam continued. "After I left school I took it into my head I wanted to go fishin', so that fall I shipped on a Grand Banker. There I heard some of the boys ravin' about scallop fishin' and I naturally got interested. Result was I beat it, the next year, for Cape Cod, where most of our scallops come from, and hooked up with a fellow named Silva, Joe Silva—a Portagee I met on the 'Banker'. We made about six hundred dollars apiece that winter between October and January. Don't seem possible, does it? Well, here's the chief reason.

"It seems that some Plute, who couldn't never find what he wanted on any bill o' fare ever published, discovered that scallops was good eatin', and, like all them society bugs, he set the fad. Then a hotel keeper in New

(Continued on Page 22)

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
(P. O. Address, Wareham, Mass.)
SAMUEL B. CORR, BUSINESS MANAGER
(P. O. Address, Sandwich, Mass.)

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Editorial

LARGE SCALE FARMING

THOSE who come to the Cape to spend the summer have had reason to complain in the past of the scarcity and high price of local table products. Coming to a country community, they expected to be able to obtain plenty of fresh milk, eggs and vegetables with which to supply their tables and were disappointed to find that for nearly all such things they were dependent upon the city markets.

With the large increase in population which the Cape has in the summer, it is impossible for local farmers to supply the great demand for milk without having to keep herds that would swamp them with milk during nine months of the year, and as for the growing of sufficient quantities of summer vegetables, the Cape has been deficient in capable market gardeners.

This condition seems in a fair way to be remedied, however, through the efforts of those who have considered the matter and come to the conclusion that a better opportunity for profitable farming exists here than in more famed farming regions. These men, for the most part, have ample capital and they propose to carry on the business on a scale such as has never before been considered possible here.

Great tracts of land have been or are being bought up, especially in the Falmouth-Mashpee-West Barnstable district. This land, for the most part, is "new" land in the sense that it has never before been cleared up and cultivated. It is rich, virgin soil, such as our ancestors found when they cleared up their fields. That it can be made very productive there is no question. Farmed by modern methods, with improved machinery and with the courage of the western pioneer, the results are expected to speak for themselves as time passes.

There are already several large dairy farms coming into being, with great concrete barns having every economical and sanitary convenience possible to obtain. They have or will have the best grade cattle, capable of great production. Local demand is expected to take care of the product in the summer time and for the rest of the year direct shipment to city homes can be made and, with creamery equipment supplied, butter and cheese can be produced in large quantities.

Next spring will see hundreds of acres of new pasturage under cultivation upon the Cape. Some of the operations are being carried on upon the scale comparable with western ranches and contemplate not only the production of dairy products, vegetables and grains, but the actual raising of cattle for beef, sheep for mutton and lamb, hogs for pork and sausage.

Great tractors are busy tearing up the trees by their roots, carpenters and masons are busy erecting the new farm buildings, and thousands of acres of heretofore unused land is being converted into valuable property. Green fields will be seen next summer where expanses of scrub oaks and burned over land existed only a year ago. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be spent within the next few years to transform portions of the Cape into fertile and productive territory and this will make it all the more alluring to our summer visitors.

* * *

GET TOGETHER

WHILE this magazine exists chiefly for the purpose of informing the world concerning our Cape Cod land and advertising its attractions and advantages, we cannot altogether ignore those things which need remedying, even though some may assume that the mere mention of the existence of such things are to be tabooed. We do not hold with such that it is not policy to give publicity to our detrimental features, but rather that by publicity we may achieve their remedy. In a locality which is so rich in good things, it is by no means strange that there should be found some conditions which are not exactly to our advantage. Few communities can be considered perfect and if we had already reached perfection, nothing would be left to be striven for.

It is not needful that we should specify the conditions to which we refer. Every community has its sore spots and tender places. They will never be cured so long as they are ignored. Our position is like that of the surgeon who, while using harsh methods, does so with the ultimate expectation that permanent good will come of it.

We call upon civic pride and righteousness to uproot the evil that is among us, to abolish the sores of our body politic and to foster a community spirit which will permit only the best to exist. We feel strongly that this can be accomplished if concerted action is taken. We believe that the moral and economic welfare of our towns should be guarded with extreme care. Doubtful procedure should be discouraged at every turn and there should be a central body, made up of the live wires among us, to consider our moral and political shortcomings and attempt their cure.

There should be a "get together" movement, calculated to bring together those who have our best interests at heart. There should be cooperation between communities in order that a better understanding may prevail. The minds of our wisest and most far-sighted citizens should be brought to bear upon the problems that come to notice, in order that the Cape may extend a still greater appeal as a place where conditions are at their best and where there is a high standard maintained

* * *

IT IS not too early to begin to consider town politics or to think seriously upon the kind of administration that we want to see in force. It should be the aim of every voter to promote efficiency and economy in town affairs, which cannot be done unless the quality of the men elected to public office be carefully considered. The best men in our communities should be chosen to represent us, not the men who want jobs primarily for what they can get out of it. When we elect men to office they should be such men as we would choose to manage our private affairs, men of standing, ability and integrity.

* * *

A NEW taxation system goes into effect this year whereby certain taxes are collected by the state instead of the towns in which the tax-payers reside.

WITH one notable exception, all of the Cape towns put their ban upon the open sale of intoxicating liquors. That there is, within the confines of the Cape, even one town that allows liquor to be sold openly, is greatly to be depreciated. It cannot help being more or less of a reflection upon the whole region and it is ardently hoped that after the spring town meetings there will not be found even one town which so departs from the path of civic virtue.

THE LAST VOYAGE

By WARREN ELLIOT CARLETON

In the winds of the night there's a voice,
And it comes from the depths of the sea,
Thundering: "Seaman, rejoice
For God and Eternity!

You who have braved the deep,
And conquered its terror and fright,
Yours is the peace of sleep,
Yours is the rest of night.

Eagerly hoist your sail,
Ere the requiem blessing is said;
Set your course in the gale—
The harbor lies dead ahead!"

RETROSPECTION

By AMOS SMITH

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my boyhood,
As after long years I review them again,
The old Herring River, the house that stood by it,
Where I first saw the light amid the joys and the pain.

Long years have elapsed since my footsteps have wandered
Through woodland and meadow to the old herring brook,
Or since I fished for perch in the smooth flowing river,
With a bob on the line and a shrimp on the hook.

Well do I remember the little red schoolhouse
And the teacher, "Squire Berry," a pedagog grim.
Like a tyrant he ruled us, his look was terrific,
The big boys in the back seats were all 'fraid of him.

Cale Chase and Jo Baker, Freeman Berry and Judah,
And others, my schoolmates I knew by the score,
Have passed away; but my friend, Joseph Allen,
He, like myself, is now past four score.

I have looked in the faces of Smiths and of Chases,
Of cousins and aunts that my infancy knew,
Been entertained by the Lothrops, took tea with Aunt Esther,
Who placed all her silver on the table to view.

With pride I remember a ride to the "Center",
The rickety carriage and old foundered horse.
Even now as I think how the autoists envied
The style we put on fills my soul with remorse.

The old village church still stands as a landmark,
Remodelled somewhat with a vestry below;
As we sat in the pew the sweet notes of the organ
Seemed to carry me back to the years long ago.

Cape Cod has borne men that were able commanders
Of famous fast clippers that sailed the salt seas.
Her daughters are famed for their housewifely duties,
And for making choice dainties the palate to please.

Cape Cod is the place that is famous in story
Since our forefathers knelt on Plymouth's white strand,
As the home of the Pilgrims, who fled from oppression
To found a home in a strange foreign land.

Well, the Pilgrims have gone with their quaint ways and manners;
The tourist has come to enliven the scene;
The autos are humming, the summerers coming,
And the natives are gathering in the long green.

No longer we roam through the fragrant pine forests,
Or list to the murmur of waves on the shore,
Our duties are calling us back to the city
To mingle again in its turmoil and roar.

Good-bye to Cape Cod with its cool ocean breezes,
Its fine country roads and its cottages neat,
Adieu to West Harwich, the home of my childhood,
And the friends we are leaving with heartfelt regret.

I go back content to my home in the city,
My pilgrimage o'er to the place of my birth.
But as long as life lasts I shall always remember
The place I called home as the dearest on earth.

NOTE—The above lines were written by a native of Cape Cod upon his making a visit to his birthplace after an absence of thirty years.

WHEN THEIR LUCK CHANGED

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

Daniel Laramont was a prosperous merchant of Pittsburg, Pa. He owned one of the finest retail clothing houses in the city. Of course, there was competition. There were the Murphy Brothers, the Henrys, the Rex Clothing Company, and lots of others. Laramont's was not the city's largest clothing establishment, by any means. In fact, the Rex store was nearly twice as large. But Henry Laramont catered to the best sort of trade. Every piece of clothing he sold was guaranteed; "your money back if you want it," he told all his customers. It had taken him nearly twenty years to build up his trade, and he was fast approaching the age to retire—one year short of 60.

Everyone knew that Laramont had made money. His fine place on Ocean Boulevard showed that. And those who had inside information knew that he really owned his homestead, too. His family of two children—Emma, a pretty maid of 20, and Frank, a student at Y—— college—mingled with the best society and their every whim was satisfied by the parents. Two fine automobiles, with a chauffeur, a house-maid and all that, proclaimed that they were not indeed lacking in worldly goods.

But Daniel Laramont's health, although up to this time exceedingly good, had not been improving for the last six months. Every day, when he returned from his office, sometimes at three o'clock, oftentimes at eight or nine, his face showed all too plainly traces of weariness. Clara, his wife, spoke to him about it and advised him to make shorter office hours and to put more trust in his clerks. His daughter, Emma, said one evening, when he had just arrived home at ten o'clock, "Papa, you look very tired tonight. Have you had trouble at the office today?"

"Oh, no,' said Mr. Laramont, with a sigh, "no, indeed, everything is going fine, and business was never better, but somehow I can't seem to stand the strain of business life as I used to. It tires me more. But am I old, at 59? Must I give up all business, simply because I am 59 years 'young', as you might say?"

It was the middle of June. Nature was at its best in the country. But Pittsburg was beginning to take on its summer aspect, too, in a different way. Everyone's thoughts were turning to the sea-shore, to the mountains, to the lakes.

One evening Mr. Laramont came home and at the supper table remarked that his family physician, Dr. Jameson, had ordered him to give up business entirely for a few months, and to go to the sea-shore for a much needed rest. This seemed to please both Mrs. Laramont and Emma.

"You should have done this very thing before," exclaimed Emma, after she had taken a long, searching look at her father.

"Yes," said Mrs. Laramont, "there comes a time when one simply must drop business and recuperate. This time has come."

Mr. Laramont had everything fixed at the office, so business would run smoothly in charge of the experienced book-keepers and clerks; for the Laramont store, by the way, had a remarkable staff of workers, even down to the messengers.

Laramont was to take a vacation. That was settled. But the ever-present problem of where to go presented itself just at this time. One day the mail brought a little magazine, addressed to Mr. Laramont. The wrapper was torn off and Mr. Laramont held in his hands a neat little periodical, picturing a sail boat on a small lake. It was the Cape Cod Magazine and came from Joseph Jacobs, a customer of Mr. Laramont's, who had called at the store in Pittsburg many times and who had become a good friend of Mr. Laramont. Mr. Jacobs was a native of Cape Cod; his home was away down in Chatham.

This magazine Mr. Laramont perused from cover to cover and the next day the Laramont homestead was one of bustle and confusion. Mr. Laramont was to go to Cape Cod for his vacation and it was thought best to have the rest of the family wait until a little later in the season.

Mr. Laramont, a day later, could be found in one of the quiet little Cape villages, sitting comfortably on the piazza of a cozy homestead—the home of a fisherman. The little place was Wellfleet. Looking across a little field, a good view of the sea was obtainable. Away in the distance a ship was creeping slowly along the horizon, making a pretty sight.

Mr. Laramont reached Wellfleet Tuesday. Thursday evening the Laramont place at Pittsburg found Mrs. Laramont and daughter, Emma, reading this letter:

Wellfleet, Mass.,
June 27th.

"Dear Ones at Home:

"I am at last on the Cape, and I feel better so soon. The air is so invigorating and strengthening. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are the managers of the hotel(?) where I am stopping. No, I am not in a hotel at all, but in a nice, comfortable country place, the home of a fisherman. I couldn't have found a better place for a complete rest. The scenery here is so good. And, more than that, the people here are so hospitable and kind, better than any I have ever met.

"If I had come here for recreation, I am sure I could have found it, for there is excellent bathing, tennis, golf, motoring, sailing, motor-boating, and ever so many different things to take up your mind. And the roads are smooth as glass. They are oiled all the way up and down the Cape and I almost wish I had one of my cars here to enjoy them.

"I have been in the mountains of Northern New York, in the picturesque lake region of Maine, to Newport and Cape May, but I have missed a lot. I am sorry I had not discovered Cape Cod before. I think you both had better come right down here at once and spend the summer.

Ever lovingly,
Dad."

The next Tuesday found Mrs. Laramont and Miss Emma Laramont in Wellfleet. Emma, of course, was not content with the somewhat quiet life at the Brown homestead, but found plenty to amuse herself in the way of diversion. Before she had been in town a week she had become acquainted with nearly half the townspeople and many summer visitors. Then there were picnics, fishing parties, clambakes on the beach on the back side of the Cape, and tramps over the fields, berrying. Everybody liked Emma, even to Fred Sheldon, a youth of Boston, who was spending the summer at Wellfleet with his parents.

The Laramont family was a happy one in its new location. Mr. and Mrs. Laramont found the days flitting past all too quickly, as they spent the pleasant days on the piazza reading, or chatting with the merry fisherman and his wife. But one day there came a telegram from Pittsburg for Mr. Laramont. It read:

"Store was burned this morning. Everything lost. Don't let this affect you. Cause unknown. Am all broken up. Am sending full details in letter. Will look after everything. You need not come. Smith."

Naturally this did affect Mr. Laramont considerably. In fact, so overcome was he that he was not able to be up for several days and everyone feared the shock would be too great a one for him to bear. His whole business wiped out, just at the time when he was to sell out and retire! What could be worse? Nothing, at first, seemed to comfort him. But such things cannot be helped and time is the healer of all wounds. Unfortunately the insurance had expired on the store the day before, and through some fault of the insurance agent in attending to it, he had failed to inform the owner. Mr. Laramont was told of this in Smith's letter, but it was too late now and could not be helped.

A year elapsed. The Laramont family was still on Cape Cod, in Wellfleet. They had not returned to their Pittsburg home in all this time, as it was feared the return trip would result in a serious set-back in Mr. Laramont's health. The Laramonts had discussed everything. It was hard to know what to do. But the outcome was that their place in Pittsburg was sold. Mr. Laramont was to make Cape Cod his permanent home. Nothing pleased Mrs. Laramont or Emma more, for they both disliked city life, and were happy in the quiet country environment. People were so intimate on Cape Cod, they found. And there was a certain charm about everything that was irresistible.

Mr. Laramont, however, was an alert man, when he had enjoyed good health. And the change had restored his health in this short time—one year—to such an extent that he felt like going into some business again.

They had invested heavily in mining stock and this had failed them. Almost their whole fortune had been lost. But they were not penniless even then. With what little money they had Mr. Laramont decided to go into the real estate business. He did not jump into it with a rush, however, as, being a cool, systematic business man, he knew that it took time to start any business on a sound basis. He was getting back his health, and that meant more to him than anything else.

Mr. Laramont saw the possibilities of making the Cape a great summer resort. It had the natural advantages, and it possessed that magnetic attraction that made people feel content, and made people want to return again and again, with their friends. In time Mr. Laramont was doing such an extensive real estate business that there was need for a good architect and contractor to put up the cottages and bungalows. Here was a splendid chance for his son, Frank, so Frank soon joined the happy Laramont family and started out to use his talent in planning buildings. As time went on there sprang up a little summer colony, which Mr. Laramont called "Little Pittsburg," from the fact that he had induced many of his Pittsburg friends to visit the Cape and build summer homes there.

Frank Laramont made a good beginning at the work of architect, and started an office in Boston, spending his summers on the Cape, in Little Pittsburg. It was not surprising that he should meet a pretty little maid, a girl from New York. One day in July, while on a boat excursion to Provincetown, he met Miss Alice Grady. Alice was fair, and 21. Frank was 29. Then followed other parties and picnics at which Alice and Frank were together. In the fall Alice did not return to New York with her parents, but rather to Boston as Frank's wife.

Mr. Laramont today is a leading real estate dealer of Boston, where he has a large office. But he spends every minute he can get in the Little Pittsburg village. He is enjoying better health today than he has for many years and says he does not feel like retiring, although he could afford to do so well enough.

The Laramonts have a little magazine which they treasure very highly. It was the means of their coming to Cape Cod, and they declare they will make it their permanent home.

As for Emma Laramont, she will be found in a little bungalow on the Cape. John Winthrop came into her life and it seems that they were just made for each other. Winthrop owns nearly half of the town of G——, they say, and is manager of the S—— hotel, one of the finest in this part of the Cape.

Remarkable things happen, but the Laramonts say that if it had not been for their change of luck in Pittsburg, they would still be on the trail of the "golden eagle" and would not now be enjoying both good health and prosperity in another clime.

The burning of the court house at Barnstable on the night of October 22, 1827, was an event which may rank as a calamity of the first importance to the business and family interests of the county. The court records were nearly all destroyed.

THE HUMBLE SCALLOP

(Continued from Page 15)

York, with a weather-eye open for business, got hold of a few and served them out to his customers as an experiment. The idea caught on and you see the result. Since that time the price has been steadily climbin' until now you can see where it is for yourself."

"Yes, I see," I remarked, gloomily, "but for why?"

Sam brushed some cigar ashes from off his vest and looked at me searchingly. "It's a long story, but, if you'll have a heart, I'll explain a few things. I stuck to scallopin' about eight years. Then I quit. It's no cinch standin' all day in a buckin' boat, breakin' your back haulin' dredges and freezin' your extremities about forty times a week so as to feed you scallop maniacs. Besides—"

"Give me a cup of coffee and tell me all about it. I thought you dug 'em with a hoe."

Sam drew a mug of the steaming brew and slid it my way. Then he resumed his perch upon the stool.

"Hoe, nothin'," he barked, and looked at me pityingly. "Now see here, Willie, you appear to be interested, and if you say so, I will tell you all I know about a scallop and give you the whole dope, from the time he's born until he's fried. And believe me, I'm a scallopologist from Scallopville. Then maybe you will understand the why of the high price."

"All right, let her slip," I agreed, and deftly speared a scallop that threatened to roll off the counter and become lost in the sawdust underfoot.

Sam relighted his dead cigar and thought a moment.

"To begin with, the spawnin' season in Massachusetts, where I gained my experience, starts about the middle of June and ends about the middle of August. At that time of year the temperature of the water averages about 67 or 68 degrees. Now scallops are what the Biology sharks call bisexual; that is, both the male and female elements are contained in the same animal."

"How can that be?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Now, William of Orange, don't bother me with such foolish questions; I'm tellin' facts. As I was about to say; during the spawnin' season the scallop is equipped with a bright orange colored sack through the center of which runs a thin whitish streak. The orange colored part contains the female eggs; the white part holds the male sperm. When the eggs are fully ripened and the water has reached the proper temperature they are left behind in the water, where they are either fertilized by the sperm of the same scallop or by that of another, as the case may be.

"In about twenty hours or so these fertilized eggs become what are called larvae. These larvae swim about by means of little hair-like flippers called cilia. In the course of a few hours more it grows another bundle of hairs, which it uses as feelers. Then about that time the shell begins to form. When the shell is fully formed the little hairs I called cilia have grown together and formed a circular band with the feelers in the center. This makes what is called velum and enables it to swim about by lashing the remaining cilia hairs about. If this miniature scallop is suddenly scared, it closes its shell and drops to the bottom. At that age it's about half the size of the head of a pin."

"Suffering cat-fish," I exclaimed. "The poor little things!"

"In about three days," Sam went on, "it commences to crawl about, by means of a foot which takes the place of the velum. The little rascal crawls around in that manner until it is about a half inch in diameter. In the meantime it grows, or spins, a fine thread with which it can attach itself to any object it comes in contact with. This allows it to attach itself to stones, eel-grass, etc., where they are often found. The scientists seem to think that the clingin' habit is for the purpose of protecting itself from being washed ashore during heavy storms. A great many scallops retain the clingin' habit until after their first winter. As the scallop grows, however, it loses its crawling power for gettin' around.

"Massachusetts scallops, when full grown, measure about two inches in diameter. That is, from the hinge to the outside edge. There are some kinds, however, that grow much larger, like the ones found off the coast of Maine. I never saw any, but they are said to measure four to five inches across. The smaller ones, though, are considered the best eating.

"Scallops rest on their right side upon the bottom and travel or 'swim' by openin' and closin' their valves, as the shells are called. They seldom live to be over two years old, their average life being somewhat less. Likewise they seldom spawn but once. That takes place when they are one year old.

"When scallops are full grown, they herd together, or colonize, some findin' refuge on the flats in shallow water, while others lay in windrows along the ocean bottom, where the water is generally in motion. The last are called 'channel scallops' and the boys always look for them first on account of their larger size. I suppose the reason they are larger is because the water in the channel is constantly moving and bringin' them fresh food. That, of course, makes them grow faster and larger than the ones lying over a mud flat, where the food becomes old and quickly spoiled."

Sam rummaged around through his clothes and finally fished out a couple of weather-beaten photographs, which he spread out on the counter before me.

"That gives you a pretty fair idea of how we get 'em," he said. Then he went on to explain.

"When I was a kid no one had thought of makin' a law to protect scallops; they weren't worth it. But in 1885 an Act was passed which made the time between April 15 and September 1 a closed season. After several changes and much wranglin' the closed season was fixed between April 1 and October 1, which still exists. You see, it's necessary that there should be a closed season, because a scallop only spawns once, as I said before, and the business would soon die out if these 'spawners' were not protected in some way.

"Well, to get back where I started. That there is a picture of the boat Silva and I owned. Most everybody used cat-boats in those days, although gasoline boats are used now. The owners claim that the extra speed they can make gettin' around pays for all the gas they burn. Our outfit consisted of eight dredges and a culling-board. The culling-board is a wide board runnin' the width of the boat and has low sides, both ends being left open so that the refuse can be shoved over the side of the boat.

"Well, when we would get out near the scallop grounds, perhaps two miles, maybe three miles off shore, we would throw the dredges overboard and drag them astern for the length of the 'drift'. By 'drift' I mean the length of a single run over the scallop bed with the dredges out. The boat wouldn't need much tendin', because the weight of the dredges draggin' behind would keep her in a pretty straight course. At the end of the 'drift' we would pull the dredges and dump the contents on the cullin'-board; cast the dredges over-side again, and start along on the back 'drift', cullin' out the salable scallops on the way. All seed scallops would go over with the rubbish. By the time we were ready to haul again, the cullin'-board would be clean and the ripe scallops would be piled in the bottom of the boat. About all the scallop boats carry two men, especially now, since power is bein' used, as the engine needs someone to watch it pretty close.

"There are several styles of dredges used in gatherin' scallops, the shape and size depending a great deal upon the locality. We used what is known as 'scrapers.' It represents pretty well the style used in most of the Cape towns. See? Here it is here."

Sam produced the stub of a pencil from behind one ear and drew a rough diagram of the dredge on the back of an envelope. Then he explained it to me.

"You see, it consists of a triangular framework of iron, curvin' sharply towards the bottom, formin' kind of a bowl. Above the curve is an iron cross-bar or brace, while a strip of iron two inches wide extends across the bottom and is set at an angle so as it will dig down in the ocean bottom. The mouth of a stout net is fastened to the cross-bar and the blade. This net is two or three feet deep and is buoyed up at the back by means of a wooden bar. Several other styles are used. such as the Chatham, Slider, Roller and the Pusher. A Pusher is generally used by hand and in shallow water.

"When the catch is completed, the scallops are carried ashore in baskets or bags to the fish houses. There they are dumped upon a long bench, which runs the whole length of one side of the room, and is about three feet high. Men and boys usually do the openin'. and it surely is quite an art in itself. An opener takes a scallop this way in his left hand (picking up a butter-pattie), with the hinge pointin' out and the smooth shell lyin' in the palm. Then, with the right hand, he sticks a sharp, round ended knife between the shells on the right hand side and, twistin' it upward and in, cuts the 'eye' from the upper shell, at the same time throwin' the shell back and open. The next two movements tear the waste out, throwin' it in the barrel under the bench, and also cuts the 'eye' from the lower shell and casts it into the measure. A good opener can open eight to ten gallons of 'eyes' a day, and, at the rate of twenty to thirty cents an hour, you can see that even they are able to make a pretty fair day's pay."

"But, hesitate just a minute," I interrupted, sorrowfully counting the remaining seven scallops on my plate. "Do you mean to say that these things I am eating are eye-balls?"

"Not at all—not at all," replied Sam. "The fishermen call them eyes for some unknown reason, but they are really the abductor muscle; the large muscle which holds the shells together."

He took my plate as I gulped down the last morsel and carried it behind the counter; then reached for his coat and hat.

"Very good, Eddie," I quoted, "but how do they ship the blamed things?"

Sam reached up and turned out the light and we stood amid the green shadows cast by the swaying street-light outside.

"Scallops are usually shipped in kegs holdin' seven gallons, or in butter-tubs holdin' four to five gallons. When they are received by the commission dealer, they are strained and weighed. With the juice out, about six gallons are realized to each keg. These are sometimes kept in storage for the higher prices, but the usual price paid the fisherman is from three to four dollars a gallon. Figure that out for yourself. About twenty dollars a keg."

I passed out to the wind-swept street in silence and, as Sam's key turned in the lock, I could not help but think that, with the coming of another sun, hundreds of hardy men and boys would be toiling out there in a frozen sea, to satisfy the palate of many a fault-finding numskull like myself. I turned to Sam and thanked him for his trouble.

"But, Old Man," I said, in parting, "the next time that I pass that bill o' fare and I see on it, 'Scallops—50 cents,' I'll take off my hat and bow low."

Nothing should be permitted to enter the life of a community which you would not be willing to have in your own home. The community is only the larger family and its health, comfort and morality should be guarded just as zealously as you guard your own. No matter how good the conditions which prevail in the home, they are rendered ineffective and useless if the whole community doesn't have like conditions.

The publishers of this magazine are in receipt of numerous letters from readers, who ask for information concerning some phase of Cape life which interests them. We are always glad to give all the information we can and welcome all inquiries.

A QUAKER SCHOOL

By JOHN A. PRESTON

IT was a very rainy morning in the spring of 1841 that I, then a lad of thirteen, left my home in Dorchester and took the stage at Neponset for Sandwich, to enter the boarding school for boys, kept by Joseph Wing and his estimable wife. The only conveyance between Boston and Sandwich was by stage, drawn by four horses, and a packet owned by the Sandwich Glass Company, which carried freight and a few passengers.

After a long ride, stopping to change horses three or four times, we arrived at our destination. Over the front door was a sign, "Boarding School for Boys." We were met at the door by Mrs. Wing, Aunt Mercy, I afterwards learned to call her, and after a short rest, went into the dining room to supper, where were seated about fifteen boys. After supper, I was shown to my room, where I was only too glad to retire after my long trip.

I arose the next morning quite refreshed and, after breakfast, went to the play ground. At nine o'clock the bell rang for school and we went into the school room and were greeted by our teacher, Mr. Asa Wing, who was a brother to Joseph Wing. We were shown to our seats and then school commenced. About eleven o'clock every day a knock would be heard at the door that connected the school room with the dining room, and when it opened, there stood Aunt Mercy in her white apron with a platter of sandwiches for luncheon for the boys. About once in three weeks we had a holiday, when we would go into the woods or to the seashore, sometimes accompanied by the young ladies of Apple Grove School, kept by Miss Eliza Wing, who married Mr. Asa Wing while I was at the school. Some of the boys had sisters or friends who attended there.

Every Sunday we would attend the Quaker church on the hill and sometimes we would

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go to the church in the village, though most preferred the Quaker meeting house.

I look back with a great deal of pleasure to my school days and often think of the good times we had and the kindness of Uncle Joe and Aunt Mercy, and wonder if many of the boys are now living who went to school there with me.

It was my pleasure last summer to take an automobile ride to West Dennis to stay a few days, where my son had a cottage. As we rode through Sandwich I looked to see if I could find anything familiar. I looked for the pond on the Clark Hoxie place, but did not see it. On our way home we stopped at the junction of the two roads opposite the house and I saw the house where I went to school 74 years ago. It had not changed much and looked about the same as it did when I was at school there. I walked into the back yard and saw a lady and asked if it was the Joseph Wing place. She said it was. I told her I would like to look around the place, as I went to school there 74 years ago and this was my first visit since I had left there. I walked in the back yard, which was our play ground and which is now a nice flower garden. I saw a gentleman and told him I would like to look over the place. I asked him about the pond opposite and he said the dam above broke away about a year ago, but they were going to let the water down in a few weeks. The water supplied the power for a saw mill owned by Clark Hoxie. He told me the place was now owned by Mr. McKnight.

NOTE—The above account was written by Mr. Preston when in his eighty-ninth year and it will be interesting to learn whether there are any of his former schoolmates surviving and to hear more about the old Quaker school.

The first snow storm of the season came to the Cape on December 15, after a spell of delightfully fine weather. The winter climate of the Cape is almost as attractive as its summer climate and many visitors declare that the Cape is a delightful winter resort.

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For Men, Young Men, Boys

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OUR CONGRESSMAN

Congressman Joseph Walsh of the 16th Massachusetts district was signally honored recently by being elected a member of the Judiciary Committee, one of the most important Congressional committees. Mr. Walsh is the only New England member of the committee.

OUR STATE SENATOR

Hon. Charles E. Gifford of Cotuit represents the Cape District in the state Senate. Mr. Gifford is an able legislator and has made himself an expert upon matters concerning taxation. He is a real estate dealer, who is engaged in large real estate deals upon the Cape, and is helping to promote its prosperity.

A Reverie

By JOSHUA A. NICKERSON, 2nd

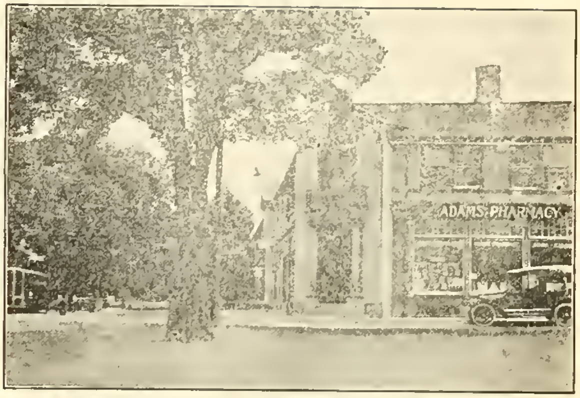
When the darkness gathers 'round us
  And the whisp'ring evening falls,
As the gull, with outspread pinions,
  To her mate below her calls,

While the breakers on the beach
  Sound forth their booming roar,
We stand there all enraptured
  On the wreck-strewn, sandy shore.

When the glowing moon arises,
  On the sunset following close,
And the mermaids from the waters
  Drive forth their shadowy host

Of the hundreds they have strangled
  On the treacherous Chatham Bars,
We turn our eyes in gladness
  To those two mute, shining stars

That men up there have builded
  To warn their brothers of the sea
Away from the siren's beckoning host
  That here holds wild revelry.



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Sagamore — Provincetown

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FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS OF CAPE COD AND VICINITY

Names of the Lodges, place and time of meetings; names of commanding officer and secretary.

MASONIC

Grand Commandery of Knights Templars

Sutton Commandery of New Bedford, meets 1st Thursday in the month.

Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Mass.

New Bedford Council of New Bedford, meets 1st Tuesday in the month.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Mass.

Adoniram Royal Arch Chapter of New Bedford, meets 1st Wednesday in the month.

Isle of the Sea, Nantucket, meets 2nd Monday in the month.

Joseph Warren, Provincetown, meets 1st Friday in the month.

Old Colony, Middleboro, meets 4th Thursday in the month.

Orient, Hyannis, meets 3rd Thursday in the month.

Sylvester Baxter, West Harwich, meets Saturday on or before O.

Wareham Chapter, Wareham, meets 1st Monday in the month.

Masonic Lodges

DeWitt Clinton, Sandwich; Lewis J. Whitney, W. M.; Carl L. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

DeWitt Clinton, Sandwich; George W. Starbuck, W. M.; Carl L. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

Eureka, New Bedford; John A. Stitt, W. M.; Daniel W. Cory, S. Meets 1st Friday.

Fellowship, Bridgewater; Arthur H. Willis, W. M.; Herbert E. Reed, S. Meets Monday on or before O.

Fraternal, Hyannis; C. Milton Chase, W. M.; Edward C. Hinckley, S. Meets 1st Monday.

George H. Taber, Fairhaven; George F. Braley, W. M.; Frederick A. Keith, S. Meets 2nd Monday.

Howard, South Yarmouth; Samuel D. Kelley, W. M.; Lester E. Crowell, S. Meets 1st Saturday.

King Hiram's, Provincetown; Fred H. Dearborn, W. M.; Isaiah A. Small, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Marine, Falmouth; Dr. George H. Greene, W. M.; Rawson C. Jenkins, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Mariners', Cotuit; Ernest O. Dottridge, W. M.; Lorenzo T. Gifford, S. Meets 1st Wednesday.

Martha's Vineyard, Tisbury; Lester H. Bumpus, W. M.; Roy W. Norton, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

May Flower, Middleboro; Theodore N. Wood, W. M.; Charles N. Warren, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

Mount Horeb, Harwich; C. Vansant Bitter, W. M.; Sylvanus A. Haywood, S. Meets 1st Wednesday.

Oriental, Edgartown; Herbert C. Pease, W. M.; Fred C. Rodgers, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Pilgrim, Harwich; Stanley C. Robbins, W. M.; Nathan C. Underwood, S. Meets 1st Thursday.

Plymouth, Plymouth; Milo C. Dodge, W. M.; Albert A. Saunders, S. Meets Monday on or before O.

Pythagorean, Marion; Chester A. Vose, W. M.; George I. Luce, S. Meets 2nd Tuesday.

Saint Martin's, Chatham; Josiah Hardy, W. M.; Erastus T. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Social Harmony, Wareham; Benjamin P. Waters, W. M.; Nelson P. Hanley, S. Meets 2nd Friday.

To the Fraternal Organizations
of Cape Cod and Vicinity
Whatever other courses are served at your banquets, be sure you have

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1 BAG MAKES 2 CUPS
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Star in the East, New Bedford; Philip H. Crandon, Jr., W. M.; Walter P. Morton, S. Meets 1st Monday.
Union, Nantucket; Reuben G. Coffin, W. M.; Maurice W. Boyer, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Eastern Star

New Bedford, New Bedford; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
Celestia, Vineyard Haven; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Oriental, Oak Bluffs; meets 2nd Monday.
Pleiades, Chatham; meets 3rd Monday.
Rexhame, Marshfield; Friday on or after O.
Gifford, Fairhaven; 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Dartmouth, New Bedford; 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Agawam, Wareham; 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Alcyone, Marion; 2nd Thursday.
Good-Will, Falmouth; 4th Thursday.
Masona, West Harwich; 3rd Tuesday.
Wellfleet, Wellfleet; 2nd Thursday after 1st Wednesday.
Hannah Shaw, Middleboro; 1st Monday.

I. O. O. F.

Cape Cod Lodge, Hyannis; Leslie S. Johnstone, N. G.; Henry L. Sherman, S. Meets every Thursday evening.
Exchange Lodge, Harwich; Alton Bearse, N. G.; Carrol T. Underwood, S. Meets every Monday evening.
Fraternal Lodge, Orleans. Meets every Wednesday evening.
Marine Lodge, Provincetown.
Hyannis Encampment; V. E. Jones, C. P.; James F. Kenney, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Chequonnoset Encampment, Provincetown.
Wankinquoah, Wareham.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Arbutus Lodge, Middleboro; George V. Elliott, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday.
Cape Cod Lodge, West Dennis; Hiram D. Loring, K. of R. & S. Meets Thursday evening.
Manomett Lodge, Bourne; Chester S. Wright, K. of R. & S. Meets Wednesday evenings.
Mashnee Lodge, Onset; Henry W. Smalley, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday evening.
Nobska Lodge, Falmouth; Arthur C. Eastman, K. of R. & S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Pilgrim Lodge, Plymouth; Alvin M. Watkins, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday.
Wequaquet Lodge, Centreville; H. G. Lumbert, K. of R. & S. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
Union, New Bedford; Richard Cliffe, K. of R. & S. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

GRANGES

East Sandwich; L. B. Boston, M.; Dorothy Nye Holway, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Bridgewater; Ernest Leach, M.; Grace C. Altier, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
Webster, Marshfield; Mrs. Walter I. Seaverns, M.; Walter I. Seaverns, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Mattapoisett; Charles T. Dexter, M.; Jane R. Stanton, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Rochester; J. N. Barrows, M.; Mrs. Annie B. Cowen, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Dennis; Andrew N. Creelman, M.; Gerard Chapman, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Brewster; A. A. Cahoon, M.; Henry Allen, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

For 32 years we've had this stand,
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Kindly send them to Bush & Co.

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Six glasses $1.25; 12 glasses $2.25; 2 glasses in tasty box tied with red ribbon, with card and appropriate verse, 50 cents; 2 glasses in little baskets, the whole in tasty box with card and verse, $1.00

Trial glass of C. C. C. (Cape Cod Conserve), a delicious combination of Cape Cod and other fruits, 15 cents.

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Acushnet; Robert E. Parker. M.; J. Geggatt, Jr., S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Yarmouth; Gorham Pulsifer, M.; Henry C. Davis, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Eastham; Winifred J. Knowles, M.; Jennie B. Smith, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
Cotuit; Lorenzo T. Gifford. M.; William H. Perry, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Kingston; Ellsworth C. Bailey, M.; Carrie Dunbar Holmes, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
South Middleboro; John L. Benson. M.; Theo. Bearse, S.; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
West Wareham; Ruel S. Gibbs, M.; Mrs. E. F. Walsh, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Marion; Charles J. Wood, M.; Ernest S. Clark, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
Megansett, North Falmouth; Hiram F. Hall, M.; Alice M. McGraw, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
South Carver; Henry S. Griffith, M.; Ellis D. Atwood, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.
Lakenham, Carver; D. C. Warren, M.; Mrs. Grace Burgess, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
Harwich; E. Harold Ellis, M.; Abbie S. Nickerson, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
South Chatham; Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

I. O. R. M.

Accomack Tribe, Plymouth. Meets Thursday except in May, June, July, August and September. During those months, meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
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Iyanough Tribe, Hyannis. Meets every Friday.
Megansett Tribe, Bourne. Meets every Friday.
Monomoyick Tribe, Chatham. Meets every Friday.
Nashawena Tribe, New Bedford. Meets every Tuesday.
Nemasket Tribe, Middleboro. Meets every Friday.
Nippenickett Tribe, Bridgewater. Meets every Thursday.
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Nunnepog Tribe, Edgartown. Meets every Wednesday.
Quivet Tribe, Dennis. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Satucket Tribe, Brewster. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Sconticut Tribe, Fairhaven. Meets every Tuesday.
Sippican Tribe, New Bedford. Meets every Monday.
Tataket Tribe, Falmouth. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
Wauwinet Tribe, Nantucket. Meets every Friday.
Webataqua Tribe, Oak Bluffs. Meets every Thursday.

(This list is necessarily incomplete. We shall be glad to receive the names of any other orders which have their homes on or near the Cape.)

A "CAPE COD CHUMS" pennant free with a new subscription, and your own renewal to the Cape Cod Magazine. Or you can have a button or scarf pin. For your own renewal and two new subscriptions, we will send you the beautiful "Cape Cod Chums" brooch, or watch chain and button.

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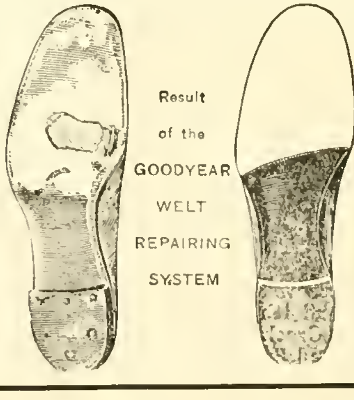

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There is no place like Cape Cod, and no magazine like the little Cape Cod magazine.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. D. E. Merrill,
Chicago, Ill.

Cape Cod Publishing Company,

We have read with great pleasure your account of the fish hatchery at Sandwich, and we take this occasion to thank you for publishing this nice article.

We believe that your magazine is a great factor in stimulating public opinion on Cape Cod, and you can rest assured that we would be pleased, at any time, to forward to you information covering the activities of this department, for use in your magazine.

With best wishes for a prosperous future to you, we are

Very truly yours,
William C. Adams,
Chairman Mass. Fish and Game Commission.

Cape Cod Publishing Co., Inc.,

It is with pleasure that I renew my subscription for another year; it is most welcome to me each month and would miss it very much.

Wishing you success, I am

Yours very truly
L. C. Bishop.

The Cape Cod Publishing Company,

Enclosed find one dollar for renewal of my subscription. Will you be sure to send it to the following address: 1707 University Ave., The Bronx, New York city.

I am "crazy" over Cape Cod, if I may so express myself. With best wishes for the success of the Call from Paradise, I am

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New York University,
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Washington, D. C.

Cape Cod Publishing Co.,

It is with pleasure that I renew my subscription to the Cape Cod Magazine, and note its steady progress.

My summer vacation is usually spent on the Cape, and, as every town is beautifully situated, and connected by good roads, one could make no mistake in visiting this growing section of our country.

To keep in touch with the Cape is to read the Cape Cod Magazine.

Sincerely yours,
Howard E. Sherman.

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Find enclosed one dollar, to continue my subscription to the Cape Cod Magazine. I am very much pleased with the magazine and hope I can always have it.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Frank C. Kelley,
Plymouth, Mass.

Cape Cod Publishing Co.,

Enclosed you will find one dollar ($1.00) for a renewal of my subscription to the Cape Cod magazine for 1917. We enjoy your monthly visits exceedingly and wish you continued success.

Very sincerely,
(Mrs.) Elizabeth J. Sears,
Springfield Gardens,
Long Island.

Cannot get along without the magazine. I am not a native, but an adopted son of the Cape—personally and officially.

A S. MacKnight, (M. D.),
(State District Health Officer for the Southeastern Health District, State Department of Health).

Newtonville, Mass.

Cape Cod Publishing Co.,

You are doing fine work. I wish to renew my subscription and enclose check for same. I would suggest that you send a sample copy to ....

Very truly yours,
Kenelm Winslow

THE NEW YEAR IS DAWNING

By HATTIE V. SMITH

The New Year is dawning, afar in the distance
The bright, golden sun gilds the sky with its rays;
The morning is breaking, the dark clouds have vanished,
And Nature her beauty of winter displays.

The New Year is dawning, the world is awaking
From out of its sorrow and out of its gloom;
A new life unfolding, new promises bringing,
Though buried our hopes seemed within the dark tomb.

The New Year is dawning and may it bring blessings,
May grief and unhappiness never be found;
But gladness and joy in each home of our nation,
While peace and prosperity ever abound.

The New Year is dawning, a new book is opened,
Its pages are spotless and free from all sin;
The past is now buried, we can not recall it,
Then let us look forward, a new life begin.

The New Year is dawning; the Father of Mercies,
With unerring hand, guides the cycle of years;
Each storm-cloud He gilds with the light of His promise,
Removing all sorrow and banishing fears.

The New Year is dawning, behold the sun rising!
Afar o'er the top of the mountain it gleams;
It is lighting the pathway that leads thro' the future
With a radiance bright, and the light of its beams.

Shoaler depths than charted are reported in Buzzards Bay between Abiel's ledge and the western end of the channel leading to the canal. Pending proposed surveys, vessels entering or leaving the canal are cautioned to keep within the charted channel lines to the outer buoys.

Classified Advertising

in this column costs 2c per word each insertion

REAL ESTATE

Estate for sale. 13-room house and 3 acres of land. House has two bathrooms, hot water heat, set tubs, water system, is in first-class condition and will be sold partly furnished; garage and stable adjoining; on the land there are several productive orchards, shade trees, flower gardens and lawns; the house faces on the water, to which there is easy access; a beautiful and ideal location for an up-to-date hotel, as the house can be added to so that every room may be an outside room; situated on the outskirts of one of Cape Cod's most thriving towns, and yet near enough to the center to be within a few minutes' walk. Owner wants to get it off his hands and will sell the entire estate for a price less than it would cost to build the house and buildings now. Will take small mortgage. Apply W. A. L., care of Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

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A 1914 Maxwell, with all the latest accessories, at a big reduction. Box 151, Sandwich.

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For a good opportunity to earn some spending money with a very little work, address, Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich.

WANTED

Highest price paid for old junk. Drop me a card and I will call. L. D. Hamblin, P. O. Box 72, Sandwich.

A second hand stove. P. O. Box 151, Sandwich.

Your advertisement in this magazine will be read by 10,000 people.

Cape Cod Magazine

February, 1917

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr.

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 10

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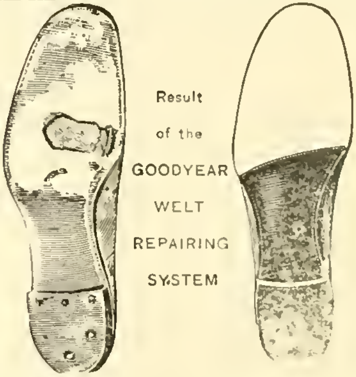

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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 2 FEBRUARY, 1917 NO. 10

From the Publishers' Desk

OUR TOWN MEETINGS

QUESTIONS of local government are practical business questions, the features of which are as often and as forcibly illustrated in town meetings as in the House of Representatives at Washington. It is purely because too many of our citizens fail to realize that local government is a worthy study, that we find it making so much trouble for us. The "heelers" and the "grafters" do not find the subject beneath their notice; the Boss who inspires them is wide awake to his opportunities, which lie in the apathy of the ordinary voter when it comes to the consideration of local affairs. It is, moreover, the mental training gained through contact with local government that enables the people of the community to conduct successfully, through their representatives, the government of the state and nation.

And so it makes a great deal of difference whether the government of a town is of one sort or another. If the average character of our town meetings for the past quarter of a century have not been quite as high as those that preceded them, who can doubt that the reason is that we do not take them so seriously and that we have come to more or less despise and belittle their transactions.

In the order of importance, the local government comes first. As it is, so will be the government of the state and the nation. It is the foundation stone of democracy. It was not for nothing that our profoundest political thinker, Thomas Jefferson, attached so much importance to the study of the town.

Politics is not a royal mystery, to be shut off by a seven-fold wall from the business of life. Questions of civil government are practical business questions, dealing with our ordinary problems, and the man who says that town "affairs are too petty and trivial to be given more than casual consideration", displays more ignorance than he will be willing to concede. We cannot believe that Patrick Henry, James Otis or John Adams considered the affairs of their respective towns "trivial." We cannot believe that they absented themselves from their town meetings or refrained from giving their neighbors the benefit of their superior intellects. We believe that our town affairs are as well administered as our people deserve and have no sympathy with the superior being who prides himself upon his aloofness from them.

The Young Boat Builders

IN AND AROUND CAPE COD

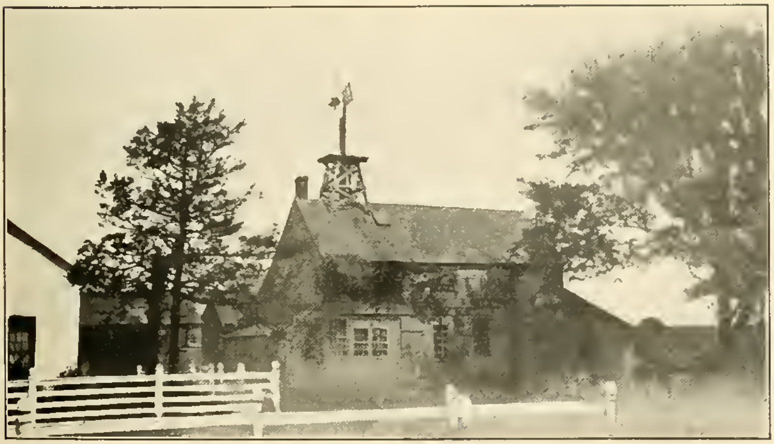
SOME SNAP SHOTS *by* FRANCES MASON DEAN

Opening Scallops on the Sea-Shore

Cape Cod is known for its delicious scallops. Here we see a man preparing scallops, which he has just gathered, for market. A large part of the scallop must be cut away to get them ready to sell.

Japanese Pines on Cape Cod

This little landscape is a spot in Dennisport, which gives a view of the Japanesque pines of the Cape, and here the resemblance is more strongly accentuated by the gateway on the right of the picture.



An Old Blacksmith Shop of Dennisport, Cape Cod

This building is one of the landmarks of olden times. We can almost hear the old anvil ringing its helpful song of the past, and the impatient stamp of the active horses.

The Toy Maker of Cape Cod

This Toy Maker of Cape Cod was not opposed to having his picture taken; so we seated him, with some of his toys, in front of his tiny workshop, where he is awaiting a new purchaser for his brightly painted toys.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

By LEMUEL C. HALL

IN JUNE of this year a convention will be held to consider changes and amendments to the constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The importance of this convention can scarcely be over-estimated and the selection of delegates to take part in it ought to be carefully considered.

For the purpose of studying the functions of a constitutional convention, let us first consider what a constitution is. In the American state the legislature is not supreme, but has limits to its authority prescribed by a written document, known as the Constitution and if the legislature happens to pass a law which violates the constitution, the matter can be brought before the courts and declared to be of no effect. Almost everything else in our fundamental institutions was brought by our forefathers in a more or less highly developed condition from England; but the development of the written constitution has gone on entirely upon American soil.

In America, the first attempts at written constitutions were in the fullest sense made by the people, and not through representatives, but directly.

In the Mayflower's cabin, while she lay at anchor in Provincetown harbor, before the Pilgrims had landed upon Plymouth rock, they subscribed their names to a compact in which they agreed to constitute themselves into a "body politic," and to enact such laws as might be deemed best for the colony they were about to establish.

Thus it was upon our own Cape Cod shores that the forerunner of the written constitution came into being. We should cherish the memory of what took place when our forefathers made such a radical departure from established customs and should admire them for their fearlessness in breaking away from tradition and their departure from established precedent.

Some would maintain that our constitution is a sacred document, made so by age, and that it is little short of sacrilegious to attempt any betterment of it, but such fail to realize that our forefathers themselves foresaw the necessity of providing for changes and established the means for accomplishing it. The Constitution of Massachusetts has frequently been amended and no one should hold that it is fixed, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, for all time.

The present Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was agreed upon by delegates of the people in convention, begun and held at Cambridge on the first day of September, 1779. The constitution thus agreed upon was submitted to the people in June, 1870, and was adopted by them.

It contains a preamble which sets forth the objects of government and in its first part contains a declaration of rights of the inhabitants of the state. Its second part defines the legislative powers of the General Court, the executive power of the governor and other officials, the judiciary power of the courts and the various other functions of the government. There were eleven articles to the original constitution. The first nine Articles of Amendment were submitted, by delegates assembled in convention November 15, 1820, to the people and by them ratified and adopted. This was the first constitutional convention held for the purpose of making amendments. All other articles of amendment were adopted by the legislature from time to time and ratified by the people at the polls.

For a number of years there has been a growing feeling that the time was drawing near when a general revision of the constitution by a deliberative convention would be desirable. Recent legislatures have been of like opinion and the question was submitted, by their authority, to the people to decide whether they would have a constitutional convention or not. The question was decided affirmatively and we are now called upon to select our delegates.

Cape Cod, since its first settlement, has played an important part in the political affairs of the state. It has been represented by its ablest men and has impressed its ideas upon our law making forces. In this event it should play no mean part. It should consider well the importance of the occasion and the opportunity afforded the people to write their will into the constitution and send only its ablest and foremost men to represent its ideas.

Already it is seen that the convention is recognized as an opportunity for the wise consideration of ideas and ideals which have grown up with the times. The state's greatest and most liberal thinkers are devoting their time to the consideration of what is needed to make the constitution more fitted to modern conditions. The convention will be a weighty body in which the superficial politician will play a very small part. There is a growing conviction in the minds of the voters that the selection of proper delegates is the most important task which has been set for them for many years.

It is conceded that all consideration should be confined to the ability of the candidates and that partisan politics should be completely ignored; that the men selected should be the best that the community affords and that the usual methods of obtaining preference should not be allowed to obtain.

The position of delegate to the Constitutional Convention is one to which any man with confidence in himself might aspire, but for which few have the broad knowledge requisite for being chosen. It is an honorable position which may well and fittingly be bestowed upon men with good intellects and the habit of clear thinking. In each representative district there is some man eminently fitted for the work at hand. He may not be among the candidates who have announced their willingness to serve and personal ambitions should be ignored completely in selecting the right one.

We hope and trust that the Cape will make wise selections in its delegates; that it will send men capable of sifting the chaff from the wheat and who cannot be influenced by adroit arguments or fallacious schemes. There is plenty of time to be given to the consideration of the matter and voters should not be greatly influenced by those who seek glory and emolument for themselves without being prepared to give the service that is required. A sincere desire to be of service to the people, coupled with qualifications above the average, should be the criterion by which the voters should be governed. Few people have the leisure to undertake a thorough and systematic study of political economy, but, in order to be fitted for a delegate, one should find time to learn the principle features of the governments under which we live and to get some inkling of the way in which governmental functions are carried on. Some such knowledge is necessary for the proper discharge of delegate duties. To insure that the government of the state shall be properly administered requires utmost watchfulness and vigilance and intelligence beyond the superficial knowledge gained from the casual reading of the newspapers.

We are extremely jealous of the good name of our Cape and would, if we could, impress upon the minds of our readers the extreme importance of making wise selections to the end that we not only be adequately represented, but that we add our quota to the constructive political history of our state.

THE WOODSMAN OF CAPE COD

"It is a goodly sum you offer me for my wood lot. To be sure, I need the money, but somehow I hate to see the old pines cut down. You see, they are like my own children—like old friends of the family. My own father harrowed the sandy soil. He gathered the rough pine cones and heated them in the old brick oven until they threw out their little seeds on a tin plate; then he planted them in the deep lines that the harrow had made. That is why the pines you like are so big and strong."

"But I do not want to cut down the beautiful trees. I want to keep them for all time," joyfully answered the would-be purchaser. "Sometime you dear Cape people will be glad to look at these big trees, which are so fast disappearing under the axe."

"But you do not count the money that the lumber will bring to the people of the Cape," complained the woodsman, as he pulled a dry cone from a gnarled pine tree. "What do you expect to do with the old woods? Keep them forever?" added he, more cheerfully.

"Yes. Just as I should like to paint a picture of you and keep it forever, just as you stand there in that faded green overcoat, which blends so beautifully with the tender green of the pine needles just back of your head."

"This old coat, you say? You'd like it? Want to put it into a picture? I will tell my wife to mend it and have it dyed."

"No, no. To change the coat would spoil the picture. How well the silver of your gray hair blends with the rainy gray sky overhead. Can you not, picturesque dwellers of Cape Cod, understand why one should wish to preserve the beauty spots of your land? Some day these strong, sturdy pines will tell the people of your Cape the history of their Pilgrim fathers, whose undaunted courage planted a desire for freedom so deep in the hearts of their children that neither bleak ocean winds nor rough storms could shake their honest endeavors for freedom and progress. We of the present generation need to keep these noble trees as records of the past, and for the present protection of the moisture necessary to your land. That is why, my man, you will be glad, when you think it over, to accept the offer that I made today. Good-bye."

A Board of Trade has recently been organized in Wareham with John C. Makepeace as its president. The importance of Wareham as a trading center is to be given emphasis and its natural advantages as a location for manufactories shown.

The Cape Cod Canal has been blocked for several weeks by the sinking of a large whaleback steamer between Bournedale and Sagamore. Work upon the wreck has progressed to such a stage that considerable traffic through the canal has been resumed.

CHAUTAUQUA FOR CAPE COD

SEVERAL of the most important towns on the Cape have recently entered into contracts with the Chautauqua Association of Pennsylvania for the presentation of a five-day program in each of these towns at some time during the coming summer. This organization is unique in that it is purely educational. But the educational features and lectures are embellished with music and dramatic presentations, so that the program makes an unusually wide appeal to all classes of people in the community. There are more than three thousand Chautauqua assemblies now conducted each season in the United States, all of which owe their origin to the great gathering on the shore of the beautiful lake in western New York.

PAUL M. PEARSON
President of the Chautauqua Association

This particular organization was born in the brain of Dr. Paul M. Pearson, a professer in Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Dr. Pearson had been for years a popular lecturer on Chautauqua platforms throughout the West. He believed that the same influence that had shaped well informed sentiment and had stimulated interest in all the dominant questions of the day, could be made serviceable likewise in the East. He succeeded in interesting a considerable number of public spirited men, in and about Philadelphia, in his plans, and as a result, the Association was incorporated in the Spring of 1912. While the Charter does not permit the accumulation of any surplus, thereby stripping the movement of commercialism, it is not to be regarded as a philanthropic movement. It is rather a co-operative plan for community development. The sale of the tickets is undertaken by a local committee, and a group of fifty or more citizens of each community constitute a Chautauqua organization, with which the Association co-operates to present a program of rare attractiveness, including instruction and entertainment and amusement. The Chautauqua, as thus organized, has really been the forerunner of the Civic Forum, now spreading so rapidly through New England.

This organization is unique also in the purposeful character of its programs. Each season the effort is made to stress some fundamental element in the social organization Last season it was civic unity; next season it will be public health and sanitation. These questions are discussed in lectures, often illustrated, and they have a setting of music, both classical and popular, which insures an enthusiastic hearing.

LEAVING THE CHAUTAUQUA TENT

One program is given in the afternoon and one in the evening, in a great tent of brown duck, with seating capacity of 1200. Folding chairs are provided, there is electric light, and a handsomely decorated platform and dressing rooms. The conduct of the program under such conditions naturally arouses great interest in the community, and its coming is heralded by very extensive advertising. Last season the Association used twenty different forms of advertising, which were widely distributed in the town itself and in the surrounding territory. The plan of publicity is so worked out that it puts the town on the map in a very unusual and desirable degree.

A BOOSTERS' PARADE
Hackettstown, N. J.

As the program is strictly non-sectarian and non-partisan, it brings all the people of the community together under the most inspiring auspices, and, in the most effective way, unifies the life of the town.

Many who have studied the movement believe that its most valuable contribution to social service is the Junior Chautauqua. This is conducted by a trained and experienced worker and an assistant, who gather the children together every forenoon, and not only entertain and amuse them, but organize them into Town Clubs, with the purpose of drilling them in some of the elementary duties of citizenship. It is most interesting to see how boys and girls become absorbed in this kind of real play. Many towns have been able to organize playground associations and similar movements as a direct result of this Chautauqua activity.

YOUNG AMERICA AFLOAT ON THE SEA OF LEARNIN
CHAUTAUQUA
AUG 4

In 1912 this Association conducted 41 Chautauquas in four States; in 1916 there were 185 assemblies in thirteen States. About fifty towns have recently been organized in New England to constitute a new circuit, and it is gratifying to know that no New England town has discontinued its Chautauqua, when once organized. Indeed, 95% of all the towns on the two circuits of the Association have renewed their contracts from year to year.

GETTING TOGETHER

Every progressive citizen who resides on the Cape will be glad to have this section identified with a movement which possesses such great social significance, and is calculated to exalt cultural ideals while contributing to more wholesome living and more fruitful human service.

The following towns will constitute the Cape Circuit: Wareham, Falmouth, Sandwich, Harwich, Orleans and Provincetown.

DAD'S GIFT

By T. E. HILL

"Now there, Joe Henry, what yer got there? I declare, you're everlastin'ly bringin' somethin' into the house. Only the other day you fetched in that snappin' turtle that pretty nigh got my big toe when I was trimmin' my corns. My sakes, you are the beatenest."

"Well, Ma, you know I got half a dollar from the Chink at the landin' for the turtle, so that wasn't so bad. I don't know what this is. I showed it to Sim Hinckley and he said he thought it was some kind of grease, but, as that was not often found so far north, he wouldn't be sure, but thought I had better show it to Dr. Coombs, for he'd know."

"Grease! Yes, that's all I want to finish me. If you drop that there stuff, Joe Henry, you might as well move down to a shanty and stay there. I've scrubbed this kitchen floor for the last time this week. I suppose you'd like to see me drop through to the cellar! Say, Joe Henry, where did you get that grease stuff?"

"Why, when I was out scuppin' I saw it bobbin' on the water and it looked so queer I picked it up and put it in my bait pail. I'm goin' up to the Doc's now."

"My sakes, yes, you picked it up. I pity the woman that comes your way. Well, hurry up and get back."

It is an oft told tale that many a wife is left a widow to make the best of life, knowing that all she held dear has been taken away by the remorseless sea off the Cape shore. They take up life's burdens and work out the problems as they come, with the same spirit that was bequeathed to them by the men and women who braved all that they might live where they could have their own opinions, leaving, as their offspring, a race of Americans known the world over.

Eben Atwood married Henrietta Baxter. They had been boy and girl lovers at school. He built a snug cottage in a village on the Cape and had paid all but three hundred dollars on it, and hoped that two good seasons of fishing would clear that away, but the greedy sea claimed its toll and the husband and father was taken. The mortgage was, at this time, of some trouble to Mrs. Atwood. It was held by Tim Shattuck. He had passed away and his heirs wished to turn it into cash. Mrs. Atwood had asked several to take it up, without meeting with success, and had been told to go to the bank. She was not much on business and was shy of banks and was worried at the prospect.

"Well, Joe Henry, what did the doctor say about your grease?"

"He said he thought it was ambergris and, to make sure, he wanted to take it to Boston, where he is going on the two o'clock train, and, if it is what he thinks it is, it will be worth somethin' handsome. He'll be back tonight. Say, Ma, wouldn't it be great if it helps on the mortgage?"

"Go 'long, Joe Henry, don't talk nonsense. If you get enough to buy Perkins' boat you should be thankful."

"Now, I never said a word that I wanted the boat, but, if I had it, I could make money in the summer with fishin' parties."

"Well, don't stand there and gab. Hurry and get me some clams, for that drummer man is due today and he says he'd rather have one of my chowders than a dinner at the best hotel in Boston."

"I say, Ma, do you suppose he will bring that other fellow with him, the one that promised you a web-footed cat, from Provincetown?"

"Now clear out with your web-footed cats and hustle me some clams."

When Joe returned he renewed the subject of the cat, and asked his mother the name of the man who had them.

"I declare, I've clean forgot. It was somethin' like Jones or Brown, but don't you mind what them drummers say; they spin all kinds of yarns. Now shuck out them clams. That man will be drivin' up before you know it."

Joe Henry called at the doctor's office in the evening and the doctor told him that his opinion was correct and the stuff had been sent to New York for valuation. Joe returned home highly pleased with visions that kept him awake the most of the night. His mother did not share his enthusiasm, however, telling him not to count his chickens before they were hatched.

On the second morning, Dr. Coombs drove into the yard and greeted Mrs. Atwood with a breezy "Good morning, where's Joe Henry?"

"He's out weedin'. I'll call him. I hope there's nothin' the matter, doctor?"

"Nothing but a little pleasure," was the answer; "I want to see his eyes sparkle."

Joe came in and greeted the doctor, the latter holding out his hand and giving Joe a grasp that made him wince.

"Well, Joe Henry, how much do you suppose you picked up the other day?"

Joe didn't know, but hoped it would be enough to clean the mortgage up. The doctor smilingly took out a wallet and withdrew a long slip of paper and read: "Pay to the order of Henry E. Coombs the sum of nineteen hundred and fifty dollars," and said: "Now, Mrs. Atwood, I have put my name on the back and you take it to the bank and the money is yours."

The widow sprang to her feet and, with staring eyes, fairly screamed: "What? How much?" and fell back into her chair in about as near a faint as she ever came to. The doctor and Joe soon brought her around and Joe threw his arms around her neck and exclaimed, "It's Dad's gift." The doctor told Mrs. Atwood that if she would be ready in an hour, he would drive her to the bank, as he had a call to make in the village.

After he had gone and Mrs. Atwood felt calmer, she told Joe Henry that now that the mortgage could be taken care of, he could go to the High school the next term. Then they made plans for using some of the money to furnish two spare rooms and take boarders in the summer and talked until the doctor again drove up to the door, and, as Joe watched him and his mother disappear over the hill, he mused to himself: "Yes, it sure was Dad's gift."

HIGHLAND LIGHT

By WARREN ELLIOT CARLETON

Do you see him off in the Western sky
Winking at us with his yellow eye?
Warning us where shoal waters lie,
In the dead of night.
Thousands of lives are in his keep;
Always awake when sailors sleep,
Blinking his lone eye over the deep—
Highland Light.

When fog blows over from Buzzards Bay,
And blankets the sea from the light of day,
You can hear him bellowing far away,
Through the veil of white.
And many a sailor, homeward-bound,
Has heeded the warning of perils aground,
And changed his course by the fog-horn's sound
Of Highland Light.

He's only a pile of masonry
On a desolate beach, but he seems to me
A true heart guarding a treacherous sea,
By day and night.
And when we steer by his lone eye's glare
Past death, I breathe to God a prayer
To bless us sailors everywhere—
And Highland Light.

Some sea scallops have been dredged from the bottom near the breakwater of the Cape Cod canal. They were as large as a saucer and covered with barnacles. It is thought they were washed through the canal from Buzzards Bay.

A WILLING WORKER FOR CAPE COD

CAPE COD has many loyal sons and daughters who give freely of their time and means in efforts to advance its interests. These public spirited men and women are enthusiastic leaders in all that tends to better community life and can always be depended upon to take the leadership when leaders are needed.

Among them there is none who ranks higher than Hon. Thomas C. Thacher of Yarmouth. Mr. Thacher has proven a willing worker and is credited with a sincere desire to make his life useful. He is at the head of some of the most active agencies for the betterment of the Cape, all of them practical and helpful.

He is president of the Barnstable County Agricultural Society, which gives the annual fair at Barnstable, and which has been most successful under his able leadership.

He is the head of the Cape Cod Farm Bureau, an organization of more recent origin, which is striving to promote better farming upon the Cape. He is a prominent member of the Cape Cod Pomona Grange and a faithful attendant at its meetings, where he imparts friendly advice and words of encouragement.

He is the president of the Cape Cod Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and is to be found as a private in the ranks in many other movements for civic improvement.

Mr. Thacher is most modest and unassuming and proceeds quietly about whatever he has to do. He says, "it keeps me busy and gives me something to do", but those who know him feel that he would be considered by no means idle if he confined himself strictly to his own business interests.

He is full of fire and life, has a kindly twinkle in his eye and a warm handclasp for all of his friends and acquaintances, who number literally thousands, for he is probably the best known man living upon Cape Cod today.

He takes a broad and liberal view of public affairs and his influence is much sought for in all political and social affairs.

Although a Democrat, the voters of the Republican 16th Congressional District elected him to represent them at the capital of the nation, where he soon achieved deep and lasting friendships and a comprehensive knowledge of National political affairs.

That he is a "regular fellow", is the verdict of all who come in contact with him.

Not to know "Tom" Thacher is to proclaim oneself unknown.

He is always "there" when anything is going on and plays no sectional favorites.

If we were to express our opinion of what constitutes the chief charm in Mr. Thacher's character, we would say that it is his "friendliness", although we would not lose sight of the fact that his patient sincerity is a factor in the achievement of his popularity.

NOW THE COAST GUARD

By WILLIAM W. WYER

A BRIEF sketch of the United States Life Saving Service, its early history, the duties performed and pay received by the men, before and after it became the Coast Guard, may be in order and instructive.

In the year of 1786, the Massachusetts Humane Society was founded. Its purpose was to furnish relief to shipwrecked sailors by building small huts, or houses, where equipment for saving life along the coast of Massachusetts was kept. In 1847 Congress made its first appropriation of $5000, to be used for saving lives. Later further appropriations were made of life-boats and better houses on the New England and New Jersey coasts, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Texas and on the Great Lakes.

Dependence was placed upon volunteers to make use of a very inadequate equipment, and, as there were no regular crews stationed at the few Life Saving Stations then established, and no responsible custodian in care of the equipment and property, the inefficiency of the Life Saving Service, as it then existed, was apparent to all.

PEAKED HILL BARS STATION

In spite of many wrecks and disasters, Congress refused to make adequate provision. In 1853 a bill, which provided for the increase and repairs of the stations, as well as the guardianship of the life boats, passed the Senate, but did not pass the House. In 1869 a bill providing for regular crews of surfmen was defeated in Congress, which passed an inadequate bill. It was not until 1871 that, after the passage by Congress of a bill with an appropriation of $200,000, the Life Saving Service may be said to have had its birth. Capt. Sumner I. Kimball, at the time in charge of Revenue Cutter Service, immediately took steps to organize and put on as good basis as possible the Life Saving Service, which at first was a part of the Revenue Cutter Service.

In the 63rd Congress there was introduced a very meritorious measure, known as the Coast Guard Bill. It had the hearty support of President Wilson and the Secretary of the Treasury, William G. McAdoo. These officials believed that the officers and men of the Life Saving Service were entitled to the benefits of retirement, as provided for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Revenue Cutter Service. As the Life Saving Service was formerly a part of the Revenue Cutter Service, and as both are devoted to the saving of life and property from the ravages of the sea, this bill was drawn to bring about a consolidation of these two important branches. The Coast Guard, therefore, now comprises both services under one executive head.

When the bill came before Congress during the last session, it was not received with entire satisfaction by a great many of the legislators, and it was freely predicted that it would meet with the same defeat as previous measures for the relief of the life-savers.

Its champions—Senator Townsend of Michigan, Congressman Thomas C. Thacher of the Cape Cod District, Lathrop Brown of Long Island and John H. Small of North Carolina—were obliged to make an educational campaign that their associates might become convinced of the true merits of the measure. It was a difficult task which was presented, but the Coast Guard Bill was finally enacted into law, after an exceedingly energetic campaign on the part of the sponsors. Soon after the bill became a law, Captain Sumner I. Kimball, who had given the greater part of his life in charge of the Life Saving Service, was retired, and he is now residing in Washington. The new executive head is Captain-Commandant E. P. Bertholf, for a number of years at the head of the Revenue Cutter Service.

Today the United States has 279 stations, to be found in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Washington, Oregon, California, and one in Alaska. At present these stations on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts are open for ten months of the year and on the Great Lakes for eight and a half months, and are visited frequently by the public, who are interested in the work of this particular branch of the Federal Government.

The Coast Guard requires picked men, sound in body and quick in mind, with thorough physical examination before they are appointed. They are required to patrol the coast by day and night, to warn vessels away from danger, go to the rescue of vessels in distress, her crew and passengers, or anyone else who is in danger. They must be prepared to launch their boats in the teeth of a bitter gale and storm, with the wind blowing fifty miles an hour, and the thermometer perhaps below zero, and row hours at a stretch to rescue someone in distress. They must be ready at any moment when duty calls them, to risk their lives to save others. Then, too, they must understand the currents and tides and be experts at handling their boats, for the slightest mistake by an inexperienced man means loss of lifeboat to the crew, and those whom they are endeavoring to rescue.

Every night, whether vessels are in sight or not, they must patrol the beach for a watch of four hours. They are required to take a coston light to warn vessels in danger of running ashore, as well as a watch clock, which they must punch every half hour. There is a day watch kept, where vessels are sighted from station each day and recorded by the Captain, as well as patrol clock dials, which show indentations at the proper times. Records are also kept on the condition of the surf and weather and of the barometer and thermometer.

(Continued on Page 18)

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
(P. O. Address, Wareham, Mass.)
SAMUEL B. CORR, BUSINESS MANAGER
(P. O. Address, Sandwich, Mass.)

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Editorial

PLANNING AHEAD

IT is gratifying on the part of the publishers to find that so many of our readers are interested enough in the magazine to write and suggest material for its pages. All such suggestions are gratefully received and given careful consideration. We have many articles and suggestions for articles on hand and trust that those who have favored us with them will not become impatient because publication is delayed. The monthly issues have to be planned some time in advance and we frequently receive manuscripts accompanied with the request that we give them space in our next issue. This is usually impossible, as there are a number of things which enter into the matter of publication which have to be carefully considered. Chief among these is timeliness. We are often obliged to hold manuscripts because the season of the year is not fitting. We have some articles which are appropriate for spring, summer and fall publication which are waiting the proper time for their appearance. The fact that we cannot promise immediate publication should not deter anyone from sending their articles. It is necessary that we have many articles ahead in order that we may turn to our files and find proper material from which to make selection when planning the make-up of a current issue.

We occasionally hear the criticism that some particular town or locality has been neglected. We can only say to those that we plan to be impartial and give each locality its proportionate amount of publicity, but that we cannot do it all at once and each must wait its turn.

Last year we issued several numbers devoted especially to particular towns. We intend to continue the practice and the April, May and June issues will be devoted each to some particular town on the Cape.

We depend largely upon local writers for our material. Some localities appear to have more writers than others, which, in part, accounts for seeming partiality. We use such material as we have on hand and if we have been favored with nothing from some locality, that locality is apt to be neglected.

We renew our solicitation of manuscripts. It is true that some have to be rejected, but we promise to give them all a fair reading and, if they are found suitable, freely give them publication. In the sending of verse, care should be taken not to make them too lengthy. Short poems are often acceptable where longer ones have to be rejected. We strive for quality rather than quantity.

We are grateful for the many encouraging words that we are constantly receiving. It is too much to expect that all our readers will be pleased with all the contents of the magazine, but we try to have something in each issue that will please someone.

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THE FARM BUREAU

THE Cape Cod Farm Bureau is an established institution for the purpose of teaching better farming, and as such, should have the support of everyone interested in the advancement and welfare of the Cape. It has a County agent, who is always ready and willing to consult with those desiring his services, which are given free. It also has a director of home economics, who can likewise be called upon for information and instruction. The farm bureau has a sphere of usefulness which cannot be over-estimated and it should receive united support. Its membership can be materially increased, thus making it a stronger and more effective institution. If you have not already joined, do so at once, and thus aid a worthy cause.

* * *

THE POMONA GRANGE

PROBABLY the greatest factor in the social life on Cape Cod is the Pomona Grange, which brings together the young and old from all parts of the Cape, makes them acquainted with each other and provides instruction and amusement for them. The local granges are doing good work and have a large and enthusiastic membership. The Pomona Grange is the central organization, which brings them all together and welds them into a comprehensive whole. There is a feeling of good fellowship in the grange meetings and the talent displayed during the lecturer's hour is often surprising. Interest in the granges is growing and evidences of their influence upon community life are not lacking.

THE Cape Cod Canal has had its trials and tribulations and many difficulties to contend with. It is extremely unfortunate that it has been so frequently blocked to traffic, especially during the season of the year when it is most needed. In the course of time we expect to see many of the unfortunate features eliminated and to see the canal enter into its full usefulness.

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IT would not have been possible a few years ago to get people from all over the Cape together in mid-winter. Since the advent of the automobile, however, it is frequently done. Communities are no longer isolated and there is greater mingling of their people. Community life has broadened and many insular prejudices are fast fading away. Only a comparatively short time ago, winter life on Cape Cod was more or less lonesome. It was a period of hibernation while the people waited for spring to come. Today social life is nearly as active in winter as in summer.

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AN architect recently made the statement that America had contributed only two distinct styles of architecture to the world, the modern sky-scraper and the fine Colonial buildings. He further stater that many of the finest examples of colonial architecture are to be found on the Cape.

* * *

IT has been suggested that every Cape town should have a planning board, to direct its development along the right lines. Incongruous development should be avoided if possible.

A jetty is being built on the east side of the channel at the entrance to Waquoit harbor.

NOW THE COAST GUARD

(Continued from Page 15)

The coast patrol is performed by two men, one remaining on the so called "station watch", while the other goes on his beat. Upon his return, he replaces the man on the station watch, who starts upon his patrol. After this last patrol is accomplished, the next watch is called.

Ther is hardly a day but what a drill of some kind takes place, such as boat drill, gun drill, flag drill, lantern drill, and respirations in an apparently drowned man. Each takes time, and each man must know what he will call the book. For once a year the District Superintendent makes his official call, and goes through each drill. Enough cannot be said of the surfmen, who patrol the beach at all hours of the night, in the blinding snow storms, sand storms, rain and hail, in watch for the shipwrecked mariner, who goes out on the seas in ships. Besides patroling the beach, each man has his part to do. They take their turn at cooking, sweeping and making their beds, and the housewives have nothing on the men in that line.

LAUNCHING THE LIFE BOAT

Before the Coast Guard went into effect, the surfmen had to feed and educate their families at home, as well as feed and clothe themselves, as they were only allowed ten cents a meal and thirty cents a day for rations and nothing for clothing.

The Coast Guard operates in time of peace under the Secretary of the Treasury, but in time of war the Coast Guard is under the Secretary of the Navy, or the direction of the President. Aside from the fact that the Coast Guard will be worth more to the country by saving lives and property than it actually cost, its value as a part of any scheme of national defense cannot be over-estimated. Simply by a stroke of the pen, the President can transfer this body of 4100 trained and highly efficient officers and men, ready at a moment's notice, to operate under the Navy Department.

As has been stated, these men must pass a thorough medical examination before they can sign for the ensuing year, for they must be physically sound in order to remain in the service. Under the present law, the officers and men are entitled, as a part of our naval forces, to certain benefits due those engaged in extra hazardous service, which, briefly, are as follows:

The surfmen will receive:

First—Retirement at 64 years of age after 30 years of service or for disability, on a retirement allowance of 75% of their active duty pay.

Second—Longevity pay, amounting to $1.00 per month increase for each three years of service.

Third—Clothing allowance of $45 for the first year and $20 for each subsequent year.

Fourth—Free treatment in the Government Hospitals.

Fifth—Rations as at present.

The superintendents, keepers and number one surfmen will receive longevity pay at the rate of 10% increase for each five years of service up to 20 years, and retirement and other provisions provided for surfmen.

These 4100 enlisted officers and men can thank the 63rd Congress for the passage of this piece of legislation, which became a law last March.

The five surviving members of J. C. Freeman Post, G. A. R., Provincetown, have a combined age of 378 years.

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

By LABAN P. CROCKER

THE subject may seem not to mean much to you, but I shall try to prove to you before I get through that it is quite a subject and a great benefit to any nation that has noble mothers, who are willing and take pride as they see their families of fine boys and girls grow up.

We are all trying to look into the future, for that is one of the hopes and pleasures of life, and you might say that if it was not for that privilege, life would be almost a dead letter, especially to the young. But when we come right down to facts, we can see but a very short distance, and the only way we have of judging the future is by what has passed.

Now, the great question of the hand that rocks the cradle, I say, has made nations, and nations have gone back by its neglect; and, to prove my statement, I will go back with you to when Rome, as the saying is, "once ruled the world," when she was a prosperous country and her farming communities were full of noble men and women. She carried on her wars from one weak nation to another, and she developed and called on those sons of hers from the country districts. But finally her rulers, in their wealth and corruption, began to weaken and the boys from her back woods communities became fewer and fewer, and before it could be realized, she was a run-down and wiped-out nation.

Spain, in her success, then began to prosper and reach out with her armies into new countries, being enabled to do so by the hand that rocked the cradle and reared hardy sons and daughters for recruits. She finally reached into Central and South America and there carried on her cruel and bloody wars, through which she gained gold, silver and great wealth, which she carried back to her own shores until her rulers grew rich and corrupt and she, in turn, began to weaken. Her navy tried to drive England from her shores, but, unfortunately for Spain, the hand that rocks the cradle had not been idle in England and the war was not concluded until Gibraltar had been lost, never to be regained. England then found that she was monarch of all she surveyed, and she began to send her families of boys and girls to these shores, and these boys and girls beg in their turn to rear large families, and so the old cradle was kept busy.

Finally it was found that the colonies in America were getting large and that they must be drawn upon to support the mother country, so she taxed them hard for this thing and that, until they raised up in their independence in this old town of Boston and began to look around into the outskirts of the city for soldiers. There the large families were found that could be depended upon to secure for this country its independence, and for seven long, hard, struggling years a war was fought until old Faneuil hall rang with the independence of the United States. Then our country began to grow and prosper as time rolled on, and still the families were large and the cradle was in demand; but finally the numbers began to diminish, slightly at first.

Boston grew and became New England's greatest city, noted for the intellect of its people, until her honorable school board gave out an order that their women teachers must not marry, a rule contrary to the laws of nature, and an insult to the very hand that rocks the cradle. As soon as the law was enacted, women either had to leave the occupation that they loved so well and are so well adapted for, teaching school, or never to be able to teach any children of their own. From that sprang woman suffrage, with the idea that women could govern and dictate and rule, the same as men, and vote at the polls.

Now, in walking up the streets of Boston one day with a friend of mine, we met a noble, stately-looking lady, who carried her head erect and who showed independence in every step she took and every move she made. As we passed, this friend of mine lifted his hat in the most polite manner and she acknowledged the salutation. I gave her no notice, passing along without giving her any attention whatever. When she was out of hearing, my friend called me down, asking if I did not know who she was. I told him: "Yes. She is the president of a woman's college, president of the Woman's Suffrage Union, and an independent thinker, who believes she has a perfect right to vote as any man. Why should I take off my hat to her more than to every gentleman I meet?"

As we passed along a little ways we met another lady. She had the appearance of being the wife of a laborer or mechanic. She had a child in her arms and one by the hand. I raised my hat to her in the profoundest respect, but my friend gave her no attention. I said to him: "Didn't you know that lady?"

He replied: "Yes. She is the wife of a laborer."

Said I: "If she is the wife of a laborer, you should raise your hat to her, if only out of respect to that child in her arms, for no one can tell what position that child will hold in this world fifty years from now."

Years ago, in one of our western towns, there was a poor, humble home in which was a mother struggling to bring up her family, under the hardest possible conditions. She died while the child was young. The father married again and the step-mother reared that child. Somebody said to her: "Bring up that child in the best way possible, for some time he will be president of this country." She could well have said, under the conditions: "Impossible! It will never be so."

That child grew up and worked hard in the western back woods town. That child came to the arms of this country in its most trying days and did become president of the United States, and today that man's picture adorns the walls of most of the households of this country and he has the highest honor that could be given a man, that of being the second father of his country—Abraham Lincoln.

The picture of the woman who is president of the college may be on the walls of the college. She may go down in history as being a great teacher. That is the only thing she can possibly produce.

Not only Abraham Lincoln, but hundreds of others under the same conditions, the ragged, dirty news boys even, may become leading men of the army and spring, as you may say, from almost nothing to the highest honors the country can give. Not only do these things exist in this country, but look back in old England. Even there there was a poor family with a number of boys. The father died young and left the widow with one poor, feeble sapling of a boy. The brother of the woman, an old commodore in the English Navy, said: "I will take that boy and take care of him."

The mother replied: "Father and I thought we would give him the best education possible and make a minister out of him, as his feeble health will never permit anything more."

The Commodore took the boy, probably with the strongest idea that he would soon use him up and give him a watery grave. But the boy improved, became active, and soon showed his uncle that he was capable of commanding. He rose, step by step, and finally became admiral of the English Navy and in one of his naval battles was mortally wounded and as he died in his officers' arms, hearing victory ring through the air, he turned up his white face and said: "I die happy." Lord Nelson, of the English Navy.

So you go the world over and find these conditions wherever the old cradle is rocked and where the mother rocks it with strong hands. As John Quincy Adams once said, when somebody asked what made him the man he was, his reply was: "My mother." I can go John Quincy Adams one better than that (not that I ever was the man he was, but I do hold some respect in my own and surrounding towns). I can say that the reasons of it are not exactly a mother's influence. for my mother died when I was a mere baby, and my father married again, and a stepmother's influence governed and ruled me.

You can build big navies and large armies and call upon foreign countries for your recruits, but no country will live and grow and prosper, with the old cradle stored in the attic and never called out. The only country that can live and build up an army and navy is the one that can produce noble sons and daughters that are rocked and reared in the old red cradle- that is condemned at the present time.

What has brought about this great change, as you might say, with the present so-called American people and built up this great nation, when it started with the war with England, and then had such men to send back word to George III: "Give me liberty or give me death." Those were the words of Patrick Henry, and they came with such force to the people that you might say all hands said: "Amen. We will do so." Hard talk for King George to hear, and showed him what he might expect. We were, as you might say, no nation then, but we showed the world what a set of men should do who were reared by noble mothers, who stood by to teach their sons and daughters to be noble and honorable, and their daughters to be good housekeepers and noble mothers, that took pride in rocking the red cradle. That was the form and teaching in our school in my boyhood days in the old district school.

It was a very common expression: "Give our children a fair education, so that they can earn a good honest living and be honorable people in the world." What is the saying today to our children, we have developed so in education and compelled to go to school? Now the parents struggle to get their one or two children through college and keep telling their sons to get their education so they will be able to get out in the world and put up with this great struggle to get rich without having to work as father has. The mother tells her daughter to get her schooling and also says: "Come now, that music lesson must be kept up so you can look after company in good shape when they call." Not a word about being good and noble men and women and helping hold this nation together.

Japan has shown what a small nation could do when it was all one, for she told Russia that she would win or die. But now, in this country, as the boys say, if you want any common work done, "send to Italy, let them do it." So that is the way it will be done in time of war, send to Italy and let them do the fighting and we will do the heavy looking on. So in that way, the old red cradle, knocked to pieces for kindling wood or put out of sight like old history, this nation will be cut up in pieces and will have to start over again, with that noble mother, which is the best soldier the country ever produced. She is the one that needs the pension more than thousands of common soldiers that have been getting it.

Now, before I sit down, I want to give a little advice to these young folks, although some say that advice is no account, but I don't always agree with them. Let me say, young men, no matter where you work or what kind of men you are called upon to work with, show them you are always ready to do your part and the most of them will respect you for it. But the part you want to act the most in is your leisure hours. Look for the best class of people there is in the place you may be in; men and women, no matter how much more they may be educated than you. You will always find something in them that will help to educate you and make you feel better as you go along in life; and I cannot think but if you are spared to live to an old age, you will take lots of comfort in finding you have done so.

That is what I have tried to do through life, and now, in my old age, and nothing more than a common laborer or mechanic about the town I live in, I feel that the whole place respects me and all seem willing to give me the welcome hand. That has been my reward, and I cannot help but feel that it will be yours, if you do likewise.

A Legend of Cape Cod

By J. S. RYDER

A LITTLE boy, with curly hair and infantile face, came wandering out from the life saving station down to the seashore. Running along with boyish elation, he came to the remains of an old wreck, partly buried by the sands and seaweed.

Time had painted it with pretty colors of neutral reds, purples and greens, and he sat down and looked at it, and the surf, with its white caps, as they followed each other to the shore and broke with a sullen roar on the old wreck.

Looking intently, the boy, lulled by the regularity of the surf, partly closed his eyelids and had a strong desire to lie down on the cool, firm sand.

All at once he heard a soft voice near him. "Little boy," it said, "would you not like to go off with me in a pretty boat and see a pretty ship?"

Looking up, the boy saw a man standing near him, dressed in funny looking clothes. A three-cornered hat covered the man's head and that was adorned with a white wig, having a long queue. His coat was long and reached to his knees and was ornamented with a profusion of gold braid. His legs were encased in knee breeches and he wore silver buckles on his shoes.

Dusk and gloom had settled around, but there seemed to be a supernatural glow and the boy could just discern the outlines of a ship a little ways off shore. All of her sails were set. She had a high poop stern and port holes in her sides, from which cannons protruded. There was quite a sea on, but yet she remained motionless.

The boy, frightened and bewildered by the strangeness of the scene, did not answer, but glancing around again, saw a boat hauled up on the shore. There were several men in it and the prettiest lady he had ever seen.

The man followed his glance and again said, "Let me lead you down and see the pretty lady in the boat."

As if impelled by an unseen power, the boy's fright left him and he allowed the man to lead him down.

The lady greeted him affectionately and the crew, obeying the man's command, rowed off to the ship. They ascended the gangway ladder and were greeted with deference, by a man also in uniform.

They went down into a cabin very sumptuously furnished and the lady, seating herself and taking the little boy in her lap, addressed herself to him.

"Little boy, God has so ordained that on the anniversary of our ship's death on this coast that we must return and enact the same sufferings and ship-wreck over again, but we would find peace and rest at last if, on this day, a little child could be induced to listen to our tale of woe."

With hands clasped and eyes lifted to Heaven, she commenced.

"Many, many years ago there was war between our nation and the feeble colonists of your land, that our nation sought to keep in bondage. Our ship was put in commission and ordered by the king of our country to come across to your land and exterminate the rebels, as he called them. We set our sails and left our native land, never to return."

At this, the lady paused and, with tears streaming from her eyes, and with choking voice, resumed her tale.

"We sailed a long time, buffeted by head winds and cross currents, that swept us out of our course. At last we saw a glimpse of land at a distance. The captain, much discouraged by our slow progress, was vexed to a great degree and did not offer any thanksgiving for our rescue from the boisterous seas.

On nearer approach to land, we discovered a number of fisher boats, large and small, scattered about pursuing their vocation. As we had gotten out of provisions that kept our people in health, the captain ordered the ship to heave too and hailed the nearest boat.

"'Boat ahoy! Are your men on board loyal subjects of King George?'

"'No! No!' he was answered. 'We recognize only one master and his name is Washington, and one mistress, whose name is Liberty.'

"This incensed the captain and he shouted back: 'We want fresh provisions and I order you to launch your boat and bring some fish aboard.'

"The fisher's captain replied, 'We take orders from nobody, but we let no man go hungry and will send fish.'

"After our captain had got food aboard, he demanded allegiance from all the fisher boats for his sovereign King George. The news had spread, a mighty shout went up from all the boats: 'No! Liberty for our homes and firesides, or death.'

"'Then death', the captain screamed back, and with that he ordered a merciless broadside of grape-shot to be fired into the midst of them.

"Amid the curses, execrations and groans of dying and drowning men, we continued our course.

"But, thank Heaven," the lady continued, "The tale is confessed and told in repentance and tears to a little child and we are at rest."

The boy suddenly awakened and found himself yet on the same spot on the seashore.

The following night a heavy gale had set in and in the morning the wreck had entirely disappeared.

NOTE—During the year 1885 the carcass of an old ship came to light on the coast that was identified as the Man-o'-war, English, "Somerset", and then suddenly disappeared.

When Town Clerk and Treasurer Nathan C. Underwood was installed as secretary of Pilgrim Lodge of Masons at Harwich, December 21, he rounded out fifty years as a Mason, the date of the anniversary being that evening.

Ghosts

By JOSHUA A. NICKERSON, 2nd.

Great Uncle Jonathan used to come to visit us for a week or more every year. It was during these visits that I heard many interesting stories of Cape Cod as it used to be. Last winter he came down to see us for a few days and it happened that at that time I was reading the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers." In one of these there is an interesting account of Moll White, a witch, and the ghostly powers she was reputed to have exercised; I had made some remark to Uncle Jonathan about this account of Moll, when, puffing contentedly at his pipe and settling himself in his chair, he assumed that air of deep thought, eyeing me quizzically thru' his half closed lids, which we have learned to recognize as the fore-runner of some tale of by-gone days.

"Well," he slowly said, "some folks say there's ghosts an' some says they ain't. I dunno as I've ever expressed any hard and fast rule on the subject myself, but old Nathan Kelley—p'rhaps you don't remember him, gran'father to Joe an' Ed up here to the corner—ol' man Nathan hed his opinion once."

"You know they used to meet over to the 'Old Mansion'—tumbled down long ago—for their dances an' harvest suppers an' times. Well, one night Nate was over there and he got into a argument with some others as to whether there's any sich thing as ghosts. Nate said they warn't and 'bout all the rest said they was; but Nate stuck it out though an' said he wouldn't b'lieve they was any until he made their pussonal 'quaintance; said he didn't b'lieve in devils lanterns an' seein' mermaids and whales in the Goose Pond an' all such bosh. Well, when it got time to go home, all hands was feeling pretty good, bein' as the jug hed been passed 'roun' several times. Nate hadn't took no less 'n the rest of 'um—never did when he could get anything that didn't cost him nuthin'.

He started out to go home along with Zed Peters and his family; they gave him a ride fur's the path where he turned off to his house over near the 'White Rock' road. As Nate walked along he thought over the evenin's argument about ghosts and spirits. He didn't feel quite so brave as he went over Dead-Man's Hill, where they say a feller hung hisself once, an' when he come to go down the other side into the Devil's Caldron, as they call that deep, roundish shaped hole, his knees grew warblyer—Lord knows they orter been—thinkin' of all the yarns he'd heard about the place.

"Now, 'twas one of those darkish, sort of scuddy nights, when the clouds flies along in little pieces as if somethin' was a-chasin' 'em. Nate stumbled—or, to be more exact, staggered—along the path in the Caldron. Fust thing he knew he heard one unearthly groan come out of somethin' he'd stumbled on, an' then, when he realized the wind that was blowin' could make no sich noise, he up and put her, tight as he could run. All of a sudden his foot struck somethin' soft, an' down he went on his face. A second time he heard the terrible moan—sounded just like a man that had been hung, he said—an' this time he see that the critter hed horns an' fiery eyes an' a tail an' was breathin' smoke and fire into the cool air. It riz up and tried to grab him in its cloven hoofs, snortin' an' gruntin' like all possessed. That was enough for Nate. He knew the devil was after him, so he scrambled to his feet an' ran for the road agin. 'Bout the time he got there he run into Iky Cahoon goin' back from seein' his girl home. He told the whole yarn to Ike and kept yellin' at him to save him, clawin' onto him like a crazy man—so Ike said. Thought Nate hed the jim-jams, I guess. Well, Ike took him home an' put him to bed an' fixed him all up for the night.

"Next day, down at the mill, they was tellin' about it when in walks Nate. Everybody knew about what had happened, so they hed hatched up a little surprise for him.

"So Hezy Eldredge sed to Deacon Buck, he says, sort of casual like: 'How long has it bin since you've bin leavin' your cattle over by Dead-Man's Hill over night?'

"Deacon didn't get no chance to answer him back. Nate's mouth hung open 'bout a fathom and then he bellered: 'Cattle! Cattle!' he yelled, jest like that.

"Bill Maker was there an' he said to Nate, 'Ike says you was kind of scared last night.'

"Nate looked at him as if he wanted to take his head off'n him. 'Scared,' he hollered, 'I cal'late I wan't scared.'

" 'What did you run fer, then?' parleyed Bill, thinkin' he had him cornered, 'warn't you a little bit scared then?'

" ' 'Course not,' said Nate, 'I was jest in a hurry to get back an' ketch Ike 'fore he got to bed, seein' as I found I'd lost my key somewheres.' "

THE COAST GUARD

By ETHEL G. DeVOE

The vessel staunch goes on her course,
  A speck against the blue.
Her passengers are resting safe,
  They trust the sturdy crew.
In turn, the crew must look to him,
  The captain of them all.
He holds their lives within his hand,
  They wait his slightest call.

But, yet, the captain need not fear,
  For, watching from the shore,
Another captain keeps him safe.
  And what could help him more?
For, should he near the treach'rous shoal,
  The coast guards warning send.
And should the ocean prove too strong,
  They fight it to the end.

So more than captain, more than crew,
  Our lives do truly rest,
With men that guard the coast for us,
  And do their very best.
The man who fights the raging sea,
  Who breasts the howling gale.
Has mightier foe, has worse to go,
  Than thru the bullets' hail!

THE BELOVED FRIEND

By PERSIS WHITE

Cap'n Abner lived in Orleans. Did someone ask, "Where on earth is that?" Well, Orleans is the finest town on Cape Cod. The brightest, sunniest, busiest and best. For fear some prejudiced person might contradict me and sing the praises of some other bright, sunny, busy and best town, I will further identify it by saying that, as you travel toward Provincetown, it is the first town that reaches from Cape Cod Bay to the ocean.

From a certain sunny hill in its pretty cemetery, one can see plainly, at the west, the blue waters of Cape Cod Bay. At the south Pleasant Bay sparkles and smiles in the sunshine, and at the east the Atlantic ocean, with its stately ships, its rushing steamers and its slow-going tugs and barges, beats and thunders on the shore unceasingly. After a storm, the roar of the surf can be heard in any part of the town—even as far away as Rock Harbor or "down the Neck."

To this sunny hill in the cemetery, the Cap'n and Dandy often came in their walks, tho' Dandy never cared for the place, and always hung back a little to show his disapproval, when he found the Cap'n was going to turn in at the gate. He couldn't see any sense in going to a place where one couldn't dig lovely holes or run and bark at the birds and butterflies. However, with true dog philosophy, he had found that the hill was warm and quiet and an excellent place for a nap. Here the two came on a bright morning in June, and Dandy, with a long sigh of content, dropped at once on to the warm grass.

The Cap'n, leaning on his cane, looked out toward the west, then to the south, and last and longest to the east. A graceful four-master, with a fair wind and all sails set, was going toward Boston, and the Cap'n, whose "fur off" sight was as good as ever, watched her till she disappeared behind the dunes, then slowly, and a trifle painfully, he sat down on the grass beside Dandy.

The dog could see that his master was not in his usual good spirits, and, with a little whine of sympathy and understanding, he reached out and pawed at his coat sleeve.

Cap'n Abner was a real sea captain. Beginning as a cabin boy when hardly more than a child, he had worked his way steadily to the top. For many years he had sailed for the same owners—the Rutherford Brothers of Boston—and his staunch integrity, his cheery good humor and his successful voyages made him a favorite with the firm. But there came a time when misfortune and ill luck seemed to follow him. His wife, who was in every way a helpmate, passed away; he began to be afflicted with rheumatism; freights were low and good voyages became very rare, and, finally, an accident to the vessel he commanded made him decide to give up sea life and settle down at home.

The last time he was in Boston, he and old Ben Rutherford had taken their noonday meal together at an oyster house down on the docks, a place to which the Cap'n had introduced Ben many years before. They were as merry as two boys over the meal, and, after it was over, as they walked together to the South Station, Ben tried his best to induce the Cap'n to come back to them and take another vessel; but the old man was obdurate, even though he was fairly heartsick for the salt water.

As they clasped hands in parting, Ben Rutherford laid his left hand on Cap'n Abner's shoulder and said, "Well, good-bye, Cap, and God bless you, though you're a stubborn old fool." Two years later the elder Rutherford retired from business and went to live in the western part of the state, and only a few days before, the Cap'n had read of his death in a Boston paper and really grieved for the old friend he had loved so well. His mind went back this morning to their good comradeship and the many pleasant hours they had spent together and he wondered if Ben, in his richer, fuller life, had ever given a thought to the old Cape Cod sea-captain.

The whistle of the down train roused him and made him realize that very soon he must be getting back home, for Hannah, his daughter and housekeeper, always had dinner ready promptly at twelve o'clock. And here he had been wasting his time over old memories, when he had come here this morning on purpose to work out a problem that troubled him. The vital thing, and the one he felt so helpless to cope with, had to do with money matters. Hannah often said: "Father has no more sense in money matters than an old cat," and the Cap'n never contradicted what was so palpable a fact.

When he gave up the sea, he supposed he had enough money to live comfortably and have something left over for Hannah, but he had been easily talked into making investments which had turned out badly, or, as yet, had not turned out at all. The house he had hoped to leave free and clear for his daughter, for she had always made him comfortable and surely she had always done her duty—though it must be confessed the Cap'n sometimes wished she wouldn't. The only way out of his present difficulty that he could see, was to mortgage the house, and the very thought of doing that made him wince, for a mortgage to a Cape Codder is next door to disgrace. However, being of an optimistic nature, he decided that the money raised in this way would help them out till some of his mining stocks began to pay dividends—an event which he had looked forward to for years. As no better plan presented itself, he made up his mind that he would see a lawyer and attend to the business at once. He stood up and once more looked out on the ocean. As he did so, he seemed to feel, with a sort of child-like faith, that someone wiser than he would see that everything came out right. It was a great grief to Hannah that her father had never experienced religion; but "experiencing religion," to the Cap'n, meant "talkin' in meetin' " and he looked with awe and admiration upon anyone who was brave enough to do it. "How they can do it," he confided to Dandy, "how on earth they can do it, by Judas, beats me."

And yet, the Cap'n, like many others who have sailed the great waters, really did believe in a higher power; One who could be trusted to take the helm and guide his craft safely into the home port.

Having, for the time being, settled his business troubles, the Cap'n and Dandy started for home. As they came within sight of the house, they could see Hannah standing in the back door and as soon as she saw them, she began to wave frantically. Thinking he was late for dinner, the Cap'n grumbled to himself: "H'm, I guess she can wait till I git there," and refused to quicken his steps.

When he reached the gate, Hannah was there before him. "Do hurry, father. There's a man here to see you on business. Come on the train and has been waiting

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half an hour. My land, what a sight you be!"

She pushed the Cap'n ahead of her into the back room and began to brush his clothes, smoth his hair and fix his black string necktie, which always had a way of coming untied and hanging in two limp ends. "There, there, Hannah, this ain't goin' to be no weddin', and if the man wants to see me on business 'twon't make no difference to him how I look. Guess you better come in, too," he added, as he started for the sitting room door.

A tall gentleman rose and held out his hand. "I presume this is Captain Smith—Captain Abner Smith—is it not?" he asked.

"That's the name I've sailed under for seventy odd years," replied the Cap'n.

"My name is Russell, and I called to see you on a matter of business connected with Mr. Benjamin Rutherford's will. If you will kindly be seated, I will read the part that especially concerns you."

The Cap'n was completely bewildered, but, in a dazed way, he sat down and tried to listen. He could make no sense of it till he caught the words: "My beloved friend, Captain Abner Smith," and then, "His heirs and assigns." "Heirs", that must mean Hannah; but the Cap'n wasn't quite so sure about the "assigns". "The sum of five thousand dollars, with the accrued interest." The voice droned on for a while and finally stopped. The Cap'n tried to pull himself together, feeling that he was expected to say something; but try as he would, the words refused to come.

"You understand, do you not, what Mr. Rutherford has done for you?" asked Mr. Russell.

"I—I'm afraid I don't," stammered the Cap'n. "Do you mean that he gave me five thousand dollars?"

"Not only that,' said the lawyer, "but the money was deposited eight years ago by Mr. Rutherford for you and the accumulated interest makes a tidy sum in excess of the original five thousand. The entire amount can be paid over to you at once."

The lawyer folded his papers neatly, placed them in a green cloth bag and rose to go. Hannah, with true Cape Cod hospitality, but with many inward quakings, asked him to stay and have some dinner with them. He declined courteously, saying he had engaged room and board at the Southward Inn and intended to give himself the pleasure of spending the next day, Sunday, in their delightful town. He shook hands with them both and took his departure. Hannah bustled out to put her sadly neglected dinner on the table, and the Cap'n, with eyes that saw not, stood at the window and watched the tall figure going up the road. A great feeling of love for his old friend and of thankfulness for his kindly thought, welled up in his heart and overflowed his eyes.

The next morning, when the chores were done and breakfast over, the Cap'n and Dandy started for a walk. Dandy seemed to feel a difference in the atmosphere this morning, for he capered and danced and barked as no good Methodist dog should do on the Sabbath day.

When they reached the cemetery, the

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Cap'n turned in at the gate, as Dandy felt sure he would. Up the road they passed, stopping for a moment, as they always did, at one lot where the grass was a little greener and where the June roses and the old-fashioned clove pinks seemed a little sweeter, and then on to the sunny hill.

A wonderful peace and quietness rested on the land, as though the beauty and sweetness of all the June days that had gone before had been pressed into this one. The bell in the "Orthodox" church was calling the faithful and the whir of motors along the road came softly to their ears.

The Cap'n turned toward the east and unconsciously bared his head, while Dandy, sitting in front of him and looking up with soft brown eyes into the face he loved, saw his lips move and heard him whisper: "My Beloved Friend."

A prominent member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce saw his first copy of the Cape Cod Magazine while visiting in Chicago. He says that it impressed him as being the most effective advertising that could be done for the Cape.

This magazine is read from cover to cover by 10,000 people each month. The combined purchasing power of these readers makes it a valuable medium for advertisers.

Laban P. Crocker, a respected citizen of Forestdale, Sandwich, who has written several articles for this magazine, died recently at a Boston hospital.

Hon. William H. Tubman, chairman of the Barnstable County Commissioners, died at his home in Wellfleet on December 27, 1916.

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A SIDE TRIP TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG

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Gettysburg—The present generation can hardly realize what this word meant in July, 1863, nearly 54 years ago, when General Lee's victorious legions, sweeping up the Cumberland Valley to invade Pennsylvania and capture the capital, Harrisburg, were checked and rolled back by the Union forces under General Meade, at Gettysburg. The principal sites of the historic field (which is some twenty square miles in extent) can easily be seen in a day and at a comparatively small expense. An early train can be taken from Washington, and Gettysburg reached about ten o'clock. Many of the houses in the village still bear bullet marks and the house where Jennie Wade was killed by a bullet, while baking bread for the troops, is now a small museum. The National Cemetery, where, on its dedication, November 19, 1863, President Lincoln delivered his famous speech, is only a short walk, and a trolley line winds its way through most of the historic sites and monuments to Little Round Top, which was held by the 12th, 44th and 140th New York, and it was around this hill that some of the most desperate fighting took place, the gunners at the batteries being picked off by Confederate sharp-shooters from Devil's Glen, about a quarter of a mile distant. The intervening space is designated as the Valley of Death. Nearly all the States were represented in the battle and the remains of five thousand of the Confederate dead have been removed for final interment at Richmond.

An afternoon train, about 5 o'clock, will land passengers in New York that evening about 10 o'clock.

The Cape Cod Power Dory Company's exhibit was one of the features of the New York Boat Show at the Grand Central Palace last week. It was one of the largest individual exhibits shown and attracted great attention. The plant of this concern is located at Wareham and it sold over 400 boats last year and all signs point to a great increase in its business the coming year. The building of power boats for pleasure is a business which is growing in importance and the demand for them is greater than is generally realized.

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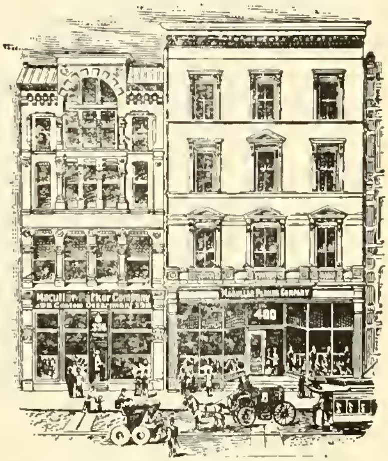

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Names of the Lodges, place and time of meetings; names of commanding officer and secretary.

MASONIC

Grand Commandery of Knights Templars

Sutton Commandery of New Bedford, meets 1st Thursday in the month.

Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Mass.

New Bedford Council of New Bedford, meets 1st Tuesday in the month.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Mass.

Adoniram Royal Arch Chapter of New Bedford, meets 1st Wednesday in the month.
Isle of the Sea, Nantucket, meets 2nd Monday in the month.
Joseph Warren, Provincetown, meets 1st Friday in the month.
Old Colony, Middleboro, meets 4th Thursday in the month.
Orient, Hyannis, meets 3rd Thursday in the month.
Sylvester Baxter, West Harwich, meets Saturday on or before O.
Wareham Chapter, Wareham, meets 1st Monday in the month.

Masonic Lodges

DeWitt Clinton, Sandwich; Lewis J. Whitney, W. M.; Carl L. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.
Eureka, New Bedford; John A. Stitt, W. M.; Daniel W. Cory, S. Meets 1st Friday.
Fellowship, Bridgewater; Arthur H. Willis, W. M.; Herbert E. Reed, S. Meets Monday on or before O.
Fraternal, Hyannis; F. Howard Hinckley, Jr., W. M; Edward C. Hinckley, S. Meets 1st Monday.
George H. Taber, Fairhaven; C. E. P. Thompson, W. M.; Frederick A. Keith, S. Meets 2nd Monday.
Howard, South Yarmouth; Samuel D. Kelley, W. M.; Lester E. Crowell, S. Meets 1st Saturday.
King Hiram's, Provincetown; Fred H. Dearborn, W. M.; Isaiah A. Small, S. Meets 1st Monday.
Marine, Falmouth; Howard L. Pierce, W. M.; Rawson C. Jenkins, S. Meets 1st Monday.
Mariners', Cotuit; Ernest O. Dottridge, W. M.; Lorenzo T. Gifford, S. Meets 1st Wednesday.
Martha's Vineyard, Tisbury; Lester H. Bumpus, W. M.; Roy W. Norton, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.
May Flower, Middleboro; Theodore N. Wood, W. M.; Charles N. Warren, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.
Mount Horeb, Harwich; C. Vansant Bitter, W. M.; Sylvanus A. Haywood, S. Meets 1st Wednesday.
Oriental, Edgartown; Herbert C. Pease, W. M.; Fred C. Rodgers, S. Meets 1st Monday.
Pilgrim, Harwich; Mervin C. Hall, W. M.; Nathan C. Underwood, S. Meets 1st Thursday.
Plymouth, Plymouth; Milo C. Dodge, W. M.; Albert A. Saunders, S. Meets Monday on or before O.
Pythagorean, Marion; Chester A. Vose, W. M.; George I. Luce, S. Meets 2nd Tuesday.
Saint Martin's, Chatham; James N. Jerauld, W. M.; Erastus T. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Monday.
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Eastern Star

New Bedford, New Bedford; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
Celestia, Vineyard Haven; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Oriental, Oak Bluffs; meets 2nd Monday.
Pleiades, Chatham; meets 3rd Monday.
Rexhame, Marshfield; Friday on or after O.
Gifford, Fairhaven; 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Dartmouth, New Bedford; 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Agawam, Wareham; 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Alcyone, Marion; 2nd Thursday.
Good-Will, Falmouth; 4th Thursday.
Masona, West Harwich; 3rd Tuesday.
Wellfleet, Wellfleet; 2nd Thursday after 1st Wednesday.
Hannah Shaw, Middleboro; 1st Monday.

I. O. O. F.

Cape Cod Lodge, Hyannis; Leslie S. Johnstone, N. G.; Henry L. Sherman, S. Meets every Thursday evening.
Exchange Lodge, Harwich; Alton Bearse, N. G.; Carrol T. Underwood, S. Meets every Monday evening.
Fraternal Lodge, Orleans. Meets every Wednesday evening.
Marine Lodge, Provincetown.
Hyannis Encampment; Leslie S. Johnstone, C. P.; William R. Blagden, R. C. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Arbutus Lodge, Middleboro; George V. Elliott, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday.
Cape Cod Lodge, West Dennis; Hiram D. Loring, K. of R. & S. Meets Thursday evening.
Manomett Lodge, Bourne; Chester S. Wright, K. of R. & S. Meets Wednesday evenings.
Mashnee Lodge, Onset; Henry W. Smalley, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday evening.
Nobska Lodge, Falmouth; Arthur C. Eastman, K. of R. & S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Pilgrim Lodge, Plymouth; Alvin M. Watkins, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday.
Wequaquet Lodge, Centreville; H. G. Lumbert, K. of R. & S. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
Union, New Bedford; Richard Cliffe, K. of R. & S. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

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Mattapoisett; Charles T. Dexter, M.; Jane R. Stanton, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
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Harwich; E. Harold Ellis, M.; Abbie S. Nickerson, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
South Chatham; Meets every other Wednesday.

I. O. R. M.

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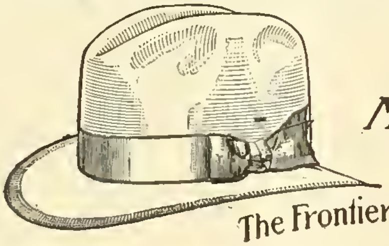

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SALUTATORY

Over the sand dunes, through the leafless branches of scrub oak and cob pine—from Falmouth forests to Chatham hills and up and over the province lands where first the Pilgrim fathers trod, the blustering March gales are performing their hardy annual task of awakening nature and attuning it to the balmy, restful days to come. Those who share the blessings of Cape Cod existence, whether the summer guest or the permanent resident, will, in the enjoyment of those happy days to come, forget the travail of March discomfort.

And yet, as Nature arouses herself and shakes off the lethargy of winter, so do we who plan for the summertime, rouse ourselves to the consideration of things needful to round out the pleasure of vacation days.

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These are, briefly, our lines.

A letter to us will bring a prompt reply.

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A mention of the Cape Cod Magazine will help the publishers and add to the zest of our doing business with you.

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The C. F. Wing Co.

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Opposite 5c Savings Bank **NEW BEDFORD, MASS.**

CAPE COD IN WINTER

By HELEN T. WOODS

I love the Cape woods, brown and bare,
With graceful pine trees here and there;
The winter winds that howl and roar
In seeming madness 'round our door;
The pastures, once a living green,
Which now in neutral tones are seen;
The busy, winding meadow brook,
Now held in bonds, closed as a book;

The sturdy oaks, the graceful birch—
Go where you will, in ardent search,
No worthier majesty ours to find
Than winter trees. Their worth enshrined
By springtime leaf and summer shade,
Or gorgeous coloring, autumn made,
Yet winter outline surpassing all
When stripped of dress at Boreas' call.

I love the cool and frosty dawn,
A blanket white across the lawn,
And winter sun through leafless trees—
Who would forego delights like these?
I love the glow of setting sun,
The gathering home, when work is done,
The quiet hour by blazing log, and then
The starlit night—and dawn again.

Oh, when the winds do wildly blow,
And daylight hours too swiftly go,
And darkness settles quickly down
Upon the country and the town,
'Tis then afar our cheerful flame
May light the weary traveler "hame",
For while Life's storms and winds may blow,
All hearts must quicken at friendly glow.

And sometime, when our steps grow slow,
Our ebb of life running low,
Oh, may our light shine from within,
Our daylight spent, our night begin,
That travelers passing, pause to say
"This light at night shines out like day."

Old age and winter are not gloom,
But just a cheerful, firelit room
Where pleasant memories, deeds well done,
Light up the night as if by sun.

SOME OLD TREASURES

TO the student of Old World history our Colonial days seem but yesterday. One hardly sets foot in any country of Europe without meeting signs of ancient times. This country seems so helplessly young when we consider the antiquity of Europe. One sees over there a reminder of Roman influence, of feudal days, and a cathedral that was built around 1400, or a house that dates from 1600.

How odd it seems when we speak of the antiquity of Cape Cod! Yes, but there is the fascination of contact, of that feeling that one can almost reach out and live with Grandma and Grandpa, when they were associated with those things that seem so curious to us today. How interesting they all are!

How they seem to talk to us and envelop us in the atmosphere of those old days when life was so much more serious, the physical hardships more intense, and the living so simple, oh, so simple, in comparison! Where in this country stands out a section so purely colonial as our own Cape Cod?

The hum of big industries has not altered all this, the march of settlement and expansion has not come this way, and the meddling crowd has only come to look and enjoy.

Here we see old houses built at an early date and added to at a later time (with the same old frame, form and outward appearance) and they all tell us of the staunch old families raised here for generations, and in whose name, perhaps, the place still descends. These families hold them with the respect we all have for our Pilgrim ancestors.

There are many families whose names have come down from the old Puritan stock of the Barnstable Plantations, through generation after generation, and all which that means toward the retention of the family keepsakes of our older history.

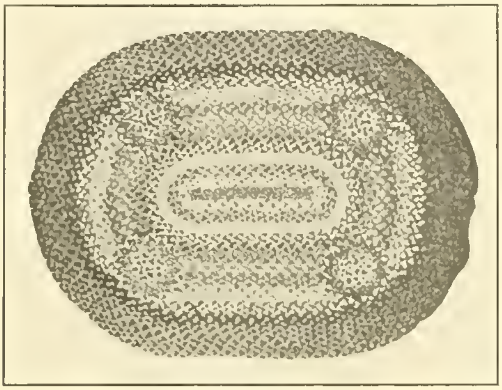
These old homes seem to have been built more or less along the same idea of design. One would have to search well to find such staunch oak and cedar framing from our present denuded forests. What dreams and charms there are in those fine old doorways which were not used except on the most important family events! How romantic if we could but see the passing when some groom brought home his handsome bride! What a picture with their period costumes and the happiness, the sun, the foliage and all the contributory things!

Who looked out to the brightness and storm through those windows of many panes, and how industrious they must have been! Even the slopes of the roofs tell us of the salt houses.

Those great chimneys, unhappily disappearing, tell us of the great fire places and Dutch ovens, of snowy pewter and old chairs, of comfort and labor. How some of those household things talk to some of us and how we long to possess them, with the dreams of romance and labor, of beauty and quaintness, of the homely arts and crafts—there was some poetry in life even among the many duties.

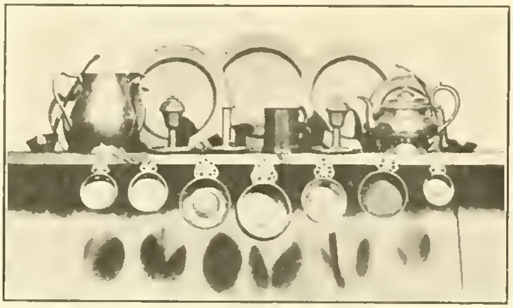
There was the old braided rug made from rushes or cloth, gathered from pieces saved for the purpose, pieces that could recount history. Some artist with love of beauty and design braided and sewed her thoughts patiently into one of these rare old rugs, such as we seldom find now. There were rugs with a blending that compels one to respect even the old fragments that come down to us from attic or woodshed. Where were they used and how did they do their part with the housewife's sanded floor, with its fern leaf or ivy pattern?

How much more developed was the latent artistic appreciation in those coverlets, woven so laboriously! Trace them from the care of the sheep, to wool, to carding, to spinning, to dyeing; then think of the long hours at the loom. I like to connect them with happy thoughts, for otherwise how could they have been woven? In those old patterns, the "true lover's knot," "dog tracks," and others, how those old blue patterns positively impress us as a fine old homespun now covers our lounge or hangs in our door!


"The Braided Rug"

Did Grandpa bring home to Grandma that indigo from some far away port, or how did she get that blue? Some of those designs of yellows, browns and soft reds, where did Grandma get those dyes? Were they sumac, hemlock and barberry, or what? Our modern arts and crafts reproduce many of these, but with how much less romance and work! I love to dream of the history of the beautiful old coverlets and all that they tell us.

Some of our Cape Cod attics reveal to us the old carders, spinning wheels and looms, (or parts of them, all that is left after the grandchildren have played with them.) How they are cherished to entice the grandchildren to come for their summer visit to Grandma's to play with these and other old things in the attic!

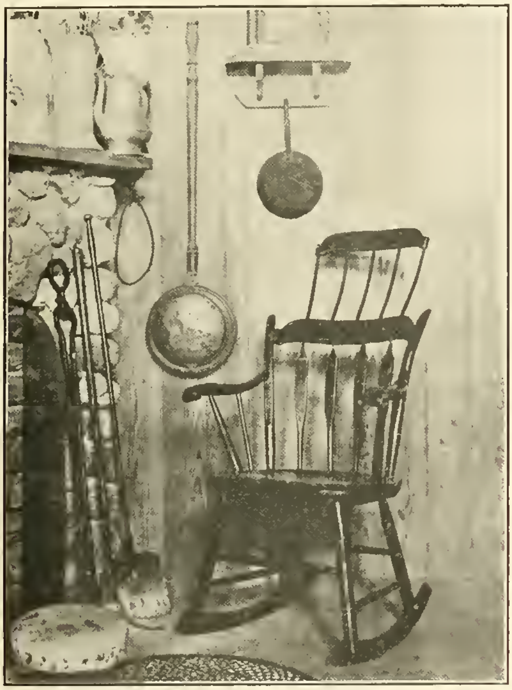

"The Old Pewter that Grandma Kept"

We have noticed as we have motored along down to Provincetown the uncomfortable old rush-seated chairs still to be seen under the trees or on the piazzas; the old straight-backed kitchen chair of the Pilgrim museum. How that word "kitchen," misleads us, accustomed as we are to our modern homes! Picture if you will, old Dr. Lathrop's flock settled on the Barnstable Plantation. Some day a visit takes place (it seems that they must have been too busy to make a practice of visiting, but we find in history that they gathered at each other's houses) and a chair is offered beside the fireplace and Dutch oven. That was the "kitchen" chair. Sometimes rockers were added and then we have Gov. Bradford's chair. It was etiquette then to sit up straight and indeed one was obliged to sit so in those old chairs. Then appeared, just before the Revolution, the Winsor, in all its pleasing lines and types.

"Cape Cod Rocker"

You will see these here upon the Cape.

They came from Philadelphia, like most of the early furniture. They could not come overland, so they must have come by sea and that must explain how Cape Cod was so well supplied. Afterwards they were made in Connecticut, of many types. The one most seen has a bent back, and spreading, swollen legs. There are low backed ones, ones with arms and more elaborate ones with parts turned to imitate bamboo, and seats with graceful curves. But the ones dear to the heart of the student and collector of these old things are the ones with the back formed like Grandmother's old tortoise-shell comb, the comb back, perhaps with rockers.


"The Comb Back"

Meanwhile the most comfortable of all chairs of this period, developed from the Winsor—the Cape Cod rocker. These chairs were originally black, decorated with stenciled flowers and may be seen all along the Cape. They were made from maple or birch with pine seats. The oldest had rockers, short and high and flat seats; followed by formed seats, high backs and longer rockers.

In these dear old homes, may they long be preserved, the old Dutch oven is fast disappearing. There are associations that go slower, like the old fireplace and things made by the village smithy, the log hook, long shovel, toaster, various kettles, and the crane.

The old pewter that Grandma kept so well scoured, standing over the mantel, has not all disappeared. Do we realize that the earlier settlers had their copper kettle and ate from wooden bowls? Then came pewter, glazed red clay, then pottery. I treasure an old wooden porridge bowl and many pieces of pewter. How choice these ordinary old things are in den or library! I cannot agree with many of the collectors that they should be left dull. I like to see them shine as every dear old grandmother-housewife used to make them shine. Before me now on a shelf stand porringers, plates and platters, lamps and candle sticks, all shined as I believe Grandmother would have them.

Then came the time of the sailor forbears. They travelled to far-off ports, mayhap to China and Liverpool; a sturdy lot, with their ships sailing the deep sea and the pride of every town on the Cape. It made a difference in your standing whether you were a deep sea captain or only a coaster.

Old Captain Grandfather brought home trinkets to Grandmother, and these trinkets are treasured to tell their silent tale. Meanwhile the English had slowly developed the potter's art, producing a china to approach the Chinese porcelain. It took long years and during that time Captain Grandfather was bringing Grandmother some of these things. I wonder if all these were brought after they were married, or whether they were carefully selected and brought here to the one who was to be the future housewife.

"Old Liverpool"

Old Liverpool commenced in 1750 to produce a ware in yellow base with well transferred pictures. Those with pictures of ships and mottoes especially enticed the sailor trade. Many pieces were especially decorated with names and dates. Staffordshire was producing its pink lustre, Fulham its silver and copper lustre, and meanwhile Pennsylvania had produced the old red clay slip ware which was followed by New Jersey with its rough pottery.

"Bennington"

What tales some old pink lustre tea cups could tell us! Perhaps it is all that is left of the set that Captain Grandfather brought home to Grandmother. Picture how gay must have been the table on occasions when the fine old Staffordshire was used. I am afraid that we would not approve the color effect, but how infinitely better it was than those horrid old "iron-stone" pieces with their dusky brown decoration and quaint forms.

What a difference when the table at a later date (1820) was set with those dishes that are the most prized and artistic for the collector now, the old historic blue and white! If you have not one or two of those treasures to hang on your walls you have not commenced your collection. Some artist came to America and took pictures back of what he thought were suitable subjects. The result was the fine old artistic pictures of "Cambridge College," "Boston State House," "Cows on the Common," "Scenes on the Hudson," "Niagara," and many more subjects.

Blue was used because of its adaptability to the art. The borders were quite as elaborate as the center pictures, made as they were from conventional designs of wild roses, collections of sea shells, and a very pretty acorn pattern.

New Jersey pottery developed. There were jugs and pitchers, plates and bowls in brown and gray. Some of them are artistic old pieces. I know where there is an old field pitcher made especially for water, (or more likely cider) in gray pottery with blue decorations. It is an artistic old piece, with its shape not unlike the pitcher that Rebecca had at the well in the old prints. It would hold fully two gallons and I suppose most of its old friends were broken long ago.

The talents that were responsible for the New Jersey potteries' success moved to Bennington and then about 1840 the Bennington ware was peddled all along the Cape.

The fine old hound-handled pitchers were the choicest, but they made everything that one could suggest, of porcelain, rich brown, streaked with green. Pieces that brought twenty-five cents for the peddler now bring as many dollars to the connoisseur, if artistic, perfect and genuine.

They made, at Bennington, a beautiful parian ware that I think was more beautiful than the English ware. It had a feeling of satin to the touch, and not five miles from Sandwich there is a pair of most beautiful vases in this ware, decorated with delicate flowers. One can only admire and respect them.

"Cambridge College"

About the year 1830 Grandfather drank his coffee from the saucer. How odd! But

(Continued on Page 25)

A CAPE COD REMINISCENCE

By JULIA TREAT BATES

READING your excellent magazine, with its many delightful stories and poems, all redolent of Cape Cod and its attractions, brought forcibly back to my mind memories of my first visit to the Cape, in September, 1891, twenty-five years ago, in company with my father and brother.

My father was born in South Truro, of staunch Cape Cod stock for many successive generations, and he went many times to the Cape afterward; in fact it was his playground, his annual, or nearly so, vacation, in which he took the keenest delight. Fate has never permitted me to visit it but once since, and doubtless many changes have taken place, which make the towns of which I speak seem quite a little dissimilar to what they were at the time I visited them.

It was a memorable visit. For one thing, I was away on a sight-seeing tour and would stop at night at hotels, and I had not been accustomed to that sort of thing. This in itself was a matter of interest and moment to me.

We reached Provincetown, going on the steamer, and stopped at the Pilgrim House. I had a cosy little chamber next to the one occupied by my father and brother and my most vivid recollections are of a rope, thick and strong and long, which hung beside the window and dropped its sinuous length to the floor. My inference was that it was to be used in case of fire, but instead of feeling grateful for the means of protection afforded thereby, it filled me with fearful dread of impending catastrophe. The fact that a door opened from my room into that of father and brother, whose protection I felt nothing could overcome, calmed my nervous fears and I sat down to write a letter home to mother. But what ailed the table? It persistently rose and fell, like the billows upon which the steamer had borne me all that morning, and I had felt no cause to complain then. But was it the table or was it I who seemed to be dizzily gyrating through space? Those who have ridden for hours over the billowy deep and have known the careening of a vessel in the heavy swell off Race Point can give the solution as well as I.

Next day stands out in my memory as one never to be forgotten. We were to go out to Race Point to see an old gentleman who lived alone, being a widower, and earned his living by lobstering. He was one of those genial, lovable souls whom every child would want to have for a grandfather, and I loved his gentle nature. We went out beyond the town, past Shank Painter pond, and soon came to the sand dunes, those shifting, ever changing hills of grey, yet remaining year after year a weird and windswept desert of sand. What fun it was to sink ankle deep in the yielding depths, how strange to take one step and sink back two, but alas, it isn't all fun, it's a bit wearying, in fact it becomes terribly so and we go down on the beach, near the water. I am thankful, for here I hope to find a firm foothold such as I have been accustomed to on beaches near my home, but alas, although the sand is wet and of coarser texture, it is nevertheless also soft and yielding.

We pass the remains of a whale's skeleton on our way and come at last to the "run", across which I am loath to be conveyed on father's back, for the tide is running up the gut and it is fairly deep. Safely landed on the other side, we soon arrived at the comfortable little home of "Grandpa." Here we pass a delightful day, walking up the beach and finding innumerable "sand collars", also visiting the Race Point lighthouse, which, I am informed, is a fourth class light. Near sunset we set out for town again. The tide is in and where we had walked in the morning is now a placid sea, across which Grandpa conveys us in his boat, and after a time we reach the sand dunes again. Somehow they are not nearly so alluring and charming in the fading light of early evening; they are now lonely, wearisome and eerie. We plod on and on and still on until at last I can go no further, and father and brother take each a hand and, assisted by them, I make my way into town. I am sure sweet slumber claimed me for her own that night, without fear of fire, flood or famine, so tired was I.

We are booked next day for Highland Light and, taking train for North Truro, we walk out through the village and engage rooms for a night or two at the Highland House. My room here is a fine, large, front room on the first floor and everything that could be desired, except the fact that a wide front hall separated me from my protectors, who occupied the large front room opposite. However, I fell asleep lulled by the faint, but steady booming of the surf, as it washed the beach below the cliffs, which extend up and down the shore beyond where the hotel stands.

In the morning I was up bright and early and father and I investigated the "Old Mill" nearby, one of those relics of an interesting and enterprising past, a few of which even now, I believe, are to be found in towns on the Cape. Then we went to the lighthouse and were courteously conducted through a corridor and up the winding iron stairway to the platform which went around the tower. Shall I ever forget that climb? Father and the lightkeeper seemed not to mind it in the least, but I can see myself now, clinging to those steps in mid-air, around me on all sides a yawning chasm from the top to the bottom of the tower, while I felt much more frightened than a fly would on Washington monument, for it would be in its native and natural element and I was not. Assisted, however, I reached the platform at last and circled it. Here we found a Baltimore oriole, which, attracted by the brilliant light of the lantern, had flown toward it and struck it with such force as to cause it to lose its little life. A pathetic little story and one which has found its counterpart all too many times in the lives of God's children, endowed with higher attributes of intellect and knowledge than this little bird, but which, attracted by the glitter of many things in the world, meet the sad fate of the oriole.

My brother did not accompany us on this stroll. He had been into the village the evening before to see the lady who at that time was his "best girl," and perhaps slept later that morn. I heard him say that he found his way back across the pastures, following the narrow footpath, guided to the hotel by the same brilliant light which had lured the bird to its destruction. Later in the morning we took a carriage to Truro Centre. Here we alighted and set out on foot for South Truro, where we visited the little cemetery within whose borders many relatives known and beloved of my father were sleeping their last sleep, and at last we came to the hollow where my father had been born and where only a pit in the sand among the bushes marked the spot where a home had once been one of several other homes which had dotted the valley, now all moved away and many of the houses sold and moved to Provincetown. The valley could well be named "Lonesome Vale" at the time we visited it, for its occupants of former years were gathered to their reward in Heaven or scattered to other homes on earth. Arrived at the railroad station about noon, we found it locked. We bought a luncheon at a nearby store and, while we munched crackers, the mosquitoes lunched on us. They evidently thought that since we had such keen desire to become acquainted with all things Cape Coddy, they were entitled to a share of that interest and came up to "get acquaint". They certainly kept us interested and I remember counting about thirty bites on the exposed section of wrist between hand and sleeve, and they weren't wearing short sleeves in those days, either. In more recent years, since a campaign with effective means of ridding localities of the mosquito pest has been started, I hear that the Cape Cod residents, with their usual progressive and alert methods, have waged war upon the mosquito and with such success that they are almost an unknown quantity, and the Truro mosquito is now like the Nauset Indians, who once roamed the pine woods on the Cape, no more.

We were glad to take the early afternoon train to Wellfleet, where we visited relatives. Two excursions stand out prominently in my memory of that visit, even more than our trips around town. Somehow strolls in the open made more impression upon me, always, than those in the centres, perhaps because "God made the country and man made the town."

We walked to the Cahoon Hollow life saving station, through the pines and scrub oaks, to the "back side." Here we saw the brave men who pace their lonely beat at night, up and down the coast, and surely no picket on duty ever had a harder or more lonely beat to patrol than many of our life saving crews (now called Coast Guards) who pursue this soul-racking and hazardous occupation. We sat on the sand and watched the sand fleas and saw the dark indigo blue water as it flung a message to us from the lands across the Atlantic, for straight out from us, across leagues and leagues of that same turbulent H^2O, with a considerable dash of brine added, lay Spain.

On our way back to town we passed some of the pretty fresh water ponds which dot the surface of the Cape in this section like pearly garniture upon a queen's gown. My brother took a boat he found on the shore and paddled out upon the pond's surface about half way across. I feared he might get drowned, as the craft looked hardly pond-worthy, to say nothing of seaworthy, but he didn't. My nervous fears at that time precluded me from having many a pleasure, which he took as a matter of course, without question. Another day, father, a relative, and I went to Daniel's Pole to get some lovely grass which grew there. On the way back we passed a school house and the teacher came and closed the door, if I remember rightly, for doubtless our voices disturbed the children's recitation or studying. It was a typical rural schoolhouse, reminding one of that poem which always sets the heart chords vibrating, because so many of us went to just such a school. "Still sits the school-house by the road." I wonder how the boys and girls in that little Cape Cod school house are faring today, now grown, if living, to manhood and womanhood. May God bless them every one. We left the Cape next day and returned by boat and train to our home, but the pleasure of that vacation week has remained with me ever since. Perhaps I may be fated to revisit some of the same spots, but it can never be to me the same, for the two companions of my joys, father and brother, have been called to that bourne whence no traveller returns and whose mysteries are as insoluble to us as the mystery of the wind, the ocean and the shifting sand dunes of the Cape, with all of which those who have been born and bred on the Cape feel a kinship and a communion which proclaims the affinity existing between God, Man and Nature.

Teeweleena, Wontonekamuske and Zeriah Robinson, three aged sisters, descendants of the Indian chief Massasoit, and of King Philip's sister, will be pensioned soon by the State as the result of an agreement made between the Commonwealth and the Wampanoag tribe of Indians many years ago. The three women live at Lakeville, deep in the woods. The legislative committee on ways and means have reported favorably a bill to provide pensions of $100 a year for each of them.

While we are, at all times, interested in receiving views and articles of interest about all parts of the Cape, we especially solicit, at this time, unpublished pictures and manuscripts of Hyannis, Chatham, Orleans, Provincetown and Falmouth, as there will be special features about these communities in some of the issues in the near future.

To assure yourself of the best service possible for the advertiser to give you, mention that you saw the advertisement in the Cape Cod Magazine.

BAYBERRIE SCENT·

By ELIZABETH BANKS LEONARD

DO you know the sand dunes of Cape Cod? Not the small, white upheavals one glimpses from the train that are barely discernible on the upper line of the Cape; but the vast billows Brown, the artist, has immortalized—billows that roll on and on like the sea itself; masses of pure white sand that the waves have whipped in from the wild coast, near the very tip of the Cape world, and left there like sentinels, to be added to by every fresh storm.

And yet you do not really know these dunes if you have but listlessly watched the desolate, Sahara-like stretches from a swiftly moving train. You know them only if you have lived near the sea, have struggled to tread the undulating masses, letting your feet slip and sink into the meal-like grains; have felt the fresh wind from the ocean whip your face, rend at your clothes and retard, yes, even stop your progress. Then, as you breathlessly gain the top of one mighty heap, you pause, only to see an endless number of them yet to climb. The blue waves beyond mock you with their elusive brightness and deceive you as to their nearness, for when you have struggled and panted to the next hillock, you find the bay apparently as far away as before.

All along the edges and sometimes on the very top of the dunes themselves, covering the wild pasture land that extends nearly to the gardens of the old farm houses dotted here and there, dating back many of them to colonial days, and quite up to the lawns of the modern bungalows, built in recent years by the "city folks," grow the scraggy bayberry bushes. A faint grey-green in spring, so grateful to the eye, as it wearies of the glare of waves and sand; a deep, reddish-brown later on in the season, and then, at Thanksgiving, when all the leaves have dropped, the pearly, gray berries thickly clustered on the bare stocks and sending out, when crushed, the delectable odor of the woods.

It seems that the concentrated perfume of all the wild beech plums and pines that grow on Cape Cod has been caught and held in the heart of these little berries—held there, lest the elusive odor escapes to the waiting sea and is lost forever.

Priscilla Doane, who was born within sight of the dazzling sand dunes, had lost her breath many a time over the trackless wastes and in the cool, crisp mornings of early fall had tugged many a basket of the sweet bayberries home to Grandsire Doane, who made them into crude candles. Priscilla was a beautiful girl, just sixteen; product of the best old Colonial stock, straight down from the Pilgrim Fathers; an orphan these many years, and now the pride and joy of Grandsire's heart. Together they lived and loved in the old homestead which dated back to the early sixties and stood proudly on a knoll facing the ocean, bravely weathering the rude winds and storms which had left it grey and soft, like the bayberries in the pasture near. Standing there like an old friend of many years, tried and not found wanting, the old house had something almost human in its attitude. Quietly and contentedly it had settled into its surroundings and gradually become such an intimate part of the landscape that it might have stood there always.

Every Sunday Priscilla's sweet, untrained voice led the singing in the bare Orthodox church across the way, and the restless fever of ambition had already upset the listless content of her sweet, home-loving nature.

"Ez fur as I'm consarned Prissie sings good enough for me naeow," said Grandsire, dreamily lighting his pipe, "but if she wants to larn more, her old Grandaddy will help her all he can. I hain't never teched the money left her by her mother, and when I hain't here to bother her, I reckon she'll git a musical eddication some haeow.

"Yes, Uriah, she's allus sung. Why, I recollect when she was a mite of a tot, not more'n four year' old, jest after her mother and father died, I faound her aeout in the old barn one day, high up on the big hay loft, with a sheet o' music in her hand, singin' away as tho' her little throat would bust, to a make-believe audience.

"Do you know," the old man went on while waiting for his molasses jug to be filled at the corner grocer's, "that I hitched up and took her and a parcel of the young folks way over to Brewster t'other night, jest to hear some of the city folks sing and play in a concert.

"One mighty putty gal stood up and sung, and, do you believe it, I couldn't understand a word she said. Prissie said it was Eyetalian. Now that gal was fetched up right in Boston and jest why she wanted to sing them Dago words, that no one could understand, beats me. Fur my part, I'd enough sight d'ruther hear Prissie set down to the organ and sing 'Home, Sweet Home.' "

But Priscilla herself was getting old enough to realize that back of all that Grandsire called "high falutin' " was the culture and knowledge of music and languages which she sadly needed.

Through a happy inspiration, with the hope of earning a little money, she fitted one room in the quaint old house, where she could sell Grandad's candles—lighting some at dusk—and serving tea from rare old cups brought from France many years ago by a sea captain ancestor.

Many of the summer visitors who wandered that way and caught sight of the little sign, that read "The Bayberrie Tea Room," were charmed with the old fashioned house and surprised at the shy grace with which Priscilla served them. Thus was started, by this ambitious girl, the first tea house on Cape Cod.

As time went on, Priscilla learned from the city young people, who became her friends and who flocked to the old parlor at tea time, the value of the old brass candlesticks, pewter plates and antique furniture, many years ago relegated to the attic, but now transforming the farm house "fore-room" from an ugly country parlor to an artistic and unique living room.

"Oh, Priscilla, where have you kept this dear old gate-legged table all this time? May I put it here in the window, and what can be more adorable on it than these candlesticks?"

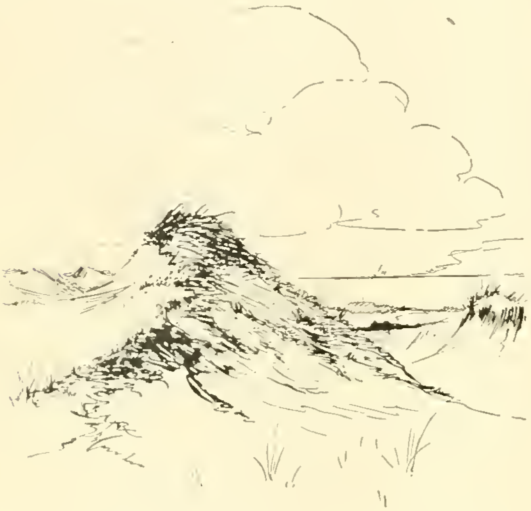
"This pewter plate was made for that corner, I know, and will you let me drape this India scarf here?"

And so, with the tactful aid of these more worldly girls, Priscilla's tea room became a lovely place in which to loiter at dusk.

Daily, in the season, she gathered quantities of the bayberries and now, not only made candles, which were run through the old mold found under the eaves, but bayberry bags for sad irons were daintily fashioned by her clever fingers and readily sold at a profit.

"Gittin' rich, hain't we, dear?" chuckled old Grandsire, as they pored over the weekly profits.

All too soon came the sad time when plain, honest, country-bred Grandsire was gathered to his forefathers, and after he was laid at rest in the cemetery on the top of the hill, where one can gaze for miles out to sea, across the familiar dunes dotted with the fragrant bayberries, the old house was closed and sweet, country Priscilla was swallowed up in the great city vortex called life.



Not to obscurity, however.

One holiday season, some fifteen years later, as the famous opera singer, Madame Done, was stepping into her luxurious motor in front of Boston's most noted hostelry, a dirty street vender thrust into her face a bunch of Cape Cod bayberries. Her heart gave a great leap and an overwhelming flood of memories swept over her, as the almost forgotten piney odor crept to her senses.

Back in New England for the first time in many years, fresh from wonderful conquests in foreign lands, which were being repeated in what the press was pleased to call her "home city", the old days of childhood had seemed, until now, so remote as to be almost a part of another life.

But now, in an instant, all the realized hopes of a great artist, all the glory and adulation heaped upon her as a famous soprano, fell from her like a garment, and she was once more the simple country maid, conscious only of an almost overpowering homesickness for the old days, brought so vividly back to her by the scent of these little berries.

She was little Priscilla Doane once more, running barefooted, with flying hair, over the sand dunes and rocky pastures, gathering bayberries for the fragrant candles. She was again at the little parlor organ singing "The Old Folks at Home," while Grandad sat with pipe between his teeth, chair back-tipped, and a dreary look on his wrinkled old face. She saw herself as though looking at some one else in a mirror, a young girl, lighting the bayberry candles at dusk and serving tea from the quaint old cups to the city gentry.

As she hugged the fragrant bunch of stiff stocks and clustered berries to her breast, the years seemed to slip away and leave her a child again. Her brilliant career, made possible by hard work and many sacrifices, seemed almost an empty thing at this moment, carried back as she was, by the elusive scent, to the happy, carefree days of girlhood.

"Gad, the Madame is in great form tonight," said Percy Saltonstall, leaning from his box at the opera that evening and joining heartily in the great ovation. "I have never known her to sing like this before. But pray tell me, Chauncy, what is that queer looking stuff she has in her corsage? Looks like nothing I ever saw before. These great artists are so eccentric!"

Down on Cape Cod, adorning the little country church where Priscilla Doane sang as a girl, is a lovely rose window, the joint inspiration of Madame Done and one of our greatest artists in Cathedral glass.

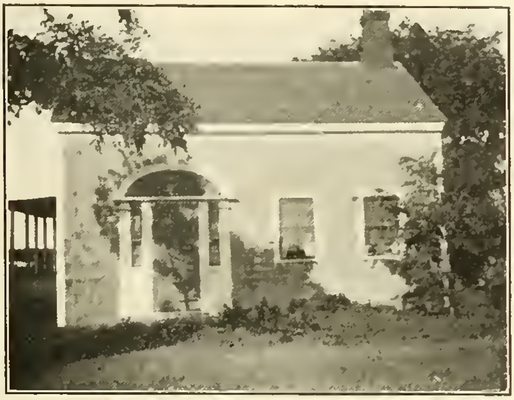
Very few people have taken the pains to discover that the beautiful central figure, symbolic of the "Soul of Music", is surrounded by an intricate design of conventionalized bayberries.

The whole creation is a beautiful memorial to Grandsire, born in the heart of the great singer and kindled to life and realization by the homely, woodsy scent of the bayberries so closely associated with Priscilla Doane's childhood.

OLD DOORWAYS OF CAPE COD

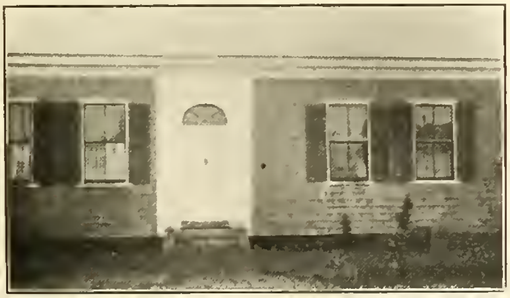
By FRANCES MASON DEAN

Among the many interesting points of Cape Cod are the picturesque doorways of some of the old houses. While they are somewhat varied in style, the majority adhere to the early Colonial type. In fact, so perfect are some of these types that architects have been known to come from long distances to copy them.

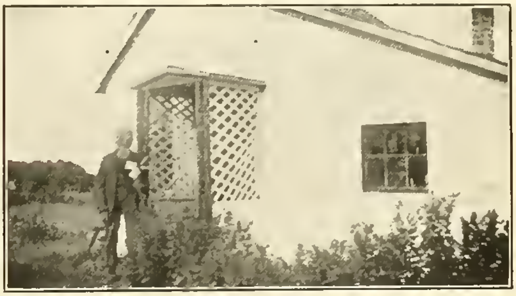


The first photograph is a picture of the type known as "Pure Colonial." This doorway, more than any others, has been visited and copied by artists and builders. It is part of a quaint dwelling situated in East Dennis.

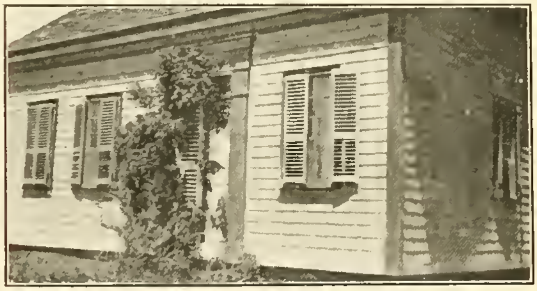
In our second illustration we see another doorway in East Dennis which is a variation of the Colonial style. The sunburst and the old knocker indicate a very early period. As one enters, one can hear the rusty bolt groan in its groove and see the heavy door sag on its hinges, as it resistingly swings open to admit the visitor.



The third photograph presents a humble modification of the preceding type, though the photograph only shows the latticed porch. This interesting doorway, in Harwichport, forms the entrance of a little shop belonging to an old Cape Cod toy maker.



For some unaccountable reason, it is the custom with many inhabitants of old Cape Cod, to enter by a side door and use the front door only on state occasions. As a result, one often sees, at the end of a grass-grown path, a handsome pilastered door with closed shutters, overgrown with tangled vines that almost obscure its architectural beauty. The fourth illustration is a picture of one of these unused doors. It can be seen on the Shore Road of Dennisport. We of the neighborhood have named it "The Door of the Past."



Governor McCall has asked Hon. Thomas C. Thacher of Yarmouth to serve on a committee of one hundred citizens, to be known as the National Welfare Committee, in order that Massachusetts may be ready in the event of any national emergency, to co-operate with federal and state officials to the full extent of her resources.

"Cape Cod"

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
(P. O. Address, Wareham, Mass.)
SAMUEL B. CORR, BUSINESS MANAGER
(P. O. Address, Sandwich, Mass.)

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Editorial

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

ASK anyone conversant with conditions on Cape Cod, what has had most to do with its development in recent years, and you will probably be told, "good roads." But when the subject of good roads was first broached, and appropriations urged in town meetings, opposition usually was heavy and loud voiced.

Today a road appropriation is one of the easiest to get through a town meeting on Cape Cod. There is not a town on or near the Cape which does not take care of this phase of its development at every town meeting; and many towns are spending larger amounts for this purpose every year.

But to another phase of life on Cape Cod, even more important, not enough attention is usually paid. Ask the average native about the future of Cape Cod, and he will shrug his shoulders; especially if you refer to the migration of the young people away from the Cape.

Are we taking a long enough look ahead? Are we careful enough of the environments surrounding the growing generation? Are the conditions in the schools, where they spend such a large part of their time almost every day, all that they should be? We can hear some of the older residents say, "Well, things were good enough for us........." Ah, but neighbor, how about the roads that were good enough for you? Would they serve the purpose today? And isn't the welfare of the bone and sinew and brains that are to make the Cape Cod of tomorrow, of more importance than roads?

What about the teachers to whom are entrusted the training of the coming generation? On the whole, the Cape is most fortunate that its school teachers approach so nearly the highest ideal in instructors of the young. But is there any evidence of a desire on the part of the communities to reward merit, where found? Changes are all too frequently occurring, when teachers who have "made good," in every respect, have been employed by other communities, at higher salaries, when their personal preference was to stay on Cape Cod. In many cases the towns to which they go are not any more prosperous or able to pay higher salaries than the towns on the Cape.

You may get more than you pay for occasionally, but in the long run it will average up. No town can afford to be niggardly in its appropriations for the schools. Good roads are mighty fine things, but it is even more important that the growing generation shall have every possible advantage. And because the teachers are evidently so deeply in love with their work, that they are willing to give the best of themselves is no reason why advantage should be taken of them. Comparing the recompense they receive with the amount of work they put in, and the ability involved, it is a labor of love on the part of a large majority.

Don't stint your appropriations for the schools this year. Take a leaf out of the experience of the past. Look back on the history of the roads, and the part it has played in the development of the Cape. Increase the pay of your teachers where it is merited, and be thankful that the Cape has been so fortunate in the past. Try to show your appreciation, not only of what they have done, and are doing; but of what you know they will do, with a little encouragement.

If reasonable appropriations are asked for the improvement of school buildings, be generous. Of course, taxes are a burden, et cetera, et cetera; but remember that the best possible investment for the future of Cape Cod is to safeguard the generation growing up. They are Cape Cod's best asset; surround them with every possible advantage. There is no question that it will pay many fold.

* * *

WORKING TOGETHER

CLOSER relationship between the towns upon the Cape should be maintained for the mutual benefit of the Cape of the whole. It is important that there be hearty cooperation between the communities in order that things may be accomplished which will tend to get more harmonious action when matters arise which need the support of all. In legislative matters we often find the representatives from one section opposing those of other sections upon questions which would not be detrimental in any way to the local interests which they represent. There is no reason why the Cape cannot play a more important part in legislative matters than is the case at present.

* * *

THE presence of bill-boards along our high ways is a nuisance which should be removed. They are unsightly and disfigure the landscape to a degree which disgusts those who enjoy the natural beauties of the scenery.

* * *

SHALL we preserve our historic landmarks or permit them to be ruthlessly destroyed and forgotten? By marking them with suitable tablets their historic significance will be preserved to show to future generations the part their ancesters played in the development of the new world.

* * *

THE past winter has been unusually severe upon the Cape. The harbors have been ice-bound, rivers frozen over and fishermen have been prevented from plying their avocation.

THE RESEARCH CLUB

The research club of Provincetown has been for the past two or three years placing markers on some of the historic sites in that town. So far they have been cheap wooden painted ones, but this year they are planning to replace one or two of them with bronze tablets.

Scattered throughout Cape Cod may be found many historic spots, many of them known only to the citizens of the Cape, and if no record is made of them and they are left unmarked, it is feared that some of them will be forgotten and lost.

The opportunity is taken, through this magazine, of asking, even urging all Cape Cod towns to take up the work of placing conspicuous markers on all historic places, so that in 1920 the tourists can see, as they travel along "The Pilgrim Highway," how important a part Cape Cod played in the early history of our country.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CANAL ROUTE

By MARY HALL LEONARD

THE Cape Cod Magazine for March, 1916. contains an interesting history of the Cape Cod Canal by George Everett Burbank. The route of the canal has had an early history which, although of less present importance than that of the canal itself, is still of historic value to those who are interested in the important waterway. Mr. Burbank himself just touches upon the matter in these words:

"We know that this almost natural water course was used by the Indians and early Pilgrims, Myles Standish being the first one to propose a canal in 1625."

Of the use that the Indians in pre-historic times made of this "almost natural water course," we know nothing, yet it must have been an important line of travel between the two bays.

The first definitely recorded use of the route is as follows:

"In 1627 an agent from Fort Amsterdam (now New York) named DeRasiares, and described as the 'chief merchant and second to the governor,' was sent to establish trading relations with the people of Plymouth. Bradford tells us that DeRasiares sailed up Buzzards Bay 'accompanied by the noise of trumpets.' He was met by the Plymouth people at the head of the bay, then called Manomet. The name has since, however, become Monument, while Manomet is now the headland of South Plymouth."

The same route was often used in later years in maintaining friendly relations between the Dutch at Manhattan and the people of Plymouth and Cape Cod.

A somewhat later account of the early use of the route may be compiled from passages in Goodman's book, "The Pilgrim Republic," as follows:

"As their necessities required the development of new fields of commerce the enterprising Pilgrims laid out a route across Cape Cod so that by boating up Scusset river and making a portage of two or three miles, goods could be placed in boats on Manomet river (now Monument river) at a point a mile or two above Buzzards Bay."

A curious illustration of the Indian pronunciation and alteration of a name through adherence to its old sound is that of Manomet on Buzzards Bay. It was of course spoken as Maw-no-met. This sounds so much like Monument that the latter name came into use and is now the only one known for that village.

"On the south bank of the Manomet, where the stream is 250 feet wide, a palisaded trading house about 20 by 40 feet was erected within 300 feet of low water mark." (An interesting article by T. E. Hill in relation to this "Old Colony Trading House" may be found in the Cape Cod Magazine of December, 1915). A pinnace was also built and together with the house was placed in charge of two men. When a trading trip was to be made, the goods were brought in boats from Plymouth to the head of the Scusset, carried over to the Manomet and then boated down to the pinnace. The latter then found her way to Narragansett bay, Long Island sound, and a few years later to the Connecticut river and Manhattan. In due time the pinnace returned with her gatherings and the transportation was reversed. The two custodians of the trading house and craft then attended to raising corn, swine and poultry, until the next trip. Tradition has it that some of them once whiled away the time by cutting on a neighboring rock this bold prophecy:

"'The Eastern nations sink; their glory ends,
And Empire rises where the sun descends.'

"The Cape Cod isthmus has been happily called the Pilgrim Suez, with Buzzards Bay for its Red Sea and Plymouth as its Apello. The traffic across it long continued, and it became so important that John Alden and George Soule, of the original company, lived several years after a route for a canal had been traced there and had become a subject of interest in the neighboring colony of Massachusetts Bay. But six successive generations have sailed to the unseen shore (written in 1888) and the work is still known as the 'proposed Cape Cod Ship Canal.' But this seventh generation sees its Pilgrim Suez pierced like its great prototype. New England cannot afford to neglect any such commercial advantage, for empire still follows the setting sun."

"In August, 1775, while Washington was besieging the British in Boston, an agile coaster from New York with a hundred barrels of flour for his army, came along the sound and up Buzzards Bay to the old Pilgrim landing and sent the flour in carts by the ancient route to Scusset River. Colonel Cotton was then at Plymouth with a regiment recruited thereabouts largely from the ambitious element driven from the sea by the British cruisers. Among Cotton's officers we find the honored names of Bradford, Alden, Cole, Church, Sanford, Thomas and Wadsworth. Alas, there was no Winslow, for that family was stiffly Tory.

"Quartermaster Davis made a detail from this force, placing it under Captain Samuel Bradford. A flotilla of twenty whale boats under Captain Sylvanus Drew received the soldiers, who then made a five-hour passage to Scusset, relieving the rowers, as the wind served, by making sails of their blankets. They narrowly escaped destruction on Scusset bar. The next morning the boats, taking the flour, rowed cautiously along the shore for fear of the enemy's ships, and by 5 in the afternoon landed their precious cargo at Cohasset, whence it was carted to Washington's camp. In the war of 1812 this route was much used. So the Cape Cod canal route has no small history.

"The canal was finally begun Oct. 15, 1883, but at our date of publication (1888) was not nearly completed, though probably only a few more years will be needed at the present rate of progress."

The historian would perhaps be surprised if he could learn that the attempt to dig the canal at that time had to be abandoned and that it was not until three years ago that the actual digging of a canal across the Cape was actually accomplished.

WHAT THOREAU SAW — AND WHAT HE MISSED

BY L. C. HALL

TO those familiar with the literature of Cape Cod the trend of latter-day pleasure seekers towards its historic sands is not surprising. Champlain touched at Chatham in 1605, and eulogized the oysters and clams he found there. Thoreau, in 1849, staged from Boston to Provincetown, and wrote two volumes on the "bared and bended arm of Massachusetts; the shoulder at Buzzards Bay; the elbow, or crazy bone, at Cape Mallebarre, (Chatham); the wrist at Truro; and the sandy fist at Provincetown, boxing with the northwest storms." From these admirers to Joseph Crosby Lincoln the record is one of appreciation.

Of the Cape in general, Thoreau wrote, "Having come so fresh to the sea, my readers must expect only so much saltness as is tasted on the windows and the bark of trees twenty miles inland—everything told of the sea, even when we did not see its waste or hear its roar. For birds there were gulls, and for carts in the fields boats turned bottom side up against the houses, and sometimes the rib of a whale woven into the fences along the roadside."

He found it in 1849, as it is today, the home of the cranberry and the beach plum, the crab, the lobster, the "saucepan fish," or horseshoe crab, "whose tails were used as arrow heads by the Indians," and varieties of fish innumerable. The lines of coot rising and falling with the waves a few rods from shore the whole length of the Cape "made as constant a part of the ocean's border as the pads or pickerel weed do that of a pond—the shores more fertile than the dry land. The inhabitants measure their crops not by bushels of corn, but by barrels of clams."

Of Cape architecture, he writes:

"Everything indicated that we had reached a strange shore. The road was a mere lane, winding over bare swells of bleak and barren-looking land. The houses were few and far between, besides being small and rusty, and their dooryards, which were the unfenced Cape, were tidy. They seemed to have sat right down to enjoy the firmness of the land, without studying their positions or habiliments."

Generally the old-fashioned and unpainted houses on the Cape looked more comfortable, as well as picturesque, than the modern and more pretentious ones, which were less in harmony with the scenery and less firmly planted. Their garrets were apparently so full of chambers that their roofs could hardly lie down straight—the ends had as many muzzles (windows) as a revolver, and, if the inhabitants have the same habit of staring out of them as some of our neighbors have, a traveller must stand a small chance with them.

"The most modern and picturesque structures on the Cape to an inlander, not excepting the salt works, are the wind-mills, gray-looking octagonal towers with long timbers slanting to the ground in the rear, and those resting on a cart wheel by which their fans are turned around to the wind—sailors making land commonly steer by them, or by the meeting houses. In the country we are obliged to steer by the meeting houses alone."

In his chapter on the Beach, Thoreau writes:

"We suddenly stood on a bluff overlooking the Atlantic. Beneath us was the beach of smooth and gently sloping sand, a dozen rods in width; next the endless series of white breakers; further still, the green water over the bar which runs the whole length of the forearm of the Cape, and beyond this stretched the unwearied and illimitable ocean.

"Commonly, in calm weather, for half a mile from the shore, where the bottom tinges it, the sea is green, or greenish, as are some ponds; then blue for many miles, often with purple tinges, bounded in the distance with a light, almost silvery stripe; beyond which there is generally a dark blue rim, like a mountain ridge in the horizon.

"The whole coast is so free from rocks that we saw but one or two for twenty miles.

"There I found it all out of door large and real, Cape Cod, as it cannot be represented on the map, color it as you will.

"It was a very inspiring sound to walk by, filling the whole air, that of the sea dashing against the land, heard several miles inland. Instead of having a dog to growl before your door, to have the Atlantic Ocean to growl for the whole Cape.

"We went to see the ocean, and this is probably the best place of all along our coast to go—I do not know where there is another beach in the Atlantic states, attached to the mainland so long, and at the same time so straight, and completely uninterrupted by creeks or coves or fresh water rivers or marshes.

"The time must come when this coast will be a place of resort for those New Englanders who really wish to visit the seaside. What are springs and waterfalls? Here is the spring of springs, the waterfall of waterfalls. A storm in the fall or winter is the time to visit it; a lighthouse or a fisherman's hut, the true hotel. A man may stand here and put America behind him."

So wrote Thoreau of his visit in 1849. He was a truer prophet than he knew. The time has come when those who wish to see the ocean come to Cape Cod. Not only New Englanders, but Westerners and Southerners, and what-all. The hotel registers show wide varieties of domiciles of those who are charmed to our shores. They come in ever-increasing numbers to stay not for a week, or a day, but many of them for the remainder of their lifetime.

Thoreau wrote interestingly and well. He told of the grandeur of the ocean and the pleasantness of the land, the friendliness of the people, but he failed to give any intimation of another aspect of Cape Cod life, because he never saw it. By reading his narration alone an idea is formed that storms are of every-day occurrence, that barrenness and sandiness are the chief characteristics. He failed altogether to tell of the delightsome summer, the cooling, gentle breezes, the green verdure, the emerald ponds and wooded hills. He wrote of the bold and rugged coast, the bare outside rim of the Cape. The inland beauties had no charm for him, therefore he told of them not.

The sand, the sea? These absorbed the attention of the noted traveller. He had no eyes or ears for aught else. They were wonders enough for him. He was looking for the grand, the quaint and the curious. He found them in plenty.

So also today they may be found. Time has not eliminated them, nor will it ever. As long as the "bared arm of Massachusetts," holds at defiance the mighty sea these features will remain.

But other things have come to add to the things about which he told. The isolation, the lonesomeness is gone, never to return. Dotted everywhere are villages and homes. The surf that so awed him has no terrors for the summer visitor who sees in it only the opportunity for a plunge beneath its white crested wave. Over the smiling sea in boats the visitor goes seeking the finny inhabitants of the deep. Proud indeed is he who exhibits a catch of gamey fish and little recks the cost of tackle, or bait, or habitation. Sitting upon the hotel piazza, after the dinner hour, he looks far off into the deepening shadows where twinkling lights mark the lane of the passing ocean travel and recounts the piscatorial ventures of the day, always dwelling longest on the "big one that got away."

Thoreau walked. The modern Thoreau rides. He rolls along over smooth roads which bear no evidence of a sandy foundation. He passes through neat and thriving villages which his predecessor avoided as being of little account. He sees the shores in the distance, the windmills on the hills, the lighthouses on the bluffs. The trees whisper softly to him as he passes through. He is not dependent on the fisherman's shack or the lighthouse keeper for the hospitality of the night. Hotel doors swing wide to receive him. He is ushered into spacious halls, brilliantly lighted, and into a cosy room with the luxury of the porcelain bath beyond. He removes the stains of travel, and the pleasures of a dinner such as he might enjoy in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco await him.

Society is all about him. The orchestra plays the latest tango strains. Brilliancy and frivolity prevail, and he does not think much of the "old oysterman," and his weather stained cottage. Though he is upon "the bare and bended arm," there is nothing appalling or terrific in the experience.

Cape Cod has become the haunt of the pleasure seeker just as Thoreau foretold, but there is a difference which he could not have anticipated—comfort and luxury have replaced old-fashioned things—and yet if we seek it out we can find the things that Thoreau wrote about, scarcely changed in the least degree. The same ocean is there, the same long coast-line. Off over the surface of the waters are the same greens, blues and purples, if we are artist enough to see them. They are all there and ever will be.

In the article, "Chautauqua for Cape Cod," published in the February issue, the caption, "Paul M. Pearson, President of the Chautauqua Association," was placed by mistake under the picture of Bishop John M. Vincent. Bishop Vincent was the founder of the original Chautauqua organization in the country, while Dr. Pearson was the organizer of the Chautauqua Association of Pennsylvania, which is to make the circuit of Cape Cod this Summer, and is president of the organization.

Chatham is to have one of the finest golf courses in New England. It will be an 18-hole course and will be located in Chathamport. The club behind the movement will be known as the Great Point Golf club. This club will be composed of wealthy persons of Boston and vicinity. Charles A. Hardy, owner of the Chatham Bars Inn, is a member of the executive committee.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF CAPE COD

By GEORGE W. CROCKER

RETURNING to Shingle Bay, on the Cape, after very many years of absence, I attended, on a Sunday, the one little church of the place. Recognizing no one, I started through the church yard adjoining, to see the memorials to many of my former acquaintances. Two stones of slate, with homely lettering of the early nineteenth century, one slightly leaning sideways, attracted my attention. On it was inscribed:

Sacred to the Memory of
WILLIAM NICKET
Died, etc. Aet., etc.
Erected by His Wife

At the side of this, but standing upright, as if erected at a much later period, was a similar tablet, bearing the words:

Sacred to the Memory of
MARY ANN JONES
Beloved Wife of William Nicket
Died, etc. Aet., etc.

Farther on I came to two marble memorials, betokening that those who laid there were persons of wealth and consequence in their time. One was inscribed as follows:

In Memory of
JAMES HARRIS
Died, etc. Aet., etc.

And upon the other were the words:

In Memory of
LUCY JANE HARRIS
Beloved Wife of
JAMES HARRIS
Died, etc. Aet., etc.

All of these names were familiar, but I did not recall their personalities. Gradually the details of their lives came to me, as told to me in my youth. Talking with the people of Shingle Bay, I found no one who knew aught concerning them, and I realized that if their story was to be told, it must be by me.

As the bard of Stratford-on-Avon tore to tatters the legend of Verona, in writing his tragedy of love and youth, so Tennyson may have glossed over much of his tale of "Enoch Arden" with the glamour of idealism by which he leads his readers in anguish and tears to its conclusion. But the writer of this could not, if he would, do other than narrate the plain facts of this romance of Cape Cod.

Mary Ann Jones, born and reared in Shingle Bay, comely and winsome, was liked by all, but especially by two young men of the place, who freely, among their acquaintances, confessed their admiration; William Nicket, a sailor from a distant part of the state, who, between voyages, stayed at Shingle Bay, and James Harris, a well-to-do native, whose parents, dying in his boyhood, had left their only child a fortune large for the time and place.

William was the first to speak his love to Mary Ann, and was accepted by her. Some of the village shook their heads, fearing she would rue the day she consented to marry him, for it was known that he was occasionally the worse for liquor.

It was arranged for him to make a voyage in the ship "Eliza Gray" to the Pacific Ocean and, on his return, they would marry, and he would remain at home while the ship made one voyage. This plan was followed. He purchased a small place at the "Head of the Waters," on the outskirts of the town, and they set up a home there. Before the ship returned Mary Ann knew her husband spent much of his time at the public house of the village, and she was not averse to his departure on the next voyage of the "Eliza Gray," hoping the enforced abstinence of a sailor's life would improve his habits.

On this voyage the ship was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean and the news came back to Shingle Bay that the captain and part of the crew were saved, but many perished. Weeks and months passed and Mary Ann ceased to think of William as living.

The island near which the ship was wrecked was often resorted to for water and provisions, and it was reported William had been seen there. This was not credited by his wife, who entertained no doubt it was a case of mistaken identity. One visitor at the island asserted he had seen William, and that he had contracted a marriage with a dusky maiden of the island and made a home there. This was scorned by Mary Ann and no one had the hardihood to mention the subject again. She mourned him as dead, wearing the habiliments of mourning, cheap, but of the deepest black. These she wore for years, though gradually there were slight deviations in her raiment, such as spots of white in her dress, indicating her grief had somewhat abated, and one looking far into the cavernous depths of her bonnet would discern sprays of purple adorning the sides.

Be this as it may, when, at church, during the long prayer, the minister prayed for all who went down to the sea in ships and ploughed the mighty deep, Mary Ann raised to her moistened eyes a neatly folded handkerchief and retained it there to the end of the prayer.

James once asked her if she ever entertained the thought of a second marriage. She replied: "Never, while William might be living by any chance."

James did not understand. She explained that he was not legally dead. How inconsistent all this was to James, but who of us can stand the severest tests of consistency?

Mary Ann later wore little of the insignia of mourning, save a broad band of black ribbon over her bonnet of white straw. James saw these changes and showed neighborly kindnesses. When fishing in the bay, he would leave a fish as he passed her door; or, as winter approached, a load of wood prepared for fuel by his own hands, would be left without explanation for her use. Neighbors noted this and said James was still interested in her.

One Sunday Mary Ann, in place of the black bonnet had used a color which she favored in her virginal days, and her handkerchief was not drawn from her pocket during prayer. There was one present who knew the meaning and James, at the close of the service, hastened to Mary's side.

William was now indeed dead, and before reaching Head of the Waters James had told her of his love for her and offered marriage. Of course she wished a little delay. "It was all so sudden." She must consider it for a week. If James would meet her at church the following Sunday evening, she would let him know. James was on hand, and when they parted she had promised to be his wife.

The time for the marriage was delayed till James could add another porch to the three already extending in the rear of the large Harris house. For generations, when a bride had entered the house, a new porch had been built. This practice may have been common in the place and accounts for the unsightly and unneeded additions in the rear of many houses on Cape Cod. For three weeks previous to the time for the marriage the banns were posted in the vestibule of the church, for a custom prevailed, more binding than law, that it should be so. During that time neither James nor Mary Ann attended church. Such a thing would have been considered immodest and brazen.

Mary Ann wrote, in her neat handwriting, the invitations, which were delivered by messenger to those invited to the marriage ceremony. They were worded as follows:

MR. JAMES HARRIS
and
MRS. MARY ANN NICKET
Invite you to be present at the
MARRIAGE
of the above at the home of the former,
June 18, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Oh, what elation and what heartburnings these little scraps of paper create! To those receiving them it was what had been long looked for and was in every way fitting. To those not invited it was said it would prove unhappy and be deserved. She had long had her lines out, and at last had landed him.

The wedding day finally arrived, as all days will. But it happened on the morning of this day a stranger was seen, rolling like a sailor, coming down the main roadway. It proved to be William Nicket, returned after these years of absence, like the proverbial bad penny, and before the sun had reached its zenith every person in Shingle Bay knew of it.

Mary Ann knew not what to do. James thought the marriage should take place. William was legally dead. Mary Ann only said, "why could he not have delayed a day more, then the die would have been cast." She could not stand there in James' house and pledge herself to be his wife, with William perhaps, peering in at the window. She must give up thoughts of her marriage.

Mary Ann continued her residence at the Head of the Waters, the property of William. Later William appeared at his house, being deterred from an earlier visit by fear of the questionings of Mary Ann. The fact was that as William's family increased at his island home, he reflected it would as he expressed it, "be easier walking at Shingle Bay than where he was." He arrived just in the nick of time.

William wished to make his home at the Head of the Waters at once, but Mary Ann questioned whether, as William was legally dead, a remarriage was not necessary. The Squire of the town said it was not. The clergyman agreed with the squire. As both representatives of the law and religion were of one mind she took up her abode with William. But the habits of William did not tend to longevity and in a few years he died. After William's return James married, for however unromantic, he desired a home. Perhaps the reader would know if another porch was added. It was not. On the day William returned, the porch built for Mary was closed and remained unused until James married.

How did Mary Ann pass her last days? Her kind neighbors paid off the small mortgage on the house at the Head of the Waters, and by industry and frugality she lived comfortably and in her last days she made a will leaving all to foreign missions. Her distant relatives were disappointed over the will, but as the amount each would have received would have been insufficient to purchase the mourning apparel required of legatees, they were reconciled.

What sustained Mary Ann through the vicissitudes of her life? It was that sadly overworked attribute which most Cape Cod women labor under, the Puritan Conscience.

THROUGH AND TO CAPE COD

ANONYMOUS

NOT that I was born on Cape Cod, but it might be said that it was in the shadow of it, for Fairhaven is so near and has so many affiliations with the Cape that many outsiders consider it part and parcel of the famous Cod-cape. But I can boast that, if not born on historic ground, I have at least visited the Cape twice, the first time being in 1853 or 1854. This was when George Hepworth was to be installed in the Unitarian church at Nantucket. He had often preached in Fairhaven, and his installation so near was taken as an excuse for an outing.

The Fairhaven Branch road was running or we might not have thought it possible to take this trip—which to many people then seemed quite an adventurous one—however, with courage and determination, we started on the earliest morning train, knowing it would take all day to accomplish the journey. At Tremont there was a wait for the train to come along from Boston, then a long ride to Hyannis, for trains were not as rapid then as now. The steamboat was waiting for passengers at the pier. We went on board at once and landed in Nantucket late in the afternoon. What the name of the hotel was has quite slipped my mind, but our rooms were large and comfortable. Probably we rested that evening, after such a journey.

We left Nantucket in quite a gale of wind, the boat tossing about in a manner that made nearly everyone seasick. As I had already been twice around Cape Horn I was immune from that disagreeable malady, the wind, the sea and the motion invigorating me, much to the annoyance of those who had succumbed, for a seasick person always wants everyone else to be seasick.

It was arranged for us to make a stop-over at Sandwich, where we went to a hotel for dinner, then visited the glass works. There every courtesy was shown us, the whole operation of glass making explained, including, what appealed to me as a child, the blowing of little birds and other small objects. We spent the afternoon there, only returning to the hotel just in time to be taken to the station.

Half a dozen years later, in San Francisco, I was invited to an evening party at the house of the agent for the Sandwich glass works. When shown the very handsome set of glass given as a wedding present, and used that evening, I felt almost as if I had a personal interest in helping make it.

SOME OLD TREASURES

(Continued from Page 8)

that induced the invention of the cup-plate; and then we are reminded of the Cape Cod industry at Sandwich. Of the cup-plates, made of porcelain and glass, by far the most that are still on the Cape were made of glass at the Sandwich glass works.

They were especially made in designs to commemorate historic events. The earliest one was probably the one that bears the date, 1831, and then that same mold was changed to 1834. Different ones bore the portraits of presidents, of Bunker hill monument, the old log cabin, and many with conventional designs. Most were in clear glass, but there were some very beautiful ones of opalescent material. What beautiful things in glass they made—those dolphin candle-sticks, as good as any moulded glass of the present, and if of amber, they shine as of gold and are prized accordingly; those lamps with many-colored bowls—these compete well with the rare glass of Bohemia. There were red flashes with clear facets cut to different patterns and also blue made like the same. Then there was a delicately moulded and sandblasted one, with a female figure supporting it, that is very choice. This sand-blasting

Big Aches from Little Toe Corns grow

Are you suffering from foot troubles because your last shoes were bought to please the eye and not fit the foot? There are thousands who are fitting the foot and at the same time pleasing the eye by wearing the Jordan Hygienic Shoes. Write today for our Booklet G, on

"Fallen arch; its cause, effect and cure"

Walter F. Jordan Co.,
INCORPORATED

Manufacturers and dealers in flexible arch supports, abdominal supporters, elastic stockings, etc.

120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

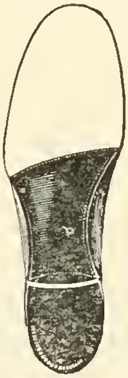
J. J. McKINNON
UPHOLSTERER
HYANNIS, MASS.

Mattress, Cushion, Shade and Drapery Work
Work Called for and Delivered

CHESTER BEARSE
Designer and Builder of Seashore Houses
CAPE COD REAL ESTATE
Tel. Con. Centerville, Mass.

— For —
CAPE COD REAL ESTATE
See or Write
THOMAS H. NICKERSON
HARWICH PORT

Result of the GOODYEAR WELT REPAIRING SYSTEM



We can do the same for your shoes

P. A. Nese
HYANNIS

Agents Wanted

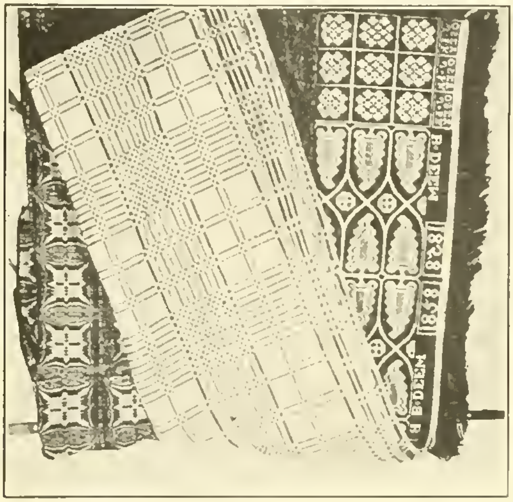
The High School Contest Closes March 17

Patronize our advertisers.

must have been done with very fine sand, for it has the delicate smoothness and sheen peculiar to itself.

How interesting an exhibit of all these treasures could be made, for I think those people-made wares comparable to any and surely way ahead of those of their day.

Sometime, some day, some one will tell the gossip that it is not so old but that it is known to the living generations. What an interesting tale of the unique development of all those things in the old works that stand as mute monuments to the industry could be told.



"Coverlet, Woven so Laboriously"

There is the old silver lustre, Sheffield lustre, the old fireplace pieces and the furniture in all its styles. My, but our old Cape is rich in these things!

These old things give us an appreciation of the art of our grandfathers. Did you ever try to evolve any new ideas in anything, that you did not find that Grandfather had thought it out before you? I wonder what will be called treasures of another day when we have passed on. Will some things that are ordinary to us be treasured then?

Who will write about the old salt works on the Cape? There must be some, who as boys, were called at midnight to push the sheds over to keep out the sudden rain that can tell an interesting story. Who will tell us of the old horse trades that have gone by?

Send Us Your Broken Lenses

TODAY and get them back BY RETURN MAIL.
PROMPTNESS IS OUR MIDDLE NAME.

Our Optical Dept.

is up-to-date in every way and is in charge of a registered optometrist. Oculists' prescriptions promptly filled.

Our Jewelry Store

is the largest and best stocked in Southeastern Massachusetts. Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing our specialty. Watch inspector for N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.

Send us your name and address and we will mail you one of our up-to-date catalogues.

E. F. TINKHAM
JEWELER
Sullivan Building, Middleboro, Mass.
J. E. ROBINSON, Reg. Opt.
Established 1849

CAPE COD
Home-Made Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Sweet Pickles and Marmalades.
Ellen F. Crocker
Barnstable, - Cape Cod, Mass.

Telephone Connection
George W. Miles, Ph. B.
CHEMICAL EXPERT
88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
International Code, "Acetate"
Analyses made of all products.

FLOWERS
Seeds, Plants,
Trees, Shrubs
H. V. LAWRENCE
Falmouth, Mass.

I know of two or three, but someone knows of more. Who will tell us of the old whalers and the life before the mast? Who will tell how they looked in the book and in the medicine chest and gave the poor fellow that was ailing a double dose of something that they only knew was in a bottle? Who will tell these tales, and when?

"With Bent Back and Swollen Legs"

A curious document has recently come into the possession of Alfred Crocker, Clerk of Courts of Barnstable County. It is a parchment, dated approximately a hundred years ago, issuing a patent for a windmill to cut or polish stone, and is signed by James Monroe, in the capacity of President; John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State, and William Wirt, Attorney General. They are all autograph signatures, and are in a remarkably good state of preservation.

You will get the best service possible if you mention that you saw the advertisement in the Cape Cod Magazine.

A Few Suggestions
AS TO WHERE TO GO THIS SPRING

Bermuda
Atlantic City
Jamaica
Old Point Comfort
Pinehurst, N. C.
Ashville, N. C.
Hot Springs, Va.
Augusta, Ga.
Savannah, Ga.
St. Augustine, Fla.
Cuba
Washington, D.C.

Thomas Cook & Son
336 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

Boyden & Company, *Incorporated*
PLUMBING and HEATING
Boston, 14 Brattle Square
Sagamore, Cape Cod, Keith Block

NEWTON, The Florist
Funeral Work Promptly Executed
We solicit trade and will endeavor to satisfy you
Flower Shop and Greenhouses
Tel. 57-3 210 and 212 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass.

CONSODINE HOUSE
Brewster, Mass.
Special Sunday Dinners
Open all the Year
T. P. CONSODINE, Prop.

PARKS MUNICIPAL ENGINEERING ROADS
BARRY & GURNEY
CIVIL ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS
PROPERTY SURVEYS LAND COURT SURVEYS
CONSTRUCTION PLANS ESTIMATES AND SPECIFICATIONS
LINNELL BUILDING BUZZARDS BAY
OPP. R. R. STATION TELEPHONE

The Crew of the Ranger

By ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS

Softly the lapping wave
Washed the low beaches,
No hint of wrath it gave,
But clasped—like sleeping brave—
Power to destroy, or save,
Within its reaches.

Then, her white wings outspread,
Sailed the barque Ranger.
Blue were the skies o'erhead,
Bravely the farewells said,
(Tears, but in secret, shed),
Fearless of danger.

But a young bride to be
Watched the fair sailing.
Heavy at heart was she,
Gazing far out to sea,
Hands clasped imploringly,
Rosy cheeks paling.

Then cried, in quick affright,
Old Molly Kearing:
"Turn, turn with all your might,
Know ye not wrong from right?
For the friend watched from sight
There's no returning."

Coldly the maiden smiled
At the dame's grieving.
"Go, with your sayings wild.
I am no more a child.
I will not be beguiled
Into believing."

Swift was the voyage made,
Free from all danger.
Yet, what her coming stayed?
Was she by storms delayed?
And hearts long unafraid
Feared for the Ranger.

Hope to despair gave way,
Grief with grief mating.
Anxiously, day by day,
Passed the slow time away,
While a bride's white array,
Finished, was waiting.

Then toward the pale-faced bride
Pointed old Molly.
"Where now your foolish pride
That wiser heads would guide?
Who now the one to chide?
Whose now the folly?"

Reliability

is absolutely essential
when you buy

Jewelry

50 years of fair dealing ensures

RELIABILITY

when buying
from

A. C. GARDNER
THE JEWELER
230 Union St., New Bedford, Mass.
Established 1867
Agents for "Sonora" Talking Machines

Let us take care of your

LAUNDRY

this Season, and this problem will not arise to mar the enjoyment of your summer on the Cape. Our personal supervision and careful inspection ensure you the very best service — as good, and probably better, than if done in your own home. It will help to solve the "servant problem" for you. A card will bring one of our directors to talk the matter over with you.

Beauchemin Bros. Laundry
LAUNDRY AT WAREHAM

We have an agent in almost every village
on the Cape and vicinity.

Gravely the parson then
Summoned his people.
"Lost are our sturdy men;
Pray we as best we can
When the bell rings again
From yonder steeple."

Then while thoughts of the dead,
Solace was bringing;
While funeral prayer was said,
And funeral sermon read,
And the choir overhead
Sobbed in its singing—

Then, as though worn from strife,
Was't wraith? Or stranger?
Hark! Mid the questionings rife
Shrieked mother, sweetheart, wife:
" 'Tis the dead come to life!
Crew of the Ranger!"

Loud were the thanks they gave
On Dennis beaches
While still the lapping wave
Clasps—like a sleeping brave—
Power to destroy, or save,
Within its reaches.

Owing to a late and unexpected influx of advertising this month, it has been found necessary to omit the publication of the list of fraternal organizations on the Cape. We expect to find room for this department next month, by the insertion of additional pages, to care for our rapidly increasing advertising patronage.

By mentioning that you saw the advertisement in the Cape Cod Magazine, you will assure yourself of the best possible service in the power of the advertiser to give you.

ORCHESTRA
Military Band
and Drum Corps

Music furnished for any event where music is required.

Send today for terms

Office 53 West Street

Established 1906 *Telephone 1816*

WAREHAM

situated near the western entrance to the Cape Cod Canal, within 50 miles of Boston, with its available sites, its water powers and its wharves, offers exceptional facilities for manufacturing. Raw materials may be received and finished products shipped by either rail or water freights.

Write the Wareham Board of Trade for information. ***JOHN J. BEATON, Sec.***

1885 1916

Falmouth Plumbing and Hardware Co.

Opp. Public Library Falmouth

PLUMBING AND HEATING
in all its branches

Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils and Varnishes

As a specialty we carry a complete line of
Kitchen Furnishings

Monuments

Cut from Westerly, Quincy & Barre Granite.
Every description of Cemetery Memorials.
A card or telephone brings our service to you.

Henry T. Crosby & Son
Harwich, Mass. *Cape Cod* *Tel. 102-3*

SPECIAL PRICE
Grange Pin, gold plated, new small size
Sent prepaid
on receipt of 15 CENTS in stamps

The Harding Uniform & Regalia Co.
22 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON. MASS

PUBLISHERS' NOTES

With the advent of spring, we shall be obliged to increase the size of this magazine and also to increase the number of copies printed. The prospects seem unusually bright for a larger and better magazine. We have a number of very interesting stories waiting publication and are planning for several special editions dealing with towns concerning which our readers will be glad to receive information. It is extremely gratifying to the publishers to find that interest in the magazine is increasing, both among readers and advertisers, which fact encourages us to form more ambitious plans than we expected would be possible to carry out. There are a lot of interesting things upon the Cape that have not yet been written about and we are planning to make features of them in the near future. There is no lack of material to be obtained. Our friends have been very liberal in sending articles and pictures for publication and we hope that we shall continue to hold their interest. We are all working for the good of Cape Cod and trust that our efforts will not be in vain.

* * * *

We would like to have more articles dealing with historical matters. Those possessing information concerning things of the past are invited to contribute to our columns. We would like to have some articles telling about the old sea-faring days, when men "went down to the seas in ships" and some of the incidents which are worthy of preservation. These old sea yarns should be told before they are forgotten.

* * * *

It will help the advertiser and the magazine, as well as yourself, if you mention that you saw the advertisement in the Cape Cod Magazine.

CAPLAN, Florist

Flowers for all occasions
delivered anywhere

144 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The Baker Mfg. Co.
BOOK BINDERS AND PRINTERS

Loose Leaf Sheets
and Binders

Bank and Corporation
Blanks and Records

Catalogue and Pamphlet
Printing

Steel and Copper Plate Engraving
and Printing a Specialty

Special Attention Paid to
Mail Orders

242 North Water St., New Bedford, Mass.
P. O. BOX 275. TELEPHONE 551.

KRYPTOK
GLASSES
THE ONLY INVISIBLE BIFOCAL
HAROLD ROHLINS
Optometrist
Manufacturing Optician
HYANNIS and FALMOUTH

SPRUCEMERE

An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.

H. Coleman Pulsifer
Graduate Nurse
Telephone Connection FORESTDALE, MASS

To the Fraternal Organizations
of Cape Cod and Vicinity

Whatever other courses are served at your banquets, be sure you have

Tait Bros. Venetian Ice Cream

TAIT BROTHERS
Creamery Products NEW BEDFORD

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Clothing

For Men, Young Men, Boys

400 Washington St., near Summer St.,
Boston

Pilgrim Heights — Provincetown

At the Tip End of Cape Cod

"Where Every Breeze is an Ocean Breeze"

A high, level plateau, 60 feet above the ocean, with the Atlantic on its East, Cape Cod Bay and Provincetown Harbor on the West and beautiful Pilgrim Lake directly on the North.

High land, cool breezes and splendid ocean views from every window in every cottage on every lot on Pilgrim Heights. On the ocean side, the surf is rolling in on the beach; at the left, on the Bay side, is the best bathing on the coast, on a quiet, sandy beach, perfectly safe and free from all sewerage and other impurities.

Pilgrim Heights is on the original tip end of Cape Cod. Just beyond, the picturesque sand dunes begin. The soil of Pilgrim Heights is rich and fertile and gardens thrive there. Every lot is on level land, overlooking miles of beautiful land and water scenery. A sunset from Pilgrim Heights is something to treasure in the memories of a lifetime.

An Ideal Spot for a Summer Cottage

Lots $100 to $500 each. Fine residences already on property. Water piped from Pilgrim Spring.

For further information apply to

E. E. PHILLIPS, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

WINTER ADDRESS, DE LAND, FLORIDA

CAPE COD
WILD BEACH PLUM JELLY
Piquant and Appetizing

Six glasses $1.25; 12 glasses $2.25; 2 glasses in tasty box tied with red ribbon, with card and appropriate verse, 50 cents; 2 glasses in little baskets, the whole in tasty box with card and verse, $1.00

Trial glass of C. C. C. (Cape Cod Conserve), a delicious combination of Cape Cod and other fruits, 15 cents.

Six 5 inch hand dipped pure Bayberry Candles, 75 cents.

All of the foregoing sent postpaid.

CAPE COD PRODUCTS CO., NORTH TRURO, MASS.

S. A. PUTNAM

Portrait and Landscape Photographer

HYANNIS, MASS.

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.
Studio in Rear of First National Bank

IF ITS LAUNDRY TRY

Robbins' Hand Laundry

KING ST., FALMOUTH, MASS.

GIFT SHOP

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

Silverware, Cut Glass, China and Novelties
Repairing

W. H. DENHAM, FALMOUTH, MASS.

The Sign of the Pine

CHOICE SELECTION
of Suggestive Gifts from
CAPE COD
Bayberrie-ized Novelties
Send for list
SIGN OF THE PINE
South Wellfleet, Mass.

INDIVIDUAL BAGS OF

Oriental Orange Pekoe Tea

1 BAG MAKES 2 CUPS

50 BAGS PACKED AND DELIVERED $1.10

ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention this Magazine.

Classified Advertisement Department

Advertisements under this head cost only 2 cents a word for each insertion. They are cheap and effective. Cash payment should accompany order. Why not give it a trial?

FOR SALE

AN ESTATE in Cataumet, Mass., consisting of large, eight-room house, two stories, steam heat, with stable and garage; also building suitable for servants' quarters. Good orchard in bearing; apple, pear, plum and mulberry trees. About 12 acres of land, extending from County road to shore. Apply for price and terms to H. D. Handy, M. D., Harwich, Mass.

REAL ESTATE

LEARN the Real Estate, Insurance and Brokerage Business. Our new book teaches all. Contains 121 subjects, 12 chapters. Write T. F. Young, Dennis Port, Mass., for free descriptive literature.

HOUSE on Cape Cod, in good location, for Tea Room and Gift Shop. Rent must be low, with privilege of purchase preferred. Address, R. care Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

ESTATE, consisting of 10-room house, barn in good condition, 30 feet square, and large hen house, which, alone, cost approximately $1,000 to build; 50 acres of upland, about 25 acres of marsh and 25 acres of woodland. On the State road, less than a mile from the beach. House partly furnished. This 100 acre estate, with buildings and furnishings, will be sold for less than it would cost to erect the buildings at the present time. Reason for selling: To settle an estate. Address, "Property," Care Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

BOYS AND GIRLS

For a good opportunity to earn some spending money with a very little work, address, Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich.

WANTED

YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN to represent the Cape Cod Magazine on Cape Cod this summer, preferably one who is working his or her way through college; to the right person, we will guarantee a steady and ample income through the vacation months. Address, Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

ASSISTANT for modern, up-to-date pigeon plant, educated Christian man, married, no children, age between 40 and 50, or mother with son of above age. Cottage provided, furnished or unfurnished. Address, Box 33, Pocasset, Cape Cod, Mass.

A companionable working housekeeper desired, age not over 35, capable Christian woman, for family of two. Address, Mrs. Frederic S. Wilcox, Pocasset, Cape Cod, Mass.

Highest price paid for old junk. Drop me a card and I will call. L. D. Hamblin, P. O. Box 72, Sandwich.

INSURANCE

INSURANCE is as necessary on Cape Cod as anywhere else. Place your insurance of every description—fire, life, automobile, yacht, accident, etc.—with Hollis Burgess, Agent for every line of insurance, 15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

MAN WANTED

MAN for all 'round work in a Summer establishment on Cape Cod; for a man with the right qualities, a position could be found with the firm the rest of the year, in Boston, thus affording an opportunity to work on Cape Cod during the Summer and in Boston the rest of the year. A man who could develop into a good salesman preferred. This is an opportunity for a high school graduate to work his way up in one of Boston's oldest and best established concerns. Address, G. S. G., Care of Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

AUTOMOBILES

INSURE your automobile with Hollis Burgess, agent for insurance of every description—fire, marine, accident, life, liability, etc.—15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

U. C. T. No. 44

THE

FERGUSON

HYANNIS, MASS.

THE CENTRE OF CAPE COD

NO LIQUORS SERVED

The same high grade service the year around.

H. R FERGUSON, Prop.

Telephone Connection

R. BIGELOW

Yacht Builder **Designer**

Yachts Bought and Sold, Repairing in All Branches.
Marine Ways. Supplies of All Kinds.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

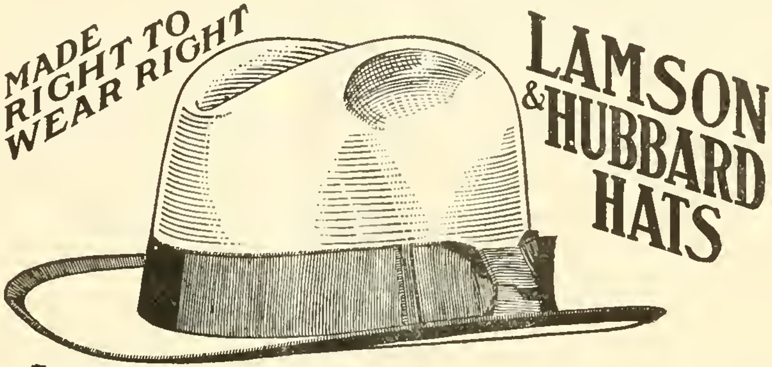
For Sale—25-Acre Farm

Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway Buildings are worth all we ask for the property. Will sel property as a whole, or any part to suit purchaser. Also beach property. Telephone connections.

John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

Wear Lamson & Hubbard Hats and Caps

Sold by the leading dealers of Cape Cod



MADE RIGHT TO WEAR RIGHT
LAMSON & HUBBARD HATS

SOLD BY

LOUIS ARENOVSKI	Hyannis	NICHOLS & ATKINS	Harwich
JOHN S. ARENOVSKI	Falmouth	SNOW & MURRAY	Dennis Port
ORENT'S DEPARTM'T STORE	Sagamore	G. W. HOLBROOK	Wellfleet
WM. FREEMAN	Onset & Chatham	H. K. CUMMINGS	Orleans
A. F. SMALL	Provincetown	W. W. KNOWLES & SON	Brewster

We make a specialty of Interior Decorating, under the supervision of Mr. C. A. Bishop, a master in the art.

We Cordially Invite You

to visit our store—one of the finest and largest home furnishing establishments in all New England—not finest in structural beauty nor in pretentiousness, for our narrow frontage hardly does justice to the immense stock within.

We carry all manner of worthy merchandise —from kitchen utensils to the superb Mehlin pianos, each department, in fact, practically a store in itself.

Efficient workrooms, equipped with most modern machinery, where cushion and mattress work, re-upholstering, and shade work is done, are also at your command.

We are old in experience, yet ever young in business activities, and the best that is in us, is yours for the asking.

A careful motor truck service brings us within a few miles of you.

THE C. F. WING CO.,
790 Purchase St., New Bedford, Mass.

Correspondence Promptly Attended To

OPENING MONDAY, MAY FOURTEENTH

The Department of Cottage Furnishings

OF

Carbone's Cape Cod Shop

The Original Eagleston Shop

HYANNIS

A splendid selection of all requisites for the summer home including Furniture for Bedroom, Living Room, Dining Room and Porch.

Cretonnes, Window Hangings, Upholstering Materials, Hammocks, Beach Chairs, Rugs

S. GERARD SMITH, Manager

Your Summer Car

Can Be Obtained
Much More Conveniently to Yourself

ON CAPE COD

You save the bother of transportation and consequent possible damage; when you are through using it for the season, you can store it for the winter, or we will credit you on your next season's car; you assure yourself of the necessary service to give you the maximum of pleasure in the use of your car. There are other advantages, as you know.

Barnstable County Distributors for
FORD
DODGE BROS.
STUDEBAKER
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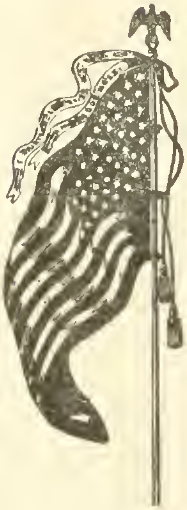
Cape Cod Magazine

April, 1917 Vol. II, No. 12



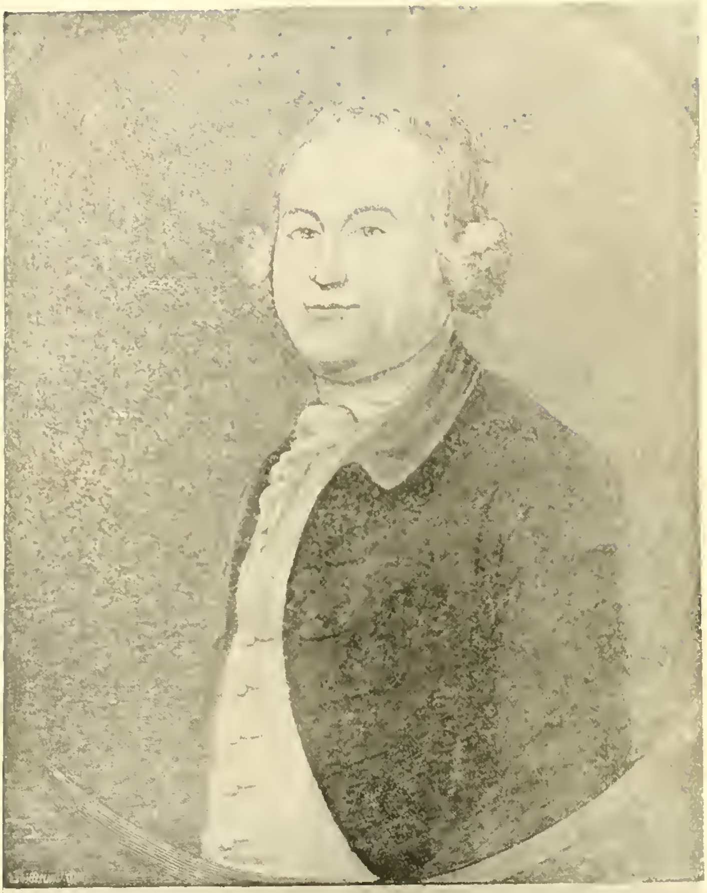
Safety Assured

THERE is no reason to suppose that the Cape will be a more dangerous place of residence if war with Germany is declared than will be Kansas City or Chicago. It will be most unfortunate if anyone is influenced by fear of harm from coming to our shores and enjoying their usual freedom of movement.

We can depend upon our government absolutely in this crisis. Our shores will be guarded by the entire naval forces of the United States and there is not even the remotest possibility that any hostile forces, either naval, aerial or submarine, will appear to disturb our peaceful quiet.

Whatever plans are being made for residence on the Cape this summer will need no alteration on account of the war. Our life will go on as usual and it will only be through the newspapers that we will learn of what is going on in a military way. Even though our country decides to actively participate in the conflict, it is doubtful whether any active measures, other than those of preparation, will be seen before fall. It will take at least that length of time to get ready for action.

The Cape offers its usual safe asylum from all perils and will continue to do so throughout the summer and should prove even more attractive than ever, by reason of the opportunities for rest and recuperation which it presents. All signs point to a delightful summer season and the general prosperity which prevails throughout the country should be reflected by a greatly increased influx of summer residents.



James Otis

THE LAKES OF CAPE COD

By R. H. CAHOON

WHILE the seashore is Cape Cod's chief attraction, its beautiful lakes should not be overlooked by pleasure seekers and vacationists. You may travel all over New England, from Kineo, Maine, to Stamford, Connecticut, and nowhere in all this territory will you find chains of lakes more beautiful and charming than those of the Cape. Yes, you can go even to the famed lake regions of the Adirondacks and find no more beauty, and no more charm. Visitors admire them and natives point to them with pride.

They were dropped down here between emerald hills, like the lakes of Killarney. Surrounded by high, pine-covered bluffs, and fields rolling and sloping to some thick patch of woods in the distance, they present pictures of tranquil beauty, the like of which is difficult to find anywhere.

On Cape Cod there are 175 large lakes, all of which contain 15 square miles or more, in addition to countless small ponds. Their total combined area is said to be over 37,000 acres. Barnstable, Brewster, Harwich, Falmouth and Yarmouth are especially well provided with lakes, in fact the whole Cape is literally honey-combed by pretty sheets of fresh water of varying sizes. Travel where you may, you will find no more picturesque bodies of water than Scargo lake in North Dennis, Wequaquet lake in Centerville, Long Pond in Falmouth, Mill pond in Brewster, Shawme and Wakeby lakes in Sandwich, Lake Manomet in Bourne or Pleasant lake in Harwich.

WAKEBY LAKE

The Cape Cod lakes offer the very best of fishing . They are filled with black bass, pickerel and red and white perch, and not a few have been stocked with trout. In a few years the angler will not have to go out of Massachusetts to enjoy as good trout fishing as can be found in the state of Maine. In fact, the Cape Cod ponds already offer the best fishing to be found within the state. Fishermen go out and bring in strings of bass, weighing anywhere from one to five pounds, pickerel that tip the scales at from two to six pounds, and fair sized perch weighing one to two pounds. Live bait, such as

SCARGO LAKE, AT NORTH DENNIS

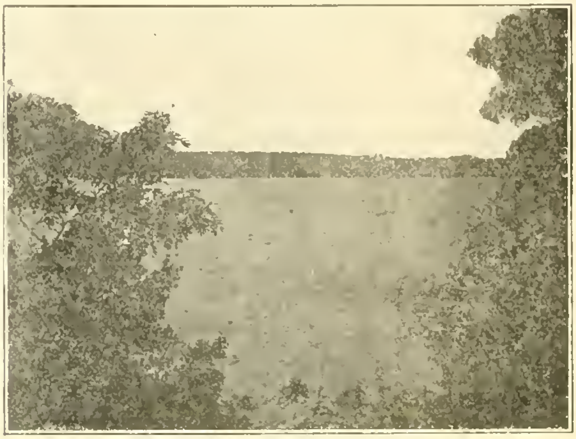
shrimp, minnows or young herring is used almost exclusively; little fly casting is done in this territory for any kind of fish, although the fisherman has the privilege of using a fly if he desires.

In addition to fishing, the lakes offer excellent opportunity for camping, boating, bathing and canoeing. The water in the lakes, while not as warm as the ocean, is warm enough to permit of a brief dip, without serious results to the system.

A CURVING SHORE

The lakes are framed in everlasting varicolored green, very restful to the eye. They have simply been overlooked by the vacationists in their rush to Saranac and Lake George. Tourists who have visited them for the first time declare that it is rather strange that they have not been "discovered" before by pleasure seekers. It is true that some of their shores are broken here and there by a few camps, cottages and bungalows; wealthy persons are just commencing to purchase lots around their shores for the purpose of building. Large land syndicates are buying up many available pieces of lake-shore property, realizing that the real beauty of the lakes is sure to be recognized before long.

MILL POND, AT WEST BREWSTER



THROUGH THE TREES

A BOAT LANDING

Many persons are surprised to find such

scenery on Cape Cod, which they had always supposed consisted merely of a sandy stretch of shore line covered with beach grass. Some already predict that these lakes are destined to become rivals some day of the famous New York waters which are no more picturesque or charming.

Under the plebian designation of "ponds", these lakes have been masquerading under false colors and have lacked the advertising which has made many less attractive sheets of water so famous.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

OUR SUPPLY OF FRESH FISH

By FELIX J. KOCH

YES, of course, friend inland-dweller, or even friend consumer of the sea-board, who hasn't stopped to investigate—you know very well that not a few fish of the seas have definite seasons when the great schools swim away to who-knows-just-where and you couldn't catch one in the best, acknowledged fishing-grounds if you tried!

Despite this, you know that, if you'll pay the price, really low, you can buy a fish of almost any edible sort at about any time you desire.

Naturally, you understand that they are "cold storage" fish, but just how is it all brought about?

Not one visitor in a thousand to the giant fish-freezing plants of Provincetown, Mass., and elsewhere in New England has the faintest conception of modern ways of freezing fish when they come, the managers of these plants state.

To omit more obvious details, the fish are brought to the plant and carried by traveling belt to long tables, where they are dropped.

FROZEN FISH IN THEIR PAN

to be sorted according to kinds, and sizes, in turn.

This sorting over, the fish are placed neatly in pans, 17½ inches one way by 27 inches the other, each pan being given as many fish as it will hold. The pans are set on a carrier-belt fitted with cross-bars, to prevent their slipping, and are taken to the freezing-rooms down below. There, the pans are placed on shelves and the fish are allowed to freeze. Whiting, squid for bait, mackerel, butterfish, pollock and shad, blue-back and herring, all are here, and so carefully adjusted are arrangements throughout, that a force of but seventeen men can put away as much as three hundred barrels of fish in the course of twelve hours.

FROZEN SOLID

Brine, brought to a temperature of 20 degrees below zero, enters and circulates about the freezing-room, and in anywhere from twelve to twenty-four hours, according to size of catch, those fish will be frozen through, and are ready for the cold or storage-room, where an even temperature of 10 degrees above zero is maintained.

In the storage-room these great frozen cakes of fish will be packed to await shipment, on call, and sale. No time-limit is set as to how long they shall stay. They remain "good" indefinitely; only, first in of a sort are first to go out, of course!

It would be folly to "tie up" so many pans all that while, and so, just before entering the storage-bins, the fish are removed from these pans. To that end, as the pans come from the freezing, the carrier travels through luke-warm water with them, and this melts the edges, and the base of the fish-cake so that it may be released by the hand. The pan will be used the next day again. The fish, however, freeze in the cold room below, to a solid mass and remain so, pending order or call. This permits of having fresh fish at any and all seasons of the year.

The photos serve to show the fish in the pan and again, frozen so hard as to permit of their "standing alone."

One of the biggest real estate deals put through in Provincetown in a long time is that of the sale of a block of the Philip A. Whorf property to Capt. John F. Silvia. The property consists of shore lots, three summer cottages, a tenement building and the big sail-loft studio building, together with the wharf.

SUNRISE AT SEA

By WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN

Gently rising, softly sinking,
Sounds the murmur of the pines;
Half in slumber, half in waking,
Hear I now that wind of winds.

Oaks are rustling, woodbine trembling,
Flaming on the marshes' edge;
Fleecy white the clouds are drifting,
Chasing shadows o'er the sedge.

Over yon bar, that wonder strand
Of gleaming, sunlit, yellow sand;
Out to the sky and sea so blue,
Wind, Oh, Wind, I fly with you.

The Strange Adventures of Davie Snow

AN INCIDENT OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR TIMES GLEANED FROM THE PAGES OF AUTHENTIC HISTORY CONCERNING A CAPE COD BOY

BY LEMUEL C. HALL

"Davie, we must chance it! We must either fish or starve. We have no meat, no corn, no potatoes. The Cape is blockaded by the ships of the British. That sea-pirate, the Somerset, lays at anchor in Provincetown for the moment and there is no sail in sight. If we take our dory and drag it overland to the back side, we can launch it and row out back of the bar, catch a supply of cod, and be back safely by nightfall."

DAVID SNOW'S COTTAGE

Thus spoke David Snow of Truro in the fall of 1775 to his young son, David, then a lad of 15 years, but strong and sturdy, like the boys of those times. Davie knew the necessity, likewise the danger. He knew that the British ships were constantly on patrol along the coast and that the unfortunate fishermen who fell into their hands were doomed either to be impressed into the navy, there to unwillingly serve the guns against their own countrymen, or to lie by the heels upon some foul prison ship or in some English jail, from which there was little likelihood of ever coming forth alive.

The Cape was in sad straits those days. The Revolutionary war had just begun and British men-o'-war completely commanded the seas, keeping the people off the water and away from their fishing grounds, where they got their livelihood. The villagers had stripped themselves of the very necessities of life to support the army of Washington at Boston. Their men and youths were with the army, leaving only the women and old men and children to maintain the homes. Destitution and privation were everywhere, but the spirits were unbroken and even the boys of tender years were prepared to brave the dangers of capture and imprisonment rather than see the country again come under the domineering rule of Great Britain.

David Snow was too old to go to war, and little Davie was too young. They were left at home when the other men marched away to

Boston, in answer to Washington's call for troops. The support of the family depended upon them, and it was their duty to supply the village with fish, to be dried and stored away for use during the winter, when other supplies could not be obtained. The blockade had sadly interfered with their work and the village was becoming desperate. Upon a number of occasions they had narrowly escaped capture upon the fishing grounds, by some privateer, and for several weeks had not been able to launch their boat because of the presence of some suspicious sail in the offing.

It was only by waiting their chance to slip out when the sea was clear that they had been able to get the fish so much needed and upon this day Mr. Snow was up bright and early and scanning the sea for sails. Word had been brought the night before that the Somerset was at Provincetown, where it was likely to remain for several days, while repairs were made, and the harbor was, for the time being, free from privateers. For the moment the sea was clear. The chance must be taken.

So the villagers, the old men, the sturdy boys and even the women, by pushing and shoving got the dory to the water's edge on the "back side" and it was ready for launching in the smooth water inside the bar. The sea was smooth upon that day and no surf broke upon the shore. So father and son shoved off the boat and plied the oars until the fishing grounds were reached, two miles or more from the sandy bluffs off the Cape.

Soon the lines were out and the cod commenced to come over the sides in great numbers. The fish were plentiful and ere night, if luck held good, a sufficient catch was promised to serve the needs of the village for many days to come. Throughout the day Davie and his father toiled, throwing and hauling, until the boat was low in the water with her cargo. About four o'clock in the afternoon a fog appeared upon the horizon, warning them that it was time to return, but, not knowing when another chance would come, they were loath to cease their fishing and put off leaving for shore until at last they were startled by hearing a gun shot from the direction of the land.

During their absence, the women of the village had remained upon the bluff, where they could maintain a lookout over the sea for hostile craft and apprise the toiling fishermen of approaching danger. Late in the afternoon, through the gathering fog, a sail was seen. A vessel was skirting the shore, coming from the direction of Vineyard Sound.

Fearing that it might prove to be a dreaded privateer, Davie's mother fired the old musket, for women in those days were not unused to firearms, and the roar of its discharge went echoing out into the fog.

But too late had come the warning. The stranger was close upon the fishing boat when her prow was turned toward the shore. Frantically Davie and his father plied their oars, but a cutter had been lowered from the privateer and had gotten between them and the shore. Then a race ensued, but two men could not expect to row faster than an eight-oared cutter, and shortly a boat-hook was reached out by the enemy and the capture was made.

The two fishermen were taken aboard the cutter and the last that the horrified women saw of their men was a glimpse through the fog of the receding boat, and they knew that it might be many a day ere they returned, if ever.

The days went by and Truro heard no more of the Snows, father and son. Mrs. Snow continued to hope that some day they would return, but well she knew that they were prisoners upon some foul prison ship, perhaps at New York, upon the dreaded Jersey; or, more likely, they had been taken to England and cast into one of the jails of that period, of whose frightfulness tales had been told. Seven long years went by. No news was heard, and all but Davie's mother had given up hope.

Meanwhile, General Washington had driven the British from Boston; he had undergone his hard winter at Valley Forge, and the tide of battle had turned to the South, from which news was long in reaching the people upon the isolated Cape.

The war was nearing its end—slowly Washington was drawing the net which was to encircle Cornwallis and bring about his surrender at Yorktown. The day of freedom was dawning. A new nation was being born. Down in the Cape Cod village, the people waited anxiously for news to tell them that the war was over. For eight long years it had raged, unceasingly. Eight years of hardship and privation had been the lot of the people; but somehow they had survived. Upon the sea other men than Davy and his father, braving the chances of capture, had fished to good purpose and kept the population alive, at least. The barren soil had brought forth its crops, the women had toiled in the fields, and starvation had been kept from the poor. Upon the town records were the names of men who had died gloriously for their country, but the whereabouts of many of them were unknown. Whether they were in British prisons or with Washington's army, whether on land or sea—their records were incomplete.

Then came the glorious news that Cornwallis had surrendered, that the British were embarking for their homes across the seas, and that America, at last, had risen to its own and would no longer be subject to the tyranny of kings and potentates.

Joyously the bells rang out their tale of freedom. Rejoicing was heard throughout the land and nowhere was it greater than upon Cape Cod, which had suffered mightily in the struggle for freedom.

But what of Davie, was he alive or dead? What of his father, the man long missed from his family fireside? They were mourned as dead by the people of the village, and only in the heart of the wife and mother was there hope that somehow they might be living and that sometime they might come home.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning, a month or more after the news had reached the village that the war was over, and that soon the heroes of the Cape would return to their native soil to take up their work of toiling upon the sea, of reviving the dwindling fortunes of their families and of building up again the thriving communities which had suffered so much in the cause of freedom.

Upon this morning, hope was in the very air. Down the winding road over the Truro hills, two men were plodding wearily. They were Davie and his father. Davie grown to stalwart manhood. As they passed through the village, no one knew them until at last a bright eyed lass shouted: "If that isn't Davie Snow, it's his ghost."

Mr. Snow ascertained where his wife was staying and presented himself without ceremony. She fell in a swoon, apparently dead, but, recovering, walked home with her husband. Davie got home before his parents, and met them on the road, where neighbors and friends joyously welcomed them. Where had they been all these long years? Ah! 'tis a story in itself, a story more marvelous than any tale of the Arabian Nights and a tale which was long in telling and which will have to wait another month before we can unfold it to our readers.

* * * *

The story that Davie and his father told was a true one, one which can briefly be found in histories, but which we are privileged to tell in great detail in our next issue.

If you would read of the adventures of those eight years, you must be patient with us and your patience will be rewarded by a tale well worth listening to.

Cape Cod in the Revolutionary War

WHEN General Howe evacuated Boston in 1776, to 1780, when the constitution was adopted, all public concerns were in the recess of the general court, directed by the council, of which Col. James Otis of Barnstable was president and practically the chief magistrate of the state.

When Washington decided to fortify Dorchester Heights, he called for the militia of "contiguous" places to furnish their share of militia. Yarmouth was not exactly "contiguous," but was called upon. Capt. Joshua Gray, who commanded the town militia, set forth to call for volunteers. They came in great numbers. The following night was spent in preparation and at early dawn 81 men of Yarmouth were on the march for Dorchester, where they arrived in time to participate in the events which cleared New England of the British soldiery.

The towns upon the Cape were among the first to vote to bid defiance to the arbitrary rule of the king and to declare themselves independent of the Empire. They solemnly engaged to support the Continental Congress "with their lives and fortunes."

That they did their part is abundantly shown by the pages of the town records, which tell the story of how the Cape towns taxed their people to support the war and how the call for volunteers was answered throughout that memorable period, when a nation was in the making.

OLD FISH CART

During the war the Cape was for much of the time in a state of blockade by the British cruisers. Every industrial employment was completely paralyzed. The whole sea coast was under surveillance of British cruisers—at both ends of the Cape, Woods Hole and Provincetown, the enemy was in full control of adjacent waters. Provincetown was completely at the mercy of the British and largely deserted by its inhabitants. The entire Cape faced starvation. It was impossible to raise enough agricultural products to feed its people and its customary resources from products of the sea, upon which it was greatly dependent, was almost entirely cut off.

During the entire war, the Cape was so continuously harassed by the enemy that its entire resources were needed for self-defense, but in spite of that fact, it was levied upon for men and money for the general prosecution of the war.

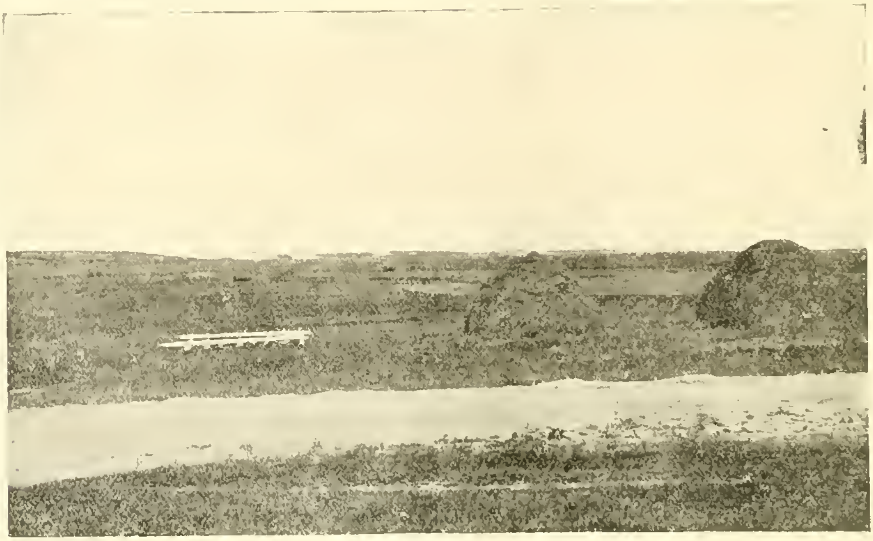
When the British war ship, Somerset was wrecked on the back side of Provincetown the militia of Truro and the adjacent country took charge of the crew and marched the prisoners, 480 men, to Barnstable, and thence to Boston, and there was great exultation over the event. The Somerset had been a particular scourge of the New England coast and her destruction caused much rejoicing. She was stripped of her guns, which were sent to various places along the coast where defense was needed and her small arms and ammunition was distributed among the militia. After she was abandoned by the authorities, she was stripped of everything of value and the winds swept over her, the drifting sands enveloped her in their embraces, until the changes of a century again disclosed her battered hulk to the observation of a new generation like a ghost from the pages of history.

By 1780 the people of the Cape had reached the end of their resources and the people of Harwich, Chatham, Eastham and Yarmouth were obliged to memorialize the general court, praying that they might be abated the taxes and requisitions for beef and other articles. A committee was sent to the Cape, and the members were satisfied that no amount of effort and no degree of patriotism could furnish beef where it was not to be found.

After the war, the Cape was left destitute and the situation of its people was critical indeed. It had been exhausted of its men and beef was entirely unknown. There was no money to pay taxes and scarce opportunity for its people to live. The endurance of the people, exemplified by these years of suffering and privation, was at length recognized. The part taken by Cape Cod in this great struggle for freedom, both in respect to leadership and the cooperation of the people, will be seen to have been of a most important character. They contributed to the common cause, not only almost the last dollar and the last man, but the political wisdom and undeviating constancy of the elder Otis, and the matchless and inspiring eloquence of the younger Otis; the tireless energy and activity of Dr. Nathaniel Freeman; the military skill, enterprise and daring of Generals Dimmick, and Joseph Otis, men whose fame was not confined to local bounds, loom large upon the pages of history. Ebenezer Sears, a soldier of Yarmouth, stood guard over Major Andre the night before his execution. Benjamin Collins of Truro belonged to the crew that rowed Benedict Arnold to safety on the Vulture. He was drugged and kept prisoner and did not return to his old home for forty-eight years. David Snow and son were captured while fishing off Cape Cod by a privateer and taken to Halifax. They were thence transferred to the Old Mill prison in England. After a while they escaped and embarked upon a scow in the English channel. At length they boarded a small vessel, captured it, and set sail for France. On their arrival, they sold the vessel, gave themselves up to the French government and were sent to America. They landed in Carolina. The war was still raging, the coast was guarded, and they made the journey home overland through weeks of great peril and wearisome travel.

Many Cape men found their way on board the privateers, which were so numerous and serviceable to the American cause, both in furnishing supplies and ammunition, and in weakening the commerce of Great Britain. These crafts did not always escape with impunity, and when taken, their crews were consigned to punishment on board the "Jersey" or in the "Old Mill." Thirteen men from Truro and Wellfleet were sent to the Old Mill prison. The records of the towns, during the period of the Revolution, ever and anon contain words like these, after the names of its citizens: "Died on board the Jersey prison ship."

Among the names recorded upon the town records of those days are those of Freeman, Otis, Doane, Snow, Collins, Hall, Howes, Rich, Nickerson, Sears, Hallett, Crocker, Swift, and others, whose descendants still play important parts in the history of their respective towns. Men of these names and ancestry can still be found in every Cape Cod village and history. They have a right to be proud of their lineage and their claim to the title of "true Americans" and pure Colonial descent.



ACROSS THE MARSH

Old Falmouth Records

THE following document is a copy of the original record of the "Proprietors" of Falmouth, Mass.

"The 29th of November, 1661. We, whose names are hereunto wroten, have agreed for ourselves, and for whom any of us are agents for laying out of lands at Sacknacet.

"First—The neck of land lying by the herring brook, shall be in general.

"Secondly—That Jonathan Hatch and Isaac Robinson, because they have built their houses, should hold their lots by their houses; that is to say, Jonathan Hatch to have ten (10) acres by his house, lying against the neck; and Isaac Robinson to have four (4) acres by his house, and eight (8) acres next adjoining to Jonathan Hatch and towards Pease's land. Also because they thought themselves wronged to be put out of the neck, we have consented that they (each) should have an acre and half of meadow within the great neck, towards Pease's land.

"Thirdly—Taking a view of the land beyond them, and Pease's land, that it would yield but eight (8) acres to every share, so accordingly we laid it out by lots. John Crossman (4), John Jenkins (8), Thomas Lathrop (8), Thomas Hamlin (8), William Thomas (8), Samuel Fuller (8), Anthony Anable (8), Peter Blossom (8), Wm. Nelson (4), Thomas Cobe (8), Samuel Hinckley, (8), Thomas Ewer (8). All of which lots butt upon the way.

"Fourthly—Because we questioned whether we should get water upon these lots, we laid out (4) acres, so as to have along (a way) along the pond, also by (the) lots. Thomas Hamlin (4), Peter Blossom (4), Captain Thomas (4), Anthony Anabel (4), Samuel Fuller (4), Thomas Ewer (4), John Jenkins (4), Samuel Hinckley (4), James Cobe (4), Wm. Nelson (2), John Crossman (2), Thomas Lathrop (4). There is also a sufficient way to be left along by the pond-side above or below the houses.

"Fifthly—It is agreed that every purcher shall not have above twenty head of cattle upon the great neck for a share.

"Sixthly—We laid out twenty (20) acres to share, next to Jonathan Hatch's grounds butting upon the Sea, and running two (2) hundred (rods) towards the woods. Peter Blossom's being (16) rods broad, Anthony Anabel's sixteen (16) rods broad, Thomas Lathrop's do., Thomas Hamblin's sixteen (16) do., John Jenkins (16) do. Next to John Jenkins lies 17 rods broad. Next unto James Hamblin's lies 17 rods broad at present day; John Clingman's lot 8½ broad, Thomas Ewer 16 do., Samuel Fuller 16 do., Samuel Hinckley 16 do., Wm. Thomas 16 do., Thomas Cobe 17 do., Wm. Nelson 8½ do., Isaac Robinson's being 18 rods broad.

"All these lots are to be bound at the upper end by from the pond, that is, above the head of Peter Blossom's Lot, and shall run upon the same point of the compass.

"Jonathan Hatch's 80 acres butting upon the sea and bounded by the herring brook on the west, and by Peter Blossom's on the east and by the pond on the west; that is, the sea lies at the foot of the lots and—

"To all the particulars before mentioned we set our hand this 3rd day of December, 1661. It is agreed that the 10 acres of land that belongs of right to the shares to make them up as much as Goodman Hatch shall be laid out and every share (holder) has liberty to take it where he will, but not to pregides (prejudice?) hye (high?) ways, nor in woodland, nor against other men's marks, nor in Woods Hole Neck.

"The 16th of December, 1679. Whereas every share wants ten (10) acres of upland to make their share equal with Jonathan Hatch, it is agreed that every man shall take their land where it may be most convenient for them, only they shall not prejudice highways, nor in woodland, nor adjoining to men's marsh.

"May 22nd, 1746—The Proprietors met at the meeting house upon due notice for the proprietors' meeting. Made choice of Capt. Moses Hatch, Moderator of said meeting. Then he adjourned said meeting to the dwellinghouse of John Brown Tuesday evening, which is the 27th day of May.

"At a Proprietors' meeting held at Falmouth January 26th, 1747, Nathaniel Davis, Moderator, voted in to be proprietors, Ebenezer Hatch in his Father's right, Silvanus Hatch in his Grandfather's right, Nathan Hatch in William Week's right."

These notes were copied from an old manuscript then belonging to Thatcher Hatch at Falmouth, July, 1850, by Charles Gorham Hatch, South Dartmouth, Mass.

The Fog

By EDNA WILLIS SWIFT

I steal from the valley of the moon,
The gale is hushed, and the wild typhoon.
The shadow of millions of tears am I,
The aftermath of a heart's lone cry;
And I watch, with a sneer, how the big ships creep,
Lest I crush them down in the salty deep.

I cover the shrinking seas and streams,
Like the ghostly wraith of a dead man's dream,
And with leering eyes cajole staunch barks
Till I lure them down where the cold dew starts
On pallid lips, locked with Death's white key,
For I am the Circe of the sea.

I blot out the lights on hill and dale,
I hide from sight the homing sail.
The master dreads me more than the wave
That is mountain high from crest to cave;
And many a sailor feels to pray,
When I settle down in my awful grey.

But there's one I hate with a bitter hate,
For she is my master, soon or late.
Mortals call her "The light of the Gods,"
And I struggle and fight her 'gainst dreadful odds,
But she burns me—she conquers—the SUN breaks free
And drives me into obscurity.

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
(P. O. Address, Wareham, Mass.)
SAMUEL B. CORR, BUSINESS MANAGER
(P. O. Address, Sandwich, Mass.)

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Editorial

THE day of cheap labor for Cape Cod has gone by. For many years, labor has been plentiful and the rate of payment low. Today laborers are scarce and prices high. The high cost of living and the many opportunities for employment offered by the manufacturing establishments, has created a situation that is more or less serious throughout our locality. There is one curious feature connected with the high price era. Building operations have not only been unchecked, but are going on with increased vigor. There never was a time when building costs were so high. Materials of all kinds have advanced to a seemingly exorbitant figure and the wages demanded by carpenters, masons, etc., are way beyond any figure heretofore obtained. Yet nearly every town upon the Cape is hearing the sound of the hammer and the saw and buildings are going up with great rapidity. Large bonuses are being offered for early completions and there seemingly is no lack of money with which to work. This is explained by the fact that fortunes have been made during the past two years by people engaged in financial and manufacturing operations and they are spending them lavishly. The Cape is being made the beneficiary of the prosperous times and prospects are bright for the most successful summer season that it has ever known.

* * *

SHOULD war result from the sinking of American ships by Germany, Cape Cod is bound to play an important part in the conflict. Its many miles of sea coast, its important canal and its wireless plants render it a strategic point. It is probable that the government would at once take over the canal and the wireless plants and that its shores would be patroled night and day. Already many prominent summer residents of the Cape have placed their fast motor boats at the disposal of the government for use as submarine chasers and they form an important part of a great mosquito fleet that would be of great service in the event of an attack.

* * *

WE want sea yarns for this magazine. The sort of stories that used to be told around the fire during winter evenings, when former seafarers gathered together and related the experiences of by-gone days. The Cape is rich in sea lore and it should be preserved by publication before the active participants pass away. These stories, told in a simple way, are as thrilling as those written by Stephenson and Robertson, and much more interesting from the fact that they concern the people whom we know. One does not have to be a fine writer to tell these tales.

THE probability of war is something that cannot be foretold at the present time with any degree of accuracy It seems nearer than it has at any time since the conflict in Europe began, yet there are possibilities that it may be avoided. The American people, as a whole, are opposed to war and most of them believe that this country should do all that it can do with honor to avoid it.

* * *

OUR soil is to be cultivated this summer as it never has been before. Garden patches, long idle, will again be ploughed and farming upon a larger scale will take a distinct step in advance. Prices are high and the demand good, locally and in the markets. While the Cape may never cut a great figure in the agricultural way, it is at least possible to supply the local demand to a much larger extent than has been the case in recent years.

* * *

CAPE COD has experienced a real old-fashioned winter and now we hope for a real old-fashioned summer, with skies bright and gentle breezes. Our seasons have not been all that was desired the past few years, but weather conditions seem to travel in cycles and it is hoped that we are on the verge of better things.

* * *

PEACE with honor (?)—Engagement, just peace; Marriage, Justice of the Peace; Divorce, just the pieces.

A bill authorizing the construction of a street railway on the northerly side of the Cape Cod canal has been presented to the legislature. The railway is to parallel the canal and extend from the Bourne bridge to the Sagamore bridge. The canal company is permitted to hold $35,000 of the stock.

Advent of Spring on Cape Cod

By EARL LEO BROWNSON

The morning sun shone through my wide window pane
And caressingly kissed me awake,
And my ear caught the lilt of the bluebird's refrain
And the sound that the ground-sparrows make.

The shrill, raucous call of the jay for his mate
Came faint from the bare timber land,
And the chirp of the wren, from the hedge by the gate,
In the language that birds understand.

A chick-a-dee, perched where the pussy buds swelled,
Complained of the absence of leaves;
While the phœbe's faint music liquescently welled
From her last year's nest under the eaves.

Gay robin red-breast, swelling up with vain pride,
Bubbled over with passionate joy,
As he sang to the little brown lady—his bride—
With the mastery artists employ.

The discordant notes of the loquacious crow,
That called to his mates from a tree,
Staccatoed the vibrant, symphonious flow
Of the songsters' rhapsody of glee.

I breathed in the tang of the ambient air,
And my heart went a-thrill with delight·
For Winter had hurried away to his lair
And Spring had arrived in the night.

The steamers, Massachusetts and Bunker Hill, are being overhauled at East Boston in preparation for a resumption of their service between Boston and New York through the canal. Both vessels have been added to the U. S. naval reserve and have been measured for gun platforms, which will probably be built before they resume their trips.

One of Barnstable's old time buildings has changed owners, E. S. Phinney selling his store property to Allan Nickerson, Jr., who will make it over for use as a hotel.

The U. S. suction dredge Navesink has resumed work on Stone Horse shoal on the elbow of the Cape.

THE CAPTAIN'S LEGACY

By LUCY E. TREAT

Captain Zenas Gale sat at the sunny door of his two room fisherman's shack and painfully his gnarled fingers guided his pen up and down the paper. As he rested his rheumatic fingers and gazed out upon the blue bay flecked with small fishing crafts, a dreamy expression crept into his eyes and settled there. What was it that inspired that rapt expression in Capt. Zenas' eyes, somewhat pained, somewhat happy?

Again in memory he was proudly sailing out of Smyrna Bay, in command of the good ship, "Dawn of Day;" again he was rounding Cape Horn, while his ship and his heart were both turned toward the homeland in the west, from whence the heart of a maid was calling to the heart of a man and the answer rang true.

But the hurt look in the Captain's eyes, this October morn grew deeper, as again in memory as like Lochinvar of old, he tripped a measure with the bride, the bride who two short years before had pledged her heart to the young Capt. Zenas and today, one day after his return from foreign lands, was wedding young Lieutenant Dyer. Capt. Zenas had danced at the wedding, stifled the hurt in his heart as he drank to their health and had then built his shack on the cedar point at the harbor, and passed his days on his beloved sea, with his nets, and his evenings with his cat and his books of travel and sea-lore.

The village folks all loved Capt. Zenas deeply, although they thought him queer, queer because he chose to live alone, queer because he was never too busy to heed a little child's request for a boat or a story, queer because only kindness and love dwelt in his heart and his faith was as simple as a little child's.

But this cool October morn he was not only living over the past, but was taking thought for the future. His palpitating heart and weakening limbs reminded Capt. Zenas that the time was not far distant when he would furl his sails and drop anchor in the last Harbor of life's voyage. So he was carefully writing his will, not because he had much to will, only that he wished to feel sure that each of the little folks should have one keepsake.

To little Benny Moore he would give his old harpoon and whaling irons; he would gladden little Mary Moore's heart with the string of pink coral beads, while Jimmy Hadley should have his glass globe full of beautiful foreign shells and thus to each of his little friends. But when he thought of Happy Joy, he took a fresh sheet of paper and wrote long and earnestly.

Happy Joy, since the first day she had come to the island had always held a warm place in Capt. Zenas' heart. She had sailed the bay with him in his cat boat; she had sat at his sunny cabin door and listened eagerly to the Captain's tales of his early adventures on the sea. She had always been different from the other children, and because her eyes were those of Zenas' first love, because her gentle ways reminded him of her, Happy had clasped his heart with tentacles of iron. Her sunny disposition had given to her the name of Happy, as fitting her better than Hepsibah, her real name. Happy Joy was no longer a child, but was already in her teens and was just completing her course at Proctorville academy.

Ten days after the Captain wrote out his last requests a short procession wended its way to the old cemetery on the cliff. Uncle Zenas had made port and was left to rest, lulled by the lullabies of the sea, his life-long friend.

When Happy Joy returned from school the next June, her heart was set upon college. But little brother Billy had operation expenses to be met and the mortgage would soon be due. "There must be a way," said

Happy, one morning, after a careful consideration of the subject with her mother, "and I am going to walk along the cliffs for inspiration." Setting out across the headlands, she made her way to the deserted cottage of Uncle Zenas. As she sat on the door-step little Mary Moore came skipping over the sand.

"Happy," called out the child, "come see my coral necklace which Capt. Zenas gave me. He brought this from Japan. Did you get your box of candle grease? Mother said it was expensive soap and your aunt said it was wax. Which was it, Happy?" inquired the child.

"I don't know, dear," answered Happy. "I have been at home only a few days and Auntie has been so worried over little Billie that she probably forgot it. I will see about it."

"Please do, I want to know, Happy," said little Mary as she sped away.

The next morning at breakfast, Happy asked for Capt. Zenas' legacy.

"Only a little curio of the Captain's, I guess," said Aunt Emily, as she brought a small box, wrapped carefully in silk.

As she unwrapped it, a small lacquered box, inlaid with ivory, was disclosed, which flew open when Happy pressed a spring at the side. Beneath a layer of yellowed paper lay a cake of a hard chocolate colored substance and as she lifted it out a folded paper fluttered to the floor. Unfolding it, she read in the trembling hand-writing of Capt. Zenas:

"Dear Happy:—

"Long years ago, as our good ship 'Dawn of Day' was whaling in the West Indies, we had the fortune to find a large bit of ambergris. Here in this little box lies my share. I was young then, full of ambition. I carried always near my heart the picture of her, whose eyes were the only stars that shone for me. For her I kept this little box, knowing its value, to give her on her wedding day which never came for me.

"To-day I am an old man, alone in the world, about ready to draw in my nets, and because you, Happy Joy, have ambition to help in the world's work, because you have kept warm my heart with your love and understanding, I give you the contents of this box, to help you along life's way. The paper inside the double cover will tell you what to do with it.

"Good-bye, Happy Joy, may life have rich blessings in store for you.

Uncle Zenas."

On the paper within the lid was written:

"This bit of ambergris has been examined by a chemist and valued at two thousand dollars. Take nothing less for it. Rangillet & Co., perfumers, West Twenty-seventh St., New York city, a reliable firm, will pay you its full value."

When Happy finished reading no one spoke until little Billie piped up:

"Now, Happy, you can go to college and we all love Capt. Zenas more dearly than ever, don't we?"

An addition 20x70 feet is to be made to the Chatham Bars Inn for the purpose of giving additional dining room facilities.

SUNRISE AT SEA

By WARREN ELLIOT CARLETON

When you think life's dull and prosy,
Day after day o' monotony,
Then sail off shore fifty miles or more
And watch the sun rise out o' the sea;
Rise, majestic, out o' the sea.

When you boast o' your gorgeous paintings,
Rich and rare though they may be,
Compare their hues with the reds and blues
When the gold sun leaps from the velvet sea,
Like blazing gold from the velvet sea.

When your ladies are gowned in splendor,
Gowns all tinsel and brilliancy;
Then dazzle your eyes with the lavender skies
When the sun bursts forth from the jewelled sea,
Bursts from the sparkling, jewelled sea.

You who seek the joys of life,
Treasures that God lent to you and to me,
Sail off shore fifty miles or more
And watch the sun rise out o' the sea,
Rise, in glory, out o' the sea.

CHASING SHADOWS

PERHAPS you never learned to chase shadows; perhaps, indeed, you would not mind if they were banished from this strenuous life; or, maybe, you never thought anything about such a trivial matter. This may have been because you did not care for that German story of Peter with-the-hard-name, who sold his shadow to the Devil and was henceforth an outcast. Ever since I read about that Peter in High school days, I've had an added respect for my own shadow and a desire to keep it. Does it run round with me all the time, unseen except when the sun, or moon, or electric light, or candle slips before or behind or above me? Answer me that.

Here is the second shadow-wonder. It came to me, a college sophomore, at Silver Bay. 'Twas a God-given June morning as our rickety little boat puffed over the clear waters of Lake George, narrowed close by the steep, blue hills. In country New England we called the sky "open and shet"; one minute sunshine, the next billowy clouds, soft, sun-engulfing, wind driven, white as fresh snow banks. As Katherine and I watched the blue hills, golden in the sunshine, turned to inky blackness under the black cloud shadows, she queried, "How can such a soft whiteness cast that deep blackness on the world?" Instantly my thoughts darted to Dr. Baeler's assertion that each face in the crowd had its place, its need, its sorrow, and the realm of character shadows. life shadows beckoned me insistently. Two, no, three girlhood sorrows had come during those supposedly care-free college years; up to that time, deep inside rebellious against the shutting off of my sunshine, this July morning I lifted up my eyes unto the clouded hills, from whence came help. As through a glass, darkly, I began to see the beauty of life shadows. What might the hill have become if left year after year to the burning sun? Shadows, day by day, came, passed, and left the hill more joyous for their being.

Back on the Cape road, however, did we actually chase real road shadows, my bicycle and I. 'Twas another "open and shet" day. Over the yellow road, scrub oaks and pines bent back and forth at the will of a gentle sou'easter. The too-eager July sun made me pedal fast for the shade of that swaying oak branch at the curve of the road. Presto change! The sky had "shet," leaving me cool, but bereft of my leaf shadow. For all the four miles, the sun and clouds sported with the shadows and me. Sometimes I'd be on top of a shadow leaf branch, only to have it instantly vanish; again, back would creep the wavy oak-leaf form, from nothing to a startling, definite darkness on the yellow earth; often, half returned, back again would that something be withdrawn—where?

"Foolish," you say? Yes, but—

"For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing because our days are a shadow."—Job.

Have you ever chased shadows?

THE SONG OF A TRAVEL FIEND

By L. B. ROBBINS

His pulse beat slow and his tongue was white and his eyes bulged out a mile,
And he grew as frail as a split fence rail, and was even too sick to smile,
So he shut up shop and packed his grip and beat it for a foreign clime,
And spent his wealth to regain lost health, but it took him a blamed long time.

First he hit the trail for the Thousand Isles, but the frost got 'neath his hide,
So he paid his fare to Lake St. Claire, but all he got for the ride
Was a chance to see that it didn't agree with him there, so he tried again,
Shipped to Battle Creek, and Martinique, till his wallet groaned with the strain.

Then he tried Brazil and the Philippine Isles and a jaunt to Palestine,
And he tried Japan and Hindoostan and Hamburg on the Rhine;
Tried here and there and everywhere, but saw no hope in sight,
So he sailed from Cork back to old New York, and docked one Friday night,

Where he disappeared, and no one knew if he still was alive or dead,
Till he finally wrote, to a friend, this note, and here's what the poor guy said:
"Bill, I've struck the place, and believe me, kid, no more M. Ds. for mine!
I've found one berth on God's Green Earth to relieve my weary spine.

I loaf at ease, as I dog-gone please, in my oldest, cast-off clothes,
And roam the flats and squeeze black mud between my naked toes,
And brush my hair with salt sea air and shave with salt sea foam,
And hang my hat on a Bayberry bush and call it 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"Just eat and sleep and eat some more and lie in the sun and dream,
Or sail the bay, when the breezes play that spatter the waves with cream.
I make my sail of a Cod Fish tail and steer with a Quahaug shell,
And make life pay me the debt she owes, as I climb each watery dell.

"So, you see, Old Man, I've got no kick, and am more than satisfied.
If I'd stuck around on common ground, I certainly would have died.
But, instead of that, I've sure grown fat in this wonderful, golden land,
By filling my lungs with Cape Cod air, and my shoes with Cape Cod sand."

JOSIAH PAINE

THIS magazine chronicles, with regret, the passing of Josiah Paine, Esq., of Harwich, at the age of 80 years.

Mr. Paine had a long and useful career and probably no man of his time or of any other time was better informed about the history of the Cape and the genealogy of its families, and more particularly the old Eastham and Harwich families, than Mr. Paine. He made these matters a study for more than fifty years. He was considered an authority and many writers of genealogies and histories relating to Cape families have, in the prefaces of their books, acknowledged their debt of gratitude to him for assistance and advice. On his own account, he wrote many articles for the county press, which have appeared from time to time.

He wrote the chapters on Harwich and Brewster, and several of the biographies, for Deyo's history of Barnstable County, published in 1890. He has written a considerable part of the proposed history of the town of Harwich, and of a genealogy of the Paine family of Eastham. He was also a collector of ancient documents relating to Cape history and Cape people. He gathered and committed to writing much information relating to the old settlers of Harwich and traced the history of John Howard Paine, author of "Home, Sweet Home," whose father was born in Eastham. He established the Harwich Independent in 1872, and was its editor until 1875.

The writings of Mr. Paine will ever constitute valuable records concerning the early history of the vicinity. He was a descendant in the seventh generation of Thomas Paine, who came over from England and was a settler in Eastham as early as 1653.

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FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS OF CAPE COD AND VICINITY

Names of the Lodges, place and time of meetings; names of commanding officer and secretary.

MASONIC

Grand Commandery of Knights Templars

Sutton Commandery of New Bedford, meets 1st Thursday in the month.

Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Mass.

New Bedford Council of New Bedford, meets 1st Tuesday in the month.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Mass.

Adoniram Royal Arch Chapter of New Bedford, meets 1st Wednesday in the month.

Isle of the Sea, Nantucket, meets 2nd Monday in the month.

Joseph Warren, Provincetown, meets 1st Friday in the month.

Old Colony, Middleboro, meets 4th Thursday in the month.

Orient, Hyannis, meets 3rd Thursday in the month.

Sylvester Baxter, West Harwich, meets Saturday on or before O.

Wareham Chapter. Wareham, meets 1st Monday in the month.

Masonic Lodges

DeWitt Clinton, Sandwich; Lewis J. Whitney, W. M.; Carl L. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

Eureka, New Bedford; John A. Stitt, W. M.; Daniel W. Cory, S. Meets 1st Friday.

Fellowship, Bridgewater; Arthur H. Willis, W. M.; Herbert E. Reed, S. Meets Monday on or before O.

Fraternal, Hyannis; F. Howard Hinckley, Jr., W. M.; Edward C. Hinckley, S. Meets 1st Monday.

George H. Taber, Fairhaven; C. E. P. Thompson, W. M.; Frederick A. Keith, S. Meets 2nd Monday.

Howard, South Yarmouth; Samuel D. Kelley, W. M.; Lester E. Crowell, S. Meets 1st Saturday.

King Hiram's, Provincetown; Fred H. Dearborn, W. M.; Isaiah A. Small, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Marine, Falmouth; Howard L. Pierce, W. M.; Rawson C. Jenkins, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Mariners', Cotuit; Joseph B. Folger, W. M.; Lorenzo T. Gifford. S. Meets 1st Wednesday.

Martha's Vineyard, Tisbury; Lester H. Bumpus, W. M.; Roy W. Norton, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

May Flower, Middleboro; Theodore N. Wood, W. M.; Charles N. Warren, S. Meets 1st Tuesday.

Mount Horeb, Harwich; C. Vansant Bitter, W. M.; Sylvanus A. Haywood, S. Meets 1st Wednesday.

Oriental, Edgartown; Herbert C. Pease, W. M.; Fred C. Rodgers, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Pilgrim, Harwich; Mervin C. Hall, W. M.; Nathan C. Underwood, S. Meets 1st Thursday.

Plymouth, Plymouth; Milo C. Dodge, W. M.; Albert A. Saunders, S. Meets Monday on or before O.

Pythagorean, Marion; Chester A. Vose, W. M.; George I. Luce, S. Meets 2nd Tuesday.

Saint Martin's, Chatham; James N. Jerauld, W. M.; Erastus T. Bearse, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Social Harmony, Wareham; George W. Sutcliffe, W. M.; Nelson P. Hanley, S. Meets 2nd Friday.

A Few Suggestions
AS TO WHERE TO GO

California
Grand Canon of Arizona
Yosemite Valley
Lake Tahoe
Glacier National Park
Alaska
Yellowstone National Park
American Rockies
Colorado National Parks

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Star in the East, New Bedford; Philip H. Crandon, Jr., W. M.; Walter P. Morton, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Union, Nantucket; Reuben G. Coffin, W. M.; Maurice W. Boyer, S. Meets 1st Monday.

Eastern Star

New Bedford, New Bedford; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

Celestia, Vineyard Haven; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Oriental, Oak Bluffs; meets 2nd Monday.
Pleiades, Chatham; meets 3rd Monday.
Rexhame. Marshfield; Friday on or after O.
Gifford, Fairhaven; 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Dartmouth, New Bedford; 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Agawam, Wareham; 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Alcyone, Marion; 2nd Thursday.
Good-Will, Falmouth; 4th Thursday.
Masona, West Harwich; 3rd Tuesday.
Wellfleet, Wellfleet; 2nd Thursday after 1st Wednesday.
Hannah Shaw, Middleboro; 1st Monday.

I. O. O. F.

Cape Cod Lodge, Hyannis; Leslie S. Johnstone, N. G.; Henry L. Sherman, S. Meets every Thursday evening.

Exchange Lodge, Harwich; Alton Bearse, N. G.; Carrol T. Underwood, S. Meets every Monday evening.

Fraternal Lodge, Orleans. Meets every Wednesday evening.

Marine Lodge, Provincetown; N. G., Frank K. Williams; S., Francis S. Miller.

Hyannis Encampment; Leslie S. Johnstone, C. P.; William R. Blagden, R. C. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Chequonnoset Encampment, Provincetown; C. P., N. Edwin Lewis; Scribe, Francis S. Miller.
Wankinquoah, Wareham.

REBEKAH LODGES

Charity, Provincetown; Recording Secretary, Miss Mertie C. Kelley. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

Island. Nantucket; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Lydia B. Cook. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

Helping Hand, Duxbury; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Lucy J. Chandler. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Mary Allerton, Plymouth; Rec. Sec., Mrs. C. Lizzie Holmes. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

Weweantit, Wareham; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Lillis H. Hathaway. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Satucket, Harwich; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Louie E. Crowell. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Arbutus Lodge, Middleboro; George V. Elliott, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday.
Cape Cod Lodge, West Dennis; Hiram D. Loring, K. of R. & S. Meets Thursday evening.
Manomett Lodge, Bourne; Chester S. Wright, K. of R. & S. Meets Wednesday evenings.
Mashnee Lodge, Onset; Henry W. Smalley, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday evening.
Nobska Lodge, Falmouth; Arthur C. Eastman, K. of R. & S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Pilgrim Lodge, Plymouth; Alvin M. Watkins, K. of R. & S. Meets every Tuesday.
Wequaquet Lodge, Centreville; H. G. Lumbert, K. of R. & S. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

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Union, New Bedford; Richard Cliffe, K. of R. & S. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

GRANGES

East Sandwich; L. B. Boston, M.; Dorothy Nye Holway, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Bridgewater; Ernest Leach, M.; Grace C. Altier, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
Webster, Marshfield; Mrs. Walter I. Seaverns, M.; Walter I. Seaverns, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Mattapoisett; Charles T. Dexter, M.; Jane R. Stanton, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Rochester; J. N. Barrows, M.; Mrs. Annie B. Cowen, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Dennis; Andrew Creelman, M.; Gerard Chapman, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
Brewster; A. A. Cahoon, M.; Henry Allen, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
Pocasset; E. J. Lawrence, M.; Mrs. Lena F. Fuller, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
East Bridgewater; George F. Zwicker, M.; C. D. Meservey, S. 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
Acushnet; Robert E. Parker. M.; J. Geggatt, Jr., S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Yarmouth; Christopher Hall Howes, M.; Lawrence Hinckley, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Eastham; Winifred J. Knowles, M.; Jennie B. Smith, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
Cotuit; Lorenzo T. Gifford. M.; William H. Perry, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
Kingston; Ellsworth C. Bailey, M.; Carrie Dunbar Holmes, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
South Middleboro; John L. Benson. M.; Theo. Bearse, S.; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
West Wareham; Ruel S. Gibbs, M.; Mrs. E. F. Walsh, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Marion; Charles J. Wood, M.; Ernest S. Clark, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
Megansett, North Falmouth; Hiram F. Hall, M.; Alice M. McGraw, S. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
South Carver; Henry S. Griffith, M.; Ellis D. Atwood, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.
Lakenham, Carver; D. C. Warren, M.; Mrs. Grace Burgess, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
Harwich; E. Harold Ellis, M.; Abbie S. Nickerson, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
South Chatham; George W. Eldridge, M; Mrs. C. M. Cahoon, S. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

I. O. R. M.

Accomack Tribe, Plymouth. Meets Thursday except in May, June, July, August and September. During those months, meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
Cromesett Tribe, Wareham. Meets every Monday.
Iyanough Tribe, Hyannis. Meets every Friday.
Megansett Tribe, Bourne. Meets every Friday.
Monomoyick Tribe, Chatham. Meets every Friday.
Nashawena Tribe, New Bedford. Meets every Tuesday.
Nemasket Tribe, Middleboro. Meets every Friday.
Nippenickett Tribe, Bridgewater. Meets every Thursday.
Nonquit Tribe, New Bedford. Meets every Thursday.
Nunnepog Tribe, Edgartown. Meets every Wednesday.
Quivet Tribe, Dennis. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
Satucket Tribe, Brewster. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
Sconticut Tribe, Fairhaven. Meets every Tuesday.
Sippican Tribe, New Bedford. Meets every Monday.
Tataket Tribe, Falmouth. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
Wauwinet Tribe, Nantucket. Meets every Friday.
Webataqua Tribe, Oak Bluffs. Meets every Thursday.

(This list is necessarily incomplete. We shall be glad to receive the names of any other orders which have their homes on or near the Cape.)

CAPE COD
WILD BEACH PLUM JELLY
Piquant and Appetizing

Six glasses $1.25; 12 glasses $2.25; 2 glasses in tasty box tied with red ribbon, with card and appropriate verse, 50 cents; 2 glasses in little baskets, the whole in tasty box with card and verse, $1.00

Trial glass of C. C. C. (Cape Cod Conserve), a delicious combination of Cape Cod and other fruits, 15 cents.

Six 5 inch hand dipped pure Bayberry Candles, 75 cents.

All of the foregoing sent postpaid.

CAPE COD PRODUCTS CO., NORTH TRURO, MASS.

IF ITS LAUNDRY TRY

Robbins' Hand Laundry

KING ST., FALMOUTH, MASS.

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Clothing

For Men, Young Men, Boys

400 Washington St., near Summer St.,
Boston

Youth's Ambition Foiled

By FRANCES MASON

"Yep, John," concluded the suave real estate agent, with an air of professional indifference, "you'll find that cranberry bog all that I say it is, and more too; but, of course, if you don't want it, I'll tell Ezra Tompkins that he can have it."

"But I do want it, I tell you," said John. "Can't you give me the refusal until tomorrow evening?"

"All right, but Ezra is crazy for it, and if I sell it to you for only a thousand dollars, I must have cash down. Remember, the bog has been planted six years, and it's a bargain. Just thought I'd run over and let you know that Ezra was after it." The agent cranked his car and was off.

John Eldridge walked excitedly toward the post office. On his way he met his young wife, who slipped her arm through his and like two children, they ran along, leaping over a pile of scallop shells at the side of the road.

"Got the bog, John? I jes' saw you talkin' with the agent."

"He'll give me until tomorrow evening. I've got to get that money from mother, somehow. Let's take her over some fresh eels. Suppose you step into the dry goods store and buy her a nice gingham apron. That'll put her in a good humor tonight, and tomorrow I'll tackle her about the money."

"Make her give it to you, John. The money belongs to you. Don't be such a sissy."

On the following day, when John hesitatingly opened the back door of his old home, he found his mother finishing the week's washing. John closed the door with a decisive bang.

"Mother, I've come after my money. I've got to use it right off."

Mrs. Eldridge wiped her dripping face with her faded blue apron, rubbed the moisture

Barn, Boat or Buggy—

or *any* old thing can be made 'most new with Bay State Paints.

These paints are made in *this* State. Made in the practical, thorough way characteristic of *this* State. All kinds of paints for all purposes.

BAY STATE

Good colors and color combinations for your house, barn and outhouses. Paints for particular purposes from the coating and waterproofing of concrete to the enameling of chairs. It's *all* paint that preserves and beautifies.

Stop in and see any one of our dealers listed below. If you want to paint anything, they'll tell you what's best and how much you'll need.

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The Sign of the Pine

CHOICE SELECTION
of Suggestive Gifts from
CAPE COD
Bayberrie-ized Novelties
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SIGN OF THE PINE
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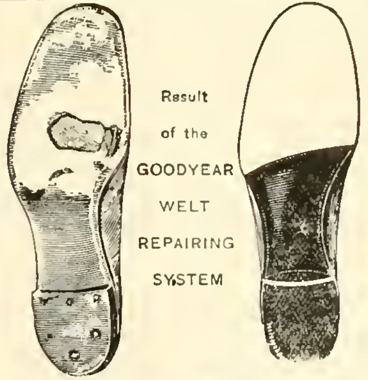
Result of the GOODYEAR WELT REPAIRING SYSTEM

We can do the same for your shoes

P. A. Nese
HYANNIS
Agents Wanted

When patronizing our advertisers, please mention this Magazine.

from her glasses and stared at him. Finally she asked, bluntly:

"What for?"

"That's my business," snapped John. "I'm a married man now, and no longer a child. When I sent my savings home to you I didn't know you were going to hang on to them like this."

"But, John, you're a child, and'll always be mother's blue-eyed boy. We used to have so much fun together saving nearly all your month's wages; and, John, you may not recollect that I added most of my milk and egg money to your savings. Yes, a new dress or bonnet was nothing to me if I could help you. My! My! It seems only yesterday that I cried all day long—that day you asked your father to bring you those first long pants. Can't give it to you, John," she sobbed wearily, as she tenderly drew him toward her.

"Will you give me that money, mother?" interrupted John, more quietly.

"Go 'way and ast your father. I can't do it today, anyhow."

"But, mother, this is for an investment," assured John.

"Guess your father and me has worked too hard for what we have to let you fool away your money on the first thing you see. How do you know that your 'vestment's any good? Better go get your father's advice."

"What's the use? Father doesn't believe in cranberry bogs. I'll get advice, all right, but it will be lawyer's advice." With that John rushed out of the wash shed and banged the door after him.

The old lawyer was willing enough to take the case, as for many years he had had a grudge against John's father. John and his own son were so near an age that the villagers had called them twins, so he felt safe in demanding the rights of a youth of twenty-one.

"If you must have the money by tonight, I don't see but what we shall have to jump into my flivver and hunt your father up at once," remarked the lawyer.

After considerable search, they saw Hiram Eldridge's old horse tied to the stump of a pine tree. Behind a tall hedge that he was

CHESTER BEARSE
Designer and Builder of Seashore Houses
Real Estate at
COTUIT, WIANNO, GRAND ISLAND, OSTERVILLE, CENTERVILLE, CRAIGVILLE, WEQUAQUET LAKE, HYANNIS PORT, SO. HYANNIS, WEST BARNSTABLE, and BARNSTABLE

Large track of land on Wequaquet Lake suitable for golf links. Near electric power line.

Land on seashore with the finest bathing beach on the Cape

ALSO NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMS

TYPEWRITERS
All Makes $15 Up

Factory rebuilt machines that look, act and wear like new Guaranteed for one year.

EXPERT REPAIRING on all makes of typewriters

ADDING MACHINES
An excellent new machine at $35. Non-listing, easy to operate, capacity $999,999.99.

Any machine you want shipped on trial.
Write us your wants. Bell Telephone 2652

NEW BEDFORD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
88 Union Street, New Bedford, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE ONLY INVISIBLE BIFOCAL
HAROLD ROHLINS
Optometrist
Manufacturing Optician
HYANNIS and FALMOUTH

INDIVIDUAL BAGS OF
Oriental Orange Pekoe Tea

1 BAG MAKES 2 CUPS
50 BAGS PACKED AND DELIVERED $1.10

ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

trimming for some summer people, Hiram was talking excitedly to his assistant.

"I work to hard," he was saying, "to let that boy fool away his money and make me keep him and his silly wife. He can storm and rage good and long before I'll give him one cent until he comes of age, and even then his mother shan't give up her trusteeship until we know what that money's going for."

"Guess you haven't much of a case, my boy," remarked the lawyer, somewhat disappointed and annoyed. "Why didn't you tell me that you were not of age?"

"Shall be in two weeks," meekly replied John.

"That takes all the wind out of your sails, young man. I can do no more for you."

The next day John met Ezra Tompkins at the grocery store.

"I suppose you're going to start work on the cranberry bog at once," questioned John, somewhat enviously.

"Bog be darned," drawled Ezra. "That agent must take me for a pretty big fool to give a thousand dollars for what ain't worth fifty. Zenus Brown worked more'n six years on that old bog an' never could make it pay."

When the government of Plymouth Colony was "enlarged" in 1685, a county seat was provided for Barnstable County. There was the usual rivalry for the location of the county buildings, the Gorhams desiring to locate them near the Yarmouth line, but the influence of Governor Hinckley and his assistants, Barnabas Lothrop and John Walley, prevailed, and the court house was built near the present center of the town of Barnstable. An extension of the Sandwich road through Barnstable, was laid out this year and the old foot bridges which sufficed for early travellers, gave way to more substantial structures.

Lewis C. Whiting of Falmouth has received an appointment as staff lieutenant to Col. Scott. He expects to be at the Plattsburg military training camp for four months the coming summer and hopes to receive his commission as major this year.

Pilgrim Heights ⟵ Provincetown
At the Tip End of Cape Cod
"Where Every Breeze is an Ocean Breeze"

A high, level plateau, 60 feet above the ocean, with the Atlantic on its East, Cape Cod Bay and Provincetown Harbor on the West and beautiful Pilgrim Lake directly on the North.

High land, cool breezes and splendid ocean views from every window in every cottage on every lot on Pilgrim Heights. On the ocean side. the surf is rolling in on the beach; at the left, on the Bay side, is the best bathing on the coast, on a quiet, sandy beach, perfectly safe and free from all sewerage and other impurities.

Pilgrim Heights is on the original tip end of Cape Cod. Just beyond, the picturesque sand dunes begin. The soil of Pilgrim Heights is rich and fertile and gardens thrive there. Every lot is on level land, overlooking miles of beautiful land and water scenery. A sunset from Pilgrim Heights is something to treasure in the memories of a lifetime.

An Ideal Spot for a Summer Cottage

Lots $100 to $500 each. Fine residences already on property. Water piped from Pilgrim Spring.

For further information apply to

E. E. PHILLIPS, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.
WINTER ADDRESS, DE LAND, FLORIDA

For Sale—25-Acre Farm
Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway Buildings are worth all we ask for the property. Will sel property as a whole, or any part to suit purchaser. Also beach property. Telephone connections.
John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

SPRUCEMERE
An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.
H. Coleman Pulsifer
Graduate Nurse
Telephone Connection FORESTDALE, MASS

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Falmouth Plumbing and Hardware Co.
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PLUMBING AND HEATING
in all its branches
Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils and Varnishes
As a specialty we carry a complete line of Kitchen Furnishings

Ben Berry Company

Marine Railways and Boat Shop

Everything in the Marine Line

Our specialty is repairing; and our experience and facilities are such that you can depend on having your old boat renovated and put into condition approximately new.

If we undertake to repair it, you may leave your boat in our care and feel absolutely assured that it will come back to you just as you want it. We do not accept a job under any other condition.

Deacon's Pond Harbor
Falmouth, - Mass.

POLLOCK RIP

By ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

The light ship stationed in Pollock Rip Slue, eight miles south-east of Chatham, Cape Cod, is considered one of the most dangerous and exposed on the Atlantic coast.

Down where the waves run "mast head high"
And the whistling winds go sounding by,
Where Neptune gathers in his toll,
'Mid the foaming rips of the Great Round Shoal;
Breakers everywhere to lee,
From Chatham Beach to the open sea;
Out of the whirl of this seething reach
A warning light o'er the ocean sweeps,
Where the fleeing sea birds swing and dip
In the dangerous Slue of Pollock Rip.

Oh! Light Ship, master of the deep
In calm and gale your vigil keep,
Your light gleams o'er the billows far
And your siren sings to the Mariner.
The scudding ship before the gale,
With heaving keel and tattered sail,
Has "made the light" and, danger past,
Once more at anchor, safe at last;
And the light still beams from this lonely ship,
In the dangerous Slue of Pollock Rip.

She guards her post with a master care,
And sends her warning call, "beware"—
All around are the treacherous shoals
Where Ocean's tragic tales are told;
The beach that stretches North from here
Is the "Ocean Grave-Yard", lone and drear;
Her light will shine and her siren sing
To guide the ships that are coming in;
It's a hardy crew that mans this ship
In the dangerous Slue of Pollock Rip.

Orleans, Mass., March 27, 1917.

Cape Cod Publishing Co.,
Sandwich, Mass.

Gentlemen:

In behalf of the Junior Class of the Orleans High school, we take this opportunity, through your columns, to thank our friends who so kindly subscribed for the Cape Cod Magazine and made it possible for us to win the contest.

Yours sincerely,
MARJORIE L. MOULTON,
Secretary.

Patronize our advertisers.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

Commissioners on Fisheries and Game

State House

Boston, Jan. 29, 1917.

Cape Cod Publishing Co.,
Sandwich, Mass.

Gentlemen:—

I enclose herewith check in payment of the first volume of the Cape Cod Magazine, and also for an annual subscription to the magazine.

I can see where this magazine, from year to year, will be of tremendous value to Cape Cod, not only in bringing forward a more consistent community development, but also in the more valuable field of acquainting the world with the great beauties of the region and its attractiveness, not only as a summering place, but also as a wonderful region in which to live the whole year 'round.

I take this occasion to assure you and the residents of the Cape Cod district that our commission is deeply interested in all its problems and we hope that, by a fuller exchange of opinions and closer contact as the years go by, all of us can work together to develop the great latent assets of the Cape, not only its salt water fisheries and shell fish, but likewise the great areas of land and inland waters which should be made far more productive in animal, bird and fish life.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity, I am,

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM C. ADAMS.

APPRECIATION

After many, many years the little magazine, Cape Cod, comes to me in this far away city, like a whiff of the pungent salt marshes. Like the fragrance of arbutus, lying buried beneath the dead leaves and pine needles; the first vivid life breaking through the hold of winter. A fragrance that thrills!

And I hear the waves of the bay, gentle or boisterous, lapping or lashing against my cockle shell boat as I merrily sailed out to the sunlit sea.

And the Dear Ones left there like "shells on the shore."

TO THE DEAR ONES

Cape Cod! What memories rise
And fall—into the abyss of the past.
A Requiem I would fling to the skies—
Those skies—wide and blue and vast.

"They" are but as shells on the shore,
From which the life has fled;
The Spirit is free forevermore,
For it lives—it lives! Say not dead!

——By Phoenix.

Why Wareham?

Because of its splendid location upon the shores of Buzzards Bay, it offers unusual attractions for summer residents. There are many available sites directly upon the water where both large and small residential estates may be acquired. It has splendid roads throughout the town and its facilities for supplying the needs of the summer resident are complete.

Write the Wareham Board of Trade for information. *JOHN J. BEATON, Sec.*

Telephone Connection
R. BIGELOW
Yacht Builder Designer
Yachts Bought and Sold, Repairing in All Branches
Marine Ways. Supplies of All Kinds.
MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

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Portrait and Landscape Photographer
HYANNIS, MASS.
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS
Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.
Studio in Rear of First National Bank

GIFT SHOP
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY
Silverware, Cut Glass, China and Novelties
Repairing
W. H. DENHAM, FALMOUTH, MASS.

J. J. McKINNON
UPHOLSTERER
HYANNIS, MASS.
Mattress, Cushion, Shade and Drapery Work
Work Called for and Delivered

THE WRECK

By HYDE BUXTON MERRICK

Why struggle more? The sands
Grip me around the heart
Like iron bands.
My useless sails flap free.
My wheel, unmanned, obeys
The preying sea.

The waves on which I flew,
Waves that I scorned and fought,
O'er me and through
My lofty sides have torn,
Fiends with revenge made mad.
The lone buoys mourn.

Ah, Sand! I knew you not:
That you a death-snare lie
In this dread spot.
Ah, set me free! Can you enjoy
My feeble death? What quarry this,
An ocean's toy?

Oh, Wind, my friend, with you
I'll still be free! Fill out
My sails anew!
Help me to join my kin!
How many times have waves
Our servants been!

What cry was that?—Death's form
Arises from the sea!
It is the Storm!
Its beating Furies all defy
My tottering defence——
And so I die!

DATA WANTED

"I take great interest in your magazine, for all of my ancestors are from the Cape and I doubt if any of your subscribers have a longer list of Pilgrim forefathers. Elder Brewster, Governor Winslow, John Howland, Elizabeth Tilley, Edmund Fuller, Dillingham, etc., are only a few of my ancestors. My great grandfather, the Hon. G. W. Bassett of Hyannis, was the first Senator, I believe, to Congress from Cape Cod and I hope some time to see an article in your magazine giving some facts of his most interesting career. My maternal grandfather, Roland Sears Hallett, also had a great honor bestowed upon him when asked by Silas Parsons of New York to go in search of Sir Wallace Franklin, the explorer, many years ago, but was obliged to decline on account of ill health. If you could give me any data on this subject, I would be deeply grateful, as all those who might have remembered have passed away. The correspondence was published at the time in some Cape paper."

Note—The above is an extract from the letter of a subscriber. If any reader has the information, we would be glad to give publicity to it.

FLOWERS

Seeds, Plants,
Trees, Shrubs

H. V. LAWRENCE
Falmouth, Mass.

CAPE COD
Home-Made Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Sweet Pickles and Marmalades.
Ellen F. Crocker
Barnstable, - Cape Cod, Mass.

A store on CAPE COD with a complete line of Wearing Apparel for Men, Women and Children. Where SUMMER RESIDENTS, as well as those fortunate enough to live here all-the-year-round, can find the right merchandise at the right prices.

SERVICE FIRST ALWAYS

Orent's Dept. Store, Inc.
The People's Store SAGAMORE

Complete Outfits for Golfers

JAMES OTIS

James Otis, Jr., was born in West Barnstable, 1725, graduated at Harvard College in 1743, practiced law in Barnstable and Plymouth, and removed thence to Boston. He was appointed advocate general at the Court of the Admirality, which position he resigned rather than sustain the application for the Writs of Assistance, which he opposed. His plea on this occasion has been adverted to as a masterpiece of eloquence and conclusive reasoning. He was elected a representative from Boston in 1761, opposed the stamp act in 1765, for which the next year the government negatived his election as speaker, to which he had been chosen. His pamphlet, "Rights of the Colonies Vindicated," was considered in England a masterpiece of good writing and conclusive reasoning. He was threatened with arrest by the government for his severe strictures upon the conduct of the commissioner of customs and of the ministerial party, he was assailed in 1769 by the commissioners and other ruffians, in a public room and was left covered with blood. The wound was not mortal, but it was seen that his intellect had been shattered. He died upon the year in which the liberties of his country had been acknowledged by the British nation.

Thomas Otis of Barnstable has been appointed clerk of the First Barnstable District Court, newly created by the present legislature.

It is reported that Commodore J. W. Miller has resigned his position as vice president of the Boston, New York & Cape Cod Canal Company.

The picture used upon our cover page this month is of an old windmill at Cataumet and the photograph was made by Small's Studio, Buzzards Bay.

Patronize our advertisers.

Big Aches from Little Toe Corns grow

Are you suffering from foot troubles because your last shoes were bought to please the eye and not fit the foot? There are thousands who are fitting the foot and at the same time pleasing the eye by wearing the Jordan Hygienic Shoes. Write today for our Booklet G, on

"Fallen arch; its cause, effect and cure"

Walter F. Jordan Co.,
INCORPORATED

Manufacturers and dealers in flexible arch supports, abdominal supporters, elastic stockings, etc.

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is absolutely essential
when you buy
JEWELRY
50 years of fair dealing ensures RELIABILITY
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A. C. GARDNER, THE JEWELER
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CAPE COD REAL ESTATE
See or Write
THOMAS H. NICKERSON
HARWICH PORT

Telephone Connection
George w. Miles, Ph. B.
CHEMICAL EXPERT
88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
International Code, "Acetate"
Analyses made of all products.

In the event of naval warfare, plans are being made for a patrol of motor boats along the entire shore of the Cape. Summer residents have put their boats at the disposal of the government for such duty and several of them are already being armed. The bridges upon the Cape and the canal are already heavily guarded.

Classified Advertisement Department

Advertisements under this head cost only 2 cents a word for each insertion. They are cheap and effective. Cash payment should accompany order. Why not give it a trial?

FOR SALE

AN ESTATE in Cataumet, Mass., consisting of large, eight-room house, two stories, steam heat, with stable and garage; also building suitable for servants' quarters. Good orchard in bearing; apple, pear, plum and mulberry trees. About 12 acres of land, extending from County road to shore. Apply for price and terms to H. D. Handy, M. D., Harwich, Mass.

REAL ESTATE

LEARN the Real Estate, Insurance and Brokerage Business. Our new book teaches all. Contains 121 subjects, 12 chapters. Write T. F. Young, Dennis Port, Mass., for free descriptive literature.

Farm of 20 acres, with large barn, sheds and poultry house, 5000 gallon water tank and gas engine. Farmer's house, 5 rooms and chamber, with cellar, hot and cold water, bath room. All in best of condition and at a very low price. Sold to settle an estate. 5 minutes from bathing beach. Also 25 acres wood land near same. At a bargain. Chester Bearse, Centerville.

ESTATE, consisting of 10-room house, barn in good condition, 30 feet square, and large hen house, which, alone, cost approximately $1,000 to build; 50 acres of upland, about 25 acres of marsh and 25 acres of woodland. On the State road, less than a mile from the beach. House partly furnished. This 100 acre estate, with buildings and furnishings, will be sold for less than it would cost to erect the buildings at the present time. Reason for selling: To settle an estate. Address, "Property," Care Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

WANTED—House on Cape Cod, in good location, for Tea Room and Gift Shop. Rent must be low, with privilege of purchase preferred. Address R, care Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

I have some valuable land in Brookline, Newton and Boston, which I would be willing to exchange for a shore estate on Cape Cod. Address, W. A. M., care of Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich.

ANYONE wanting an Old Fashioned Place, with plenty to do, apply to Box 67, East Orleans.

BOYS AND GIRLS

For a good opportunity to earn some spending money with a very little work, address, Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich.

AUTOMOBILES

INSURE your automobile with Hollis Burgess, agent for insurance of every description—fire, marine, accident, life, liability, etc.—15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

WANTED

YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN to represent the Cape Cod Magazine on Cape Cod this summer, preferably one who is working his or her way through college; to the right person, we will guarantee a steady and ample income through the vacation months. Address, Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

A companionable working housekeeper desired, age not over 35, capable Christian woman, for family of two. Address, Mrs. Frederic S. Wilcox, Pocasset, Cape Cod, Mass.

Highest price paid for old junk. Drop me a card and I will call. L. D. Hamblin, P. O. Box 72, Sandwich.

MAN for all 'round work in a Summer establishment on Cape Cod; for a man with the right qualities, a position could be found with the firm the rest of the year, in Boston, thus affording an opportunity to work on Cape Cod during the Summer and in Boston the rest of the year. A man who could develop into a good salesman preferred. This is an opportunity for a high school graduate to work his way up in one of Boston's oldest and best established concerns. Address, G. S. G., Care of Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

ORCHESTRA

FOGG'S Military Band and Drum Corps furnishes band and orchestra music wherever music is required. Send today for terms to John S. Fogg, manager, 53 West St., Brockton, Mass. Telephone 1816.

INSURANCE

INSURANCE is as necessary on Cape Cod as anywhere else. Place your insurance of every description—fire, life, automobile, yacht, accident, etc.—with Hollis Burgess, Agent for every line of insurance, 15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

STAMPS, COINS, ETC.

YE OLDE RESIDENTS—I want old coins and stamps; premium list of prices, 10c. F. R. Kimball, Room 124, 18 Tremont St., Boston.

PRINTING

SEND your orders for printing to the Courier Print Shop, Wareham, and get the benefit of good work, reasonable prices and prompt service. It is not a country printing office, but a printing office in the country and has an equipment fully equal to all demands.

TRY a Classified Advertisement on this page. It will bring results cheaply.

THE BUSINESS MAN

can find strength behind the doors of many financial institutions. But, when he wants **friendly counsel** and **helpful interest**, this Bank offers some advantages which are not always found elsewhere.

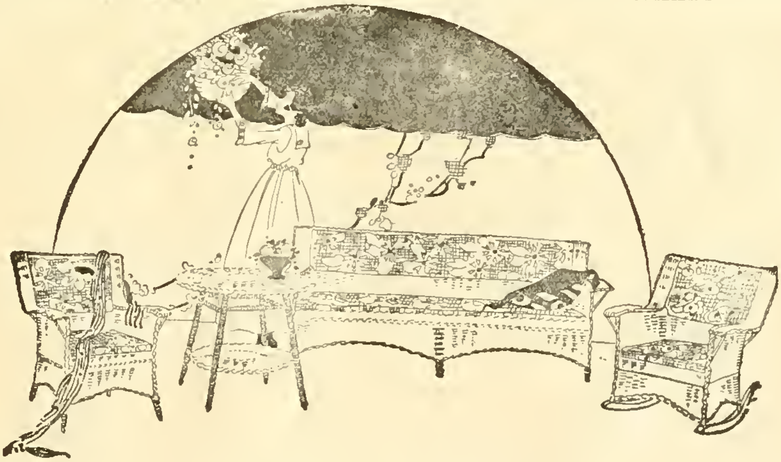
The Hyannis Trust Company

IRVING W. COOK
President

EDWARD L. CHASE
Vice President

WALTER B. CHASE
Treasurer

65,000 sq. ft. devoted to the display of things both practical and beautiful for the home.



Fifth in size in all New England and first in our territory. Stocks of quality. Prices most reasonable.

We Make a Specialty of Summer Furnishings

Stained reed or willow furniture in cretonne cushions of your own selection.
De Luxe and Vogue grass rugs.
Klearflax rugs to match any decorative scheme.
Window shades of Brenlin and Holland makes, regulation sizes or custom made
Vudor Porch Shades. Englander Couch Hammocks.
Out door furniture for porch or garden—rustic or clear maple, in natural varnished and Puritan grey finishes.
Lawn settees and tables.
Lawn mowers, hose, etc.
Refrigerators— Baldwin and Baldwin types.

Efficient work rooms connected with our drapery, shade, upholstery and carpet departments

Mail inquiries given our prompt and careful attention in keeping with the spirit of friendliness and willing service that exists throughout this store.

790 Purchase Street **THE C. F. WING CO.** New Bedford, Mass.

Seed—Seed—Seed

Grass and Garden Seed

A fresh stock and the PRICES are RIGHT

Go to the "Old Stand" for your

Farming Tools
Poultry Wire
Wire Cloth, Etc.

In fact we carry everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store

M. G. BRADFORD
Kitchen Furnisher

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BEACH AND COTTAGES, HYANNISPORT

HYANNIS, CAPE COD

By HENRY WATERMAN

HYANNIS is the natural centre of Cape Cod. Glancing at a good map of the Cape, one will see that roads radiate from Hyannis in every direction, to all parts of the Cape. These roads are among the best in Massachusetts, a state noted for good roads, thus making automobiling easy and pleasant. Hyannis, which is 80 miles from Boston, is very accessible by rail, the N. Y., N. H., & H. railroad operating eight or nine trains daily each way in the summer time and half that number the year 'round.

The coming 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown is sure to bring the Cape into even greater prominence than it has enjoyed in the last fifteen or twenty years. Contrary to general opinion, the Mayflower did not first drop anchor in the harbor of Plymouth, but in Provincetown harbor. As the Mayflower lay at anchor in Provincetown harbor, Bradford, Brewster, Carver, Standish and others drew up that immortal compact which no less an authority than the late Edward Everett Hale declared to be the forerunner of the American Declaration of Independence. In fact, Cape Cod is preeminently the land of the Pilgrims. Nearly 300 years ago the Pilgrims came in the Mayflower. Today a monument at Provincetown commemorates this landing of the Pilgrims and the signing of the compact. Modes of travel have changed. Today the Pilgrims go by train, by automobile, by boat. Cape Cod is a Mecca for people seeking rest and recreation, instruction and knowledge. In a real sense, Hyannis occupies a relation to the whole of Cape Cod that Jacksonville does to the Florida peninsula. In other words, Hyannis is the gateway to Cape Cod.

There are good hotels in Hyannis and in places near by. Hyannis, combining the advantages of shore and country with the unquestioned advantages of a reasonably compact settlement, offers an ideal environment for the casual visitor or the season guest.

Hyannis is on the south shore of Cape Cod and it is common knowledge that the water is warmer than on the north side. The shore is not rocky, as at many New England resorts, and there being practically no undertow, bathing may be enjoyed to the fullest extent. Furthermore, the ebb and flow of the tide is not particularly noticeable at Hyannis, so that bathing is good, regardless of tide.

In the old days, Hyannis offered the only large port of safety on the south side of the Cape, with the exception of Woods Hole, so that ship owners in every part of the country came to speak of Hyannis as Stayannis. Nearly 100 years ago the Federal Government appropriated about $10,000 for the building of a breakwater in Hyannis harbor and from time to time appropriations for repairs and extensions have been made. Ves-

A VIEW OF MAIN STREET

sels of deep draught are sure of a good roadstead at Hyannis and the numerous coves and inlets make Hyannis an excellent harbor for all kinds of small craft. Sail and row boats may be hired at reasonable rates by the hour or the season.

The country roundabout Hyannis is one of rare beauty. Carriage driving or motoring may be indulged in under the very best conditions, for the reason that all the trunk lines between Buzzards Bay and Provincetown, and all the connecting links are kept in good condition. It is safe to say that no part of New England affords better facilities for motorists than the country within 100 miles of Hyannis. The main street of Hyannis village is part of a state highway and any pleasant afternoon during July and August one may count automobiles and other vehicles by the hundreds.

Hyannis is a name suggestive of the Indians. Iyanough was the sachem of the Red Men in this region, and the name being variously spelled Janno, Ianno and Hyanno, in course of time became Hyannis. It is a pleasure to be able to say that no one has seen fit to do away with the name and to substitute some meaningless name. Attempts to improve on Indian and Colonial names have not as a rule been remarkable for intelligence.

Hyannis, although a village, or precinct, in the town of Barnstable, contains nearly half the year 'round population of the town, which is 4500. Inhabitants of South Natick and other cosmopolitan suburbs of Boston are usually very much surprised to find that Hyannis is not a town by itself. This mistake, however is perfectly natural. Using a term that is popular nowadays, it may be said that there is a greater Hyannis embracing a dozen or more villages and towns within an hour's motor ride of the village. Hyannis is the natural trade center of this section in winter and summer alike, with the result that the shops and stores as a whole have a stability that is not characteristic of the average resort. Many people doing business in larger places make their home in Hyannis and this number is steadily increasing. Hyannis dealers cater to a first class trade; what can be bought in the larger cities, can be bought in Hyannis. The permanent population of Hyannis is abreast the times.

The past season has seen a course of Sunday evening lectures carried out on the plan of Ford hall in Boston with such well known speakers as Mary Church Terrell of Washington, D. C., on the race question; James R. Brown, president of the Manhattan Single Tax Club of New York city; Mr. J. Porter Russell, vice president of the Franklin Square House, Boston; Mr. A. J. Philpott of the Boston Globe, one of the best known newspaper men in America; Mr. W. W. Paine of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and Mr. George W. Coleman, founder of Ford Hall Forum and former president of the Boston City Council. All this was carried through successfully under the direction of the Hyannis Board of Trade, with the aid of the Hyannis Woman's Club and a large number of private subscriptions. Next year a similar course is planned and the engagement of speakers is now under way. This Hyannis Forum is now affiliated with the National Congress of Forums, which is a nation-wide movement.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN BEFORE THE DAYS OF AUTOMOBILES

The Hyannis Board of Trade, organized in June, 1913, was an outgrowth of a purely social organization known as the Saturday Night Club. The Board of Trade has a large representative membership, with excellent

BOAT HARBOR AT HYANNIS

rooms in the heart of the village, opposite the railway station, and is a live organization. Meetings are held monthly and, as a rule, some out of town speaker is invited to address the organization, thus keeping the members in close touch with important questions and the attitude of thinkers towards such questions. Among the speakers the past winter have been: Joseph E. Perry, attorney for the Tax Commissioner's office, Boston, whose subject was the new income tax law; Charles F. Dutch, town counsel of Winchester, Mass., who spoke on new forms of town government; George F. Willett of Norwood, Mass., who spoke on the Norwood Commission form of government, and Hon. Grafton D. Cushing, president of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and former Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, who was attentively listened to on the subject of the United States and the present war.

The Board of Trade, at the present time, is organized as follows: President, Horatio S. Bond; vice president, Lucius K. Paine; secretary, Henry Waterman; treasurer, William G. Currier. The above, with Dr. John R. Baxter, Everett O. Bond and L. P. Wilson, constitute the Board of Management.

Hyannis is most fortunate in its Woman's Club, an organization of 125 women. The club began in 1900, was federated in 1901 and incorporated in July, 1916. Its regular meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month, from October to May, inclusive. The club has four departments—literary, art, social service and domestic science and a parliamentary law class—each of which holds meetings once in two weeks. The club has just built a fine new club house on Ocean street. It is a one story wooden structure, 75 feet in length, with a shingled exterior, and presents an attractive appearance.

The interior consists of an auditorium, a department room, a kitchen, and cloak and toilet rooms, and it has all the up to date conveniences in heating and lighting. The architect was Mr. L. Frank Paine of Hyannisport. The officers of the club are: president, Mrs. James Newell Smith; first vice president,

Mrs. William A. Baldwin; second vice president, Mrs. Irving W. Cook; recording secretary, Mrs. Walter D. Baker; corresponding secretary, Miss Helen L. Bayley; treasurer, Mrs. Arthur G. Guyer.

MAIN STREET, BUSINESS SECTION

The directors are: Mrs. William Lovell, Mrs. Samuel W. Hallett, Mrs. Frank P. Hallett, Mrs. Russell D. F. Hall, Mrs. Louis M. Boody and Mrs. George Eaton.

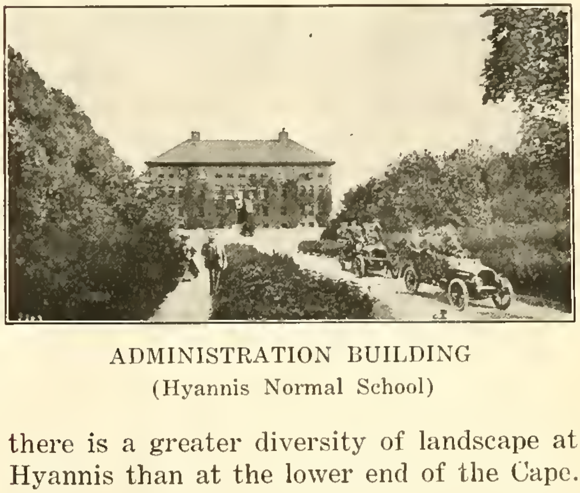
Since its organization in 1900 the club has had a part in all forward movements in the community and made its impress felt in various good causes. The Hyannis Woman's Club is an organization which on account of its high standing is looked up to and may be depended upon to assist whenever there is a call for helpful uplifting service.

Last September the Committee of the Barnstable County Y. M. C. A. thought it best to remove its headquarters from Sagamore to Hyannis, as this step would enable the Secretary to cover the Cape more readily and by having headquarters in Hyannis, he would be able to return home nearly every night. Work is carried on in Woods Hole, Falmouth, Cotuit, Sagamore, Bourne, South Yarmouth and Orleans. The aim of this association is to help lift to the highest standard the moral, social and religious life of the community into which it goes, working mainly with the boys and young men.

During every winter, a course of entertainments is provided, known as the Lecture Course. This enterprise is managed by a committee of men and women of the village and the course includes musical and dramatic programs and lectures. The talent in all cases is professional and provided by well known entertainment bureaus.

There is no milder climate in Massachusetts than that around Hyannis. Zero is almost unknown and considered decidedly cold. So-called cold snaps are few and far between and of short duration. What snow comes does not stay long. The late Professor Shaler of Harvard University, who was an eminent authority, made a study of climatic conditions on Martha's Vineyard, an island a very little distance from Hyannis, and he gave it as his opinion that the climate of this region is decidedly health-giving and particularly adapted to restoring the health of people affected by diseases peculiar to the congested and nerve racking life of big cities, where business and industry are carried on at high tension.

That part of Cape Cod which includes Hyannis is well covered with oak and pine trees. It is well to make this statement, because there is an impression in various parts of the country that the whole of Cape Cod is little more than a wind swept waste of sand. That this is not so, a trip from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown will easily disprove. The sky and the water in Provincetown have a softer tint than at Hyannis. On the other hand, there is a greater diversity of landscape at Hyannis than at the lower end of the Cape. People who make art a profession or a recrea-


ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
(Hyannis Normal School)

tion swarm to the Cape every summer and one of their reasons for doing so is this very variety of landscape and wealth of color, which only the trained eye can fully appreciate.

Reference has been made to boating and bathing and we may well add fishing, which is not only an industry, but, for many, a diversion. Those who do not know how to handle a boat will find reliable skippers in Hyannis and roundabout, men ready to take them to the fishing grounds on short notice. Most of these men have seen the world. They have been in China, Australia and Europe. They know what they have seen and they know how to talk about it. They are, in fact, genial and interesting men. Of the industry, it may not be amiss to say that in season fishermen from all over the Cape make Hyannis their headquarters. A fleet of these fishing boats at anchor or at the wharves at Lewis Bay or Hyannisport is a sight well worth seeing.

Hyannisport, although largely a summer colony, is a part of the precinct of Hyannis. Some years ago a man driving to Hyannisport was asked where he was going and on replying "To the Port", was met with the response, "Going to the dying old port, are ye?" It is safe to say that if the woman who made this remark were alive today and could see the Port, she would change her ideas. Some of the finest summer places on the New England coast may be found at Hyannisport. There is the castle-like residence of George B. Holbrook of Springfield, while a little beyond is the beautiful colonial residence of the Hon. Thomas Taggart, proprietor of the famous French Lick Springs, Ind. Elsewhere is the residence of James M. Prendergast, of the Boston Elevated Railway. In another direction one sees the handsome dwelling and grounds of Harry T. Dunn, of the Fiske Tire and Willys Overland Companies. At Hyannisport is one of the finest 18-hole golf courses in New England and towering high above all is the beautiful Episcopal church of St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea. There is a first-class hotel at Hyannisport and there are other hotels providing all the comforts of home, if not the last word in hotel construction.

FISHING VESSELS AT HYANNIS WHARF

In the early days of Hyannis there were extensive fisheries and packing establishments, which were a large factor in the wealth and prosperity of the village. Ships were once built in Hyannis, by Abner Lovell, at the foot of Sea and Ocean streets, and many vessels were also built on the land running from what is now the Ferguson House to the bay at the south. The manufacture of salt was a thriving business around Hyannis, as it was all over the Cape, and acres of vats dotted the eastern and southern shores.

The importance of Hyannis at an early date is shown by a vote of the selectmen of the town of Barnstable, who, in 1742, permitted Elisha Lumbert to build a wharf, and in 1778 Capt. Sturgis Gorham was granted leave to build a wharf and store-house at Lewis Bay. The first house in Hyannis was built by Edward Coleman and in 1703 Jonathan Lewis built the second house. In 1823 Seth Baker kept store in the leanto of his dwelling and later Lewis Thacher kept the Red Store, which stood on the south side of Main street, near the present railway station.

In those days Hyannis people did most of their banking at Yarmouth, but later the First National Bank of Hyannis was organized and July 1, 1916, this bank became the Hyannis Trust Co., and is a financial enterprise of considerable size. The president of the company is Irving W. Cook, who took the position upon the death of Abel D. Makepeace, who was known as the cranberry king. Mr. Cook, who had been cashier, was succeeded by Walter B. Chase, now treasurer of the Trust Company.

LEWIS BAY BY MOONLIGHT

A good example of the growth of Hyannis is shown by comparing the present post office with the office of 1850, which boasted nine boxes.

Mention of Mr. Makepeace, the cranberry king, reminds one that cranberry culture is a big industry on Cape Cod, and it is hardly extravagant to say that Cape Cod cranberries are the principal export of Barnstable and Plymouth Counties. Incidentally it may be said that Cape Cod cranberries are grown in New Jersey and Oregon, just as Vermont maple syrup used to be made in Chicago. Those who are familiar with classical history will probably recall that seven towns claimed to be the birth place of Homer. How many towns have claimed the paternity of the cranberry is beyond calculation, but it is safe to say that cranberries may be seen growing in and near Hyannis and a cranberry bog, just before the picking, is as pleasing a sight as an orange grove in Florida, or a peach orchard in Georgia. It may surprise some to learn that cranberries grow on ground creeping vines, because people have been known to think they grew on bushes, like huckleberries.

While we are talking about "literature", there are some who have probably read that fine story called "Uncle William." Uncle William said that when his conscience troubled him he usually went clamming. Anyone who has a troubled conscience has only to take Uncle William's advice to forget all about it, for his back will trouble him more than his conscience. Even so, many summer people go clamming and find it great sport.

Indoor diversions are as numerous as at any other place. Dancing, billiards and bowling are well provided for and the Idlehour puts on as fine films as may be seen in the big cities. It is not necessary to go to Boston or New York to see Mary Pickford or Francis Bushman, or even "Civilization."

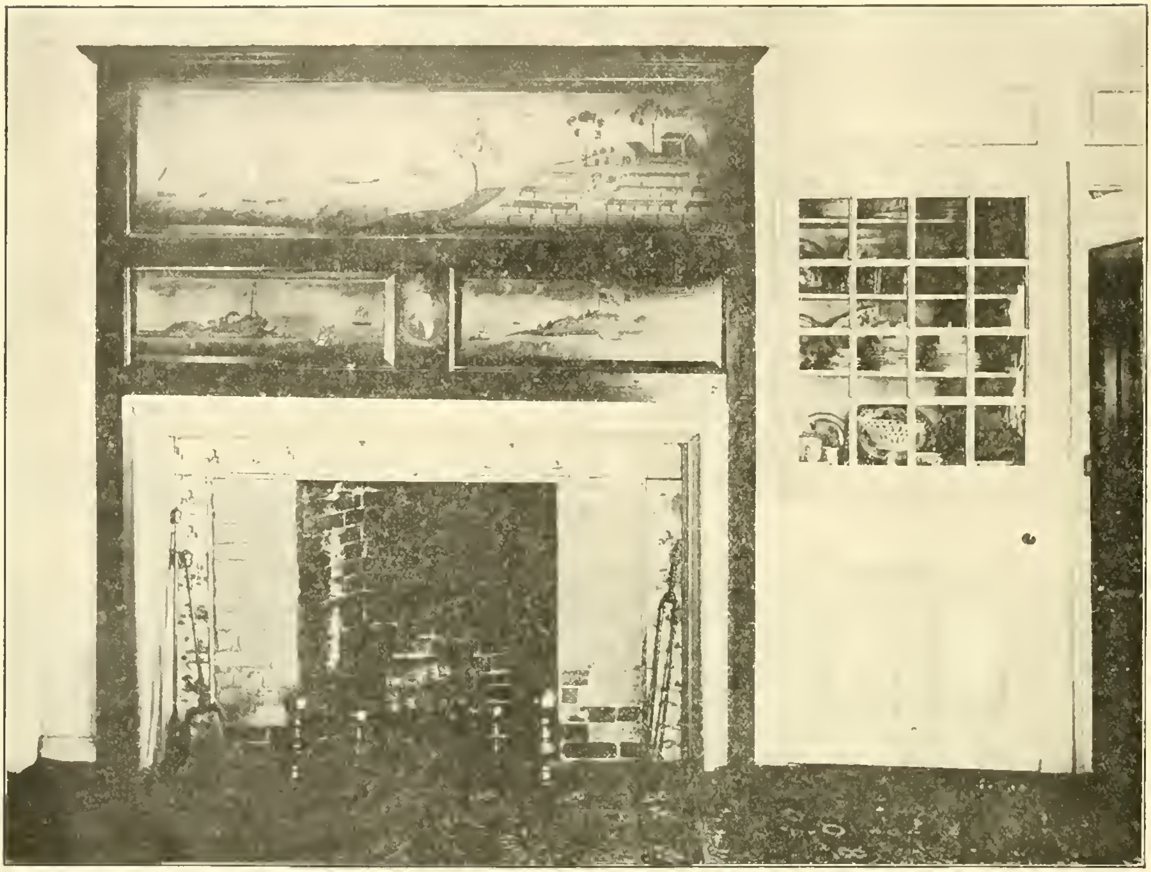
Daniel Webster, who was a frequent visitor on Cape Cod, said that one's education had been neglected if it did not include a trip to Cape Cod. In the vicinity of Hyannis are many points of interest and excursions to these places may be made with pleasure and profit. The quaint old village of Yarmouth is only about 3 miles from Hyannis. It is a typical Cape Cod community and may be reached by train, road and even by boat. A trip to Shoot-flying Hill, five miles away, is worth while. From the hill, on a clear day, may be seen the whole of Cape Cod and the entire mainland as far north as Plymouth. Wequaquet Lake, at the foot of the hill, is a beautiful nine mile expanse of water, dotted with many islands and a favorite resort for fishing and boating.

Buzzards Bay, where Gray Gables, the former home of Grover Cleveland, and Crow's

(Continued on page 21)

AN OLD YARMOUTH FIREPLACE

By ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS



FIREPLACE IN OLD THACHER HOUSE

A little away from the Main street of Yarmouth, and nearer the north shore, has stood for nearly, if not quite two hundred years, a house which in some respects probably cannot be duplicated in all Cape Cod. There is nothing about the exterior of this old homestead, however, which is especially unlike many another in Yarmouth, and neighboring towns, and it is only upon entering that the visitor, if unprepared, finds a most interesting surprise. The long living room, with its eight doors, is, in itself, somewhat out of the common, particularly as several of these doors have been artistically grained to represent a basket of fruit, a plate of fish, or other figures suitable to the rooms to which the doors lead.

The visitor's greatest interest, however, will be in the parlor, or "fore room", where an elaborate and well preserved fireplace is to be found.

The old house is said to have been built by Judah Thacher, a grandson of Anthony Thacher, who was one of the "grandees" and early settlers of the town, an ancestor of the many Thachers still living throughout New England, as well as elsewhere. Upon the death of Judah Thacher, the house passed to his son, David. This man was also prominent in his day, having for twenty-seven years represented Yarmouth in the State Legislature. He was, too, a Senator for this County for two years, a member of the Committee for forming the State, and also for ratifying the national Constitution, and for fifteen years was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Barnstable County. His death occurred in 1801, at the age of seventy-two years. A man of influence and wealth, we may well believe the statement which has come down to us, that Esquire Thacher fitted up this parlor in a manner conforming to his own taste and social standing, and for the entertainment of his grand company, and it remains today as left by him more than a hundred years ago.

In this old room the woodwork extends to the ceiling, that over the fireplace being of polished mahogany, and decorated with paintings of considerable pretension, said to have been the work of a French artist. The scene on one side is supposed to represent the lights at the entrance to Boston harbor as existing at that time; the other gives a view of Fort Warren. Between these is a medallion portrait of George Washington, while beneath this are the words, "The President of the United States," this indicating that the work was done sometime during Washington's administration. Above these paintings, extending the width of the fireplace enclosure, is a picture of the house in which is this room, with a display of fish flakes sloping down to the water, Sandy Neck, and the harbor, and several vessels in the curious rig of that date. Around the fireplace is a series of quaint porcelain tiles, probably of Dutch make.

The old house has now passed away from possessors of the Thacher name, being at present occupied by Mr. Gordon Hallett and family, who have taken great care to preserve the ancient fireplace in all its original grandeur.

The Strange Adventures of Davie Snow

AN INCIDENT OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR TIMES GLEANED FROM THE PAGES OF AUTHENTIC HISTORY CONCERNING A CAPE COD BOY

BY LEMUEL C. HALL

Chapter Two

WHEN the fog closed in and shut off the view of the cutter from those on the shore, upon that afternoon in the fall of 1775, a chapter of adventures began for Davie and his father, which sound like fiction but which are vouched for by authentic records which have come down to us through the years.

Upon the deck of the privateer the prisoners faced the captain and begged to be released, telling him that they were harmless fishermen and had done no act for which they could be held prisoners. The captain heard their plea scornfully. Rebels they were and as rebels they should be punished. He gave them one alternative, however. "Join our crew, swear allegiance of His Majesty, King George, and you will be well treated and given a share of any prize money we may win."

It is to be feared that Davie and his father did not present a very impressive appearance to their captors' minds, yet there was a flash of defiance in their eyes as they scornfully refused the offer.

"Old as I am," said Mr. Snow, "I had rather rot in irons than fight against my country."

Davie, too, was defiant. "Young as I am, it will never be told that I was a traitor," he shouted.

So what could their captors do but clap them in irons? Rebels must be taught that King George could not be safely defied.

"To England I will take you, and if we do not hang you for being rebellious hounds, you will rot in prison until you learn that England shows no mercy to such spawn as you."

So to England they were taken. The voyage was long. The privateer took many prizes and below decks there were chained many other prisoners beside Davie and his father. The chains galled their ankles, the air was foul and dark, they were kicked and buffeted by their jailers and fed on scraps of food that stank.

At Plymouth, they were put ashore. chained together, and marched to London. They were spit at and cursed as they passed along the streets and when the doors of "the Old Mill" prison finally closed upon them, they were glad of the asylum against abuse that it offered them. But the abuse they had met upon the way was as nothing to what awaited them there. English prisons, at their best, or worst, were notorious, to say the least. They were filled with vermin, both human and insect. Chained to the walls, the prisoners cursed the day they were born and prayed for death to release them. Foulness that cannot be imagined surrounded them and it is no wonder if hearts were broken and brains tortured to madness.

Forgotten—apart from the world, cut off from freedom, left to die, tortured in mind and body—three years passed and still they lived.

"Father," Davie moaned, "shall we never see home again? Is mother dead? Why don't they kill us?" But even death seemed denied them. Hopeless was their case.

But not for always can such things be. There came a time when they were taken from the dungeon and, with other prisoners, given work in the quarries. Chains were attached to their ankles, at the end of which were heavy cannon balls. With hammers and mauls, they pounded away all day upon the rocky ledges and when night came, they were herded together in camps watched over by sentries with muskets. Hard as the work was, it at least gave them a chance to breathe the pure air and they gained strength and courage.

On night, after the day of toil, Davie whispered to his father: "Father, I have found a bit of file." Ah, what a find! What a treasure, and what hope it gave. Each working upon the chains of the other, nights passed as the bit of file gradually wore through the iron links. The bright part was covered with mud during the day and escaped the notice of the guards.

Then there came a day when the chains were nearly filed through, when a quick blow with a stone would complete their freedom. Then came days of waiting for a chance to make their escape. Finally there came a night when the guards seemed less watchful over the slumbering camp.

Davie freed himself from his chain and wriggled through the mud on a scouting trip of investigation. He found the way clear. The guards were asleep. The long looked for chance had come.

"Father," he whispered, "come!"

Like snakes they crawled through the grass, by the sleeping pickets and out upon the broad moors. Then they ran. Through the night they hurried on, shrinking behind hedges and trees, and by morning they were miles away from the prison camp. Free! No, not free, for they were still in England, hunted like the beasts of the woods. How they ever escaped recapture is a miracle yet unsolved. Many times they were on the verge of discovery, but pluck and luck pulled them through.

Scarcely knowing where they were, they travelled onward, stealing food from the farmhouses at night or going hungry, as the case might be. At last they reached a town and skulked about its outskirts. They got a glimpse of the sea and it gave them hope. They prowled along the shore, without plan or purpose. Finally they came upon an old water-soaked scow cast up on the beach. They were able to launch it and upon this unstable craft they gave themselves up to the drift of the tide.

Morning came and with it a greater chance of discovery. During the night they had drifted some distance from shore. In the distance was a sail. It came nearer and they saw that it was a small fishing boat. The floating scow attracted attention and the boat came nearer to investigate. "Help! Help!" shouted Davie and his father in unison.

They feigned weakness and were taken from their scow to the deck of the boat. There they were questioned and told a story of having been engaged in work along shore upon the scow, which had broken moorings and drifted out to sea with them upon it. This story was believed, for their deliverers had no reason to think that they were prisoners who had escaped. They were given food, but after a while the two men, who constituted captain and crew, became suspicious because of their speech, which was not like that of English fisher-folk and sounded strange in their ears. They little suspected, however, that they were harboring traitorous Yankees so far from their native land.

Becoming aware of the suspicion, Davie and his father soon realized that something must be done, for once ashore again they would be discovered and taken back to prison.

At last one of the men went below, leaving only one man at the wheel on deck. Davie, being stronger than his father, who had been weakened by age and hardship, crept stealthily toward the stern without attracting the attention of the wheelman.

Suddenly he grasped a fishing net and threw it over the head of the surprised man. While he struggled to free himself Davie shouted to his father to close the hatch and imprison the other man below. This was accomplished and soon the man at the wheel was properly tied and laid away on the deck.

At last freedom seemed in sight. They had a boat at their command and with a boat a Cape Cod man can feel himself a free man anywhere. The course was changed away from the English coast and out to sea. They had neither chart nor compass and could only steer toward the west, hoping that the wind would hold fair until they should have passed from sight of land and the darkness enshrouded them.

Night came on and still they sailed before the fair wind. America was westward and westward they were going. There was the "big dipper" pointing toward the north star and what better compass can a Cape Cod skipper desire?

Could they cross the Atlantic in that little boat? How could they live without food or water? They knew not, but, like many other Cape Cod sailors before and since, they trusted in Providence. Throughout the night they stood watch and listened to the curses of the trussed up Englishman on the forward deck and the ravings of his imprisoned companion in the cabin.

Morning dawned and with it they saw a sail upon the horizon. It came nearer and nearer. It was a frigate-of-war and their hopes began to wane. Recapture seemed certain and a return to that life from which they had escaped. Or would they not be treated as pirates and hanged at the yard arm? The latter alternative seemed almost preferable.

Nearer and nearer came the ship. A shot went skipping across the bows of the little boat as an invitation to stop and be investigated. There was nothing else that could be done. They lay to and awaited the workings of fate.

A cutter was launched from the frigate and came alongside. An officer in gold lace stepped aboard and made inquiries in a strange language.

His words could not be understood by either Davie or his father, but they thought it must be French that they were listening to, and hope dawned again in their hearts.

France was the friend of America and the enemy of England, at last they were in friendly hands. But here a misunderstanding arose. The Frenchmen were naturally puzzled at the situation they found. Here was a man and a boy, English, apparently; there was a trussed up man on the deck, and from below came the cursings of the man imprisoned there. Strange conditions, these.

Anyway, they were prisoners to the French, and, amid many shruggings of shoulders, the French took the small boat in tow and went on her course for France. Of course the prisoners were English. They talked the barbarous English language, and Yankees could hardly be expected to be come across in the English channel at that time.

They arrived at a port in France and there succeeded in telling their story to a French official who understood English. They were given their freedom and their story soon be-

Continued on Page 17

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Cape Cod Interests
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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
(P. O. Address, Wareham, Mass.)
SAMUEL B. CORR, BUSINESS MANAGER
(P. O. Address, Sandwich, Mass.)

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VOL. III MAY, 1917 No. 1

Editorial

CAPE COD IN WAR

IT is a matter of historical record that the men of Cape Cod have shown their patriotism in all previous wars and in the present crisis they will do their full part—and more. In all previous wars the men of the Cape have preferred the naval service rather than with the land forces, although both branches of the service were well supplied with Cape Cod men. Already a large number of our young men have volunteered for service in the Coast Defense Patrol and some of them have gone upon active duty.

As we understand the plan for coast defense, the Cape is divided into two naval districts. From Chatham to Eastport, Maine, constitutes the first district, and from Chatham to New London, Conn., the second district. The duty of the men who enroll will be confined to whichever district they choose.

Off shore, at a distance of some 70 miles, will be the first line of coast defense, consisting of the larger units of the United States navy. Inside this line will be held the fast cruisers and the coast itself will be patrolled by the class of boats known as submarine chasers, which, for the most part, consist of pleasure boats of great speed, armed to do execution against submarines and manned principally by the men of the Coast Defense Patrol. In the harbors will lie the fast and powerful torpedo boats, ready to respond to any wireless call should a lurking enemy be sighted.

This plan of defense seems adequate and efficient and there is little chance that any roving sub-sea terror will ever get by these defenses to threaten anyone living on the land. We may rest secure in the power of our government to protect us and may go about our usual pursuits without fear of harm. Our summer residents need not be deterred from their usual pleasures. They can bathe, boat and fish with impunity and be as secure as though they were in their inland homes.

Meanwhile every Cape Cod man will be preparing to do whatever he may be called upon to do when the time actually comes to rally to the defense of the country and the call of the president.

* * *

ALL points of danger are being guarded, either by the National Guard, or by volunteers serving as unofficial home guards. Companies are drilling in nearly all the towns upon the Cape. Young men and old are preparing to do their duty and there will be no "slackers" so far as the men of Cape Cod are concerned. Our patriotic summer residents have placed their boats at the disposal of the government and many of them have already been armed and are doing duty. While our

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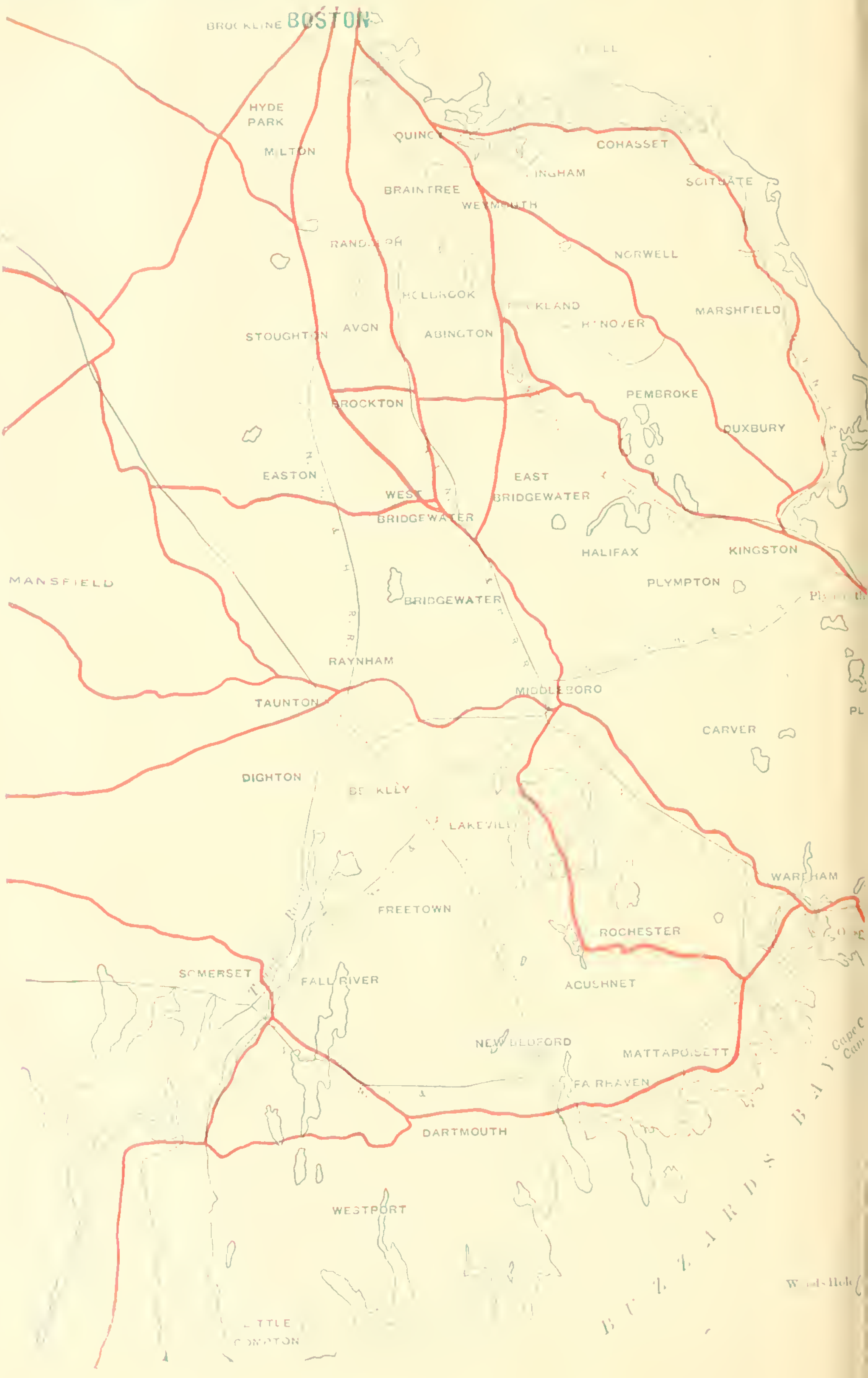
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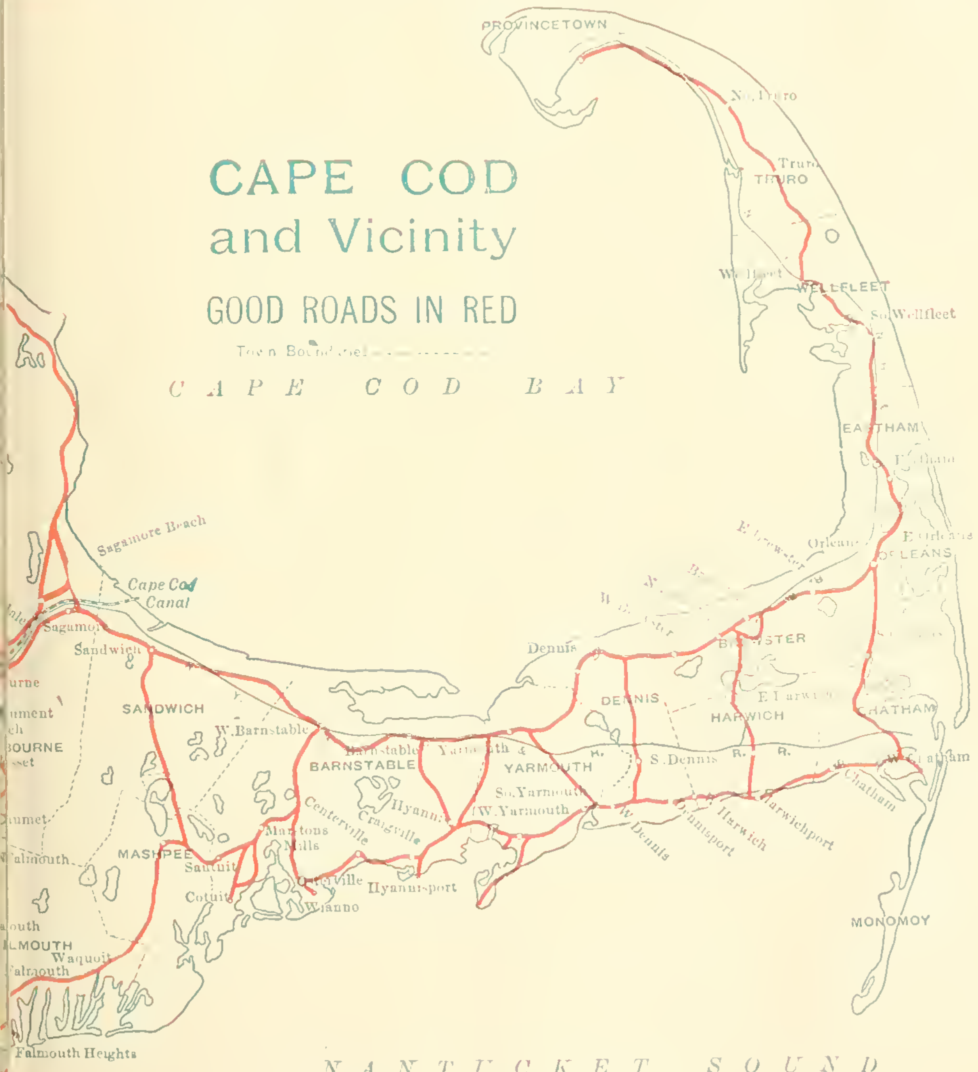

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summer activities may in no way be abridged there will be a tightening all along the line. Measures for preparedness will occupy our spare time and serious things will occupy our minds. Local committees of Public Safety have been formed and our resources are being mobilized. Men, women and children will have their part to play and Cape Cod, particularly, will be foremost in setting an example that other sections of the country may well follow.

*

PREPAREDNESS does not altogether consist of military and naval activities. The most important measure of preparedness which we must take consists in the utilization of our natural resources to their fullest extent. All spare land must be cultivated and waste must be eliminated so far as is possible. Every family should have a home garden and women and children should do their share in cultivating them while the men are engaged in their other work. The war is preeminently a war of resources and in that respect we can all add our weight to the determining of the issue.

*

DURING the impending struggle, the Cape Cod Magazine will continue its publication so long as it has a mission to perform and, should the time come when it can assist the common cause in any way, its full resources will be at the command of the people we represent. The press can play an important part in life in these strenuous and critical times and that it will play it well goes without saying. If a censorship is established, we will abide by it to the letter and in giving publicity to such matters as the public needs to know about, we shall do all that lies within our power.

WHILE war is bound to be uppermost in all of our thoughts, we should not allow it to exclude us from following our usual vocation. We do not need to think about war all the time, nor allow it to interfere with our business. We should be moderate in our expressions and carefully avoid discussions which will tend to excite the passions of others. We should be considerate of the feelings of those who, by racial differences must remain neutral and ever bear in mind the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

*

PLANT an acre if you can and if you can't, plant what you can. We need all that our land can produce. It is said that the world is facing a shortage of food supplies. Let there be no shortage on the Cape.

*

THE Cape Cod Canal is proving its value at this time and traffic through it is increasing daily.

*

The Strange Adventures of Davie Snow

came known and they were treated like heroes and made much of. At last they had arrived among friends and believed that their tribulations were over.

They learned that the war in America was still going on and rejoiced to find that their countrymen were receiving the aid of France, that LaFayette was one of Washington's trusted officers and that the friendliest of feeling existed between the two countries.

Now we might expect that their adventures were drawing to an end, that they were soon to be able to return to America and Cape Cod, but such was not the case. It will take another chapter to tell what befell them between then and the day when the rosy-cheeked maiden was to exclaim: "It's either Davie Snow or his ghost!"

(Continued Next Month)

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL

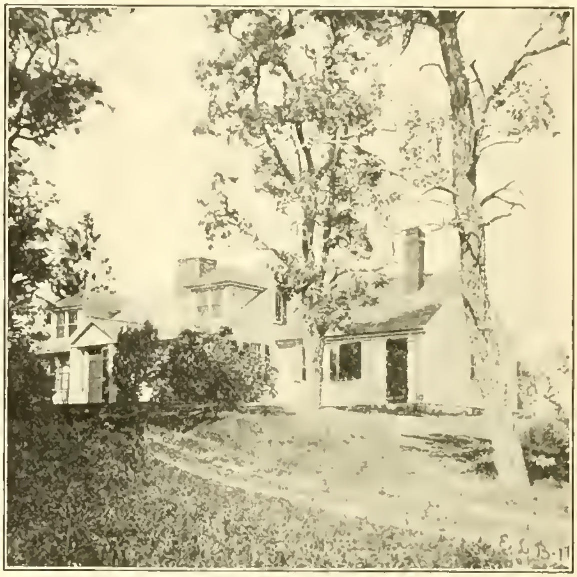
By LYDIA BURGESS BROWNSON

IN Colonial days, when our great grandfathers were dependent upon fireplaces to keep their homes warm, they invariably built their houses facing towards the south, so that the warm sunshine streaming in at the windows might augment the heat from the fire of crackling logs that burned on the wide hearth. A striking example of this fact is found in Nantucket, where, paradoxically, the front of so many of the old houses is in their back yards and the back doors open towards the street. But perhaps that was not so inappropriate, as in those days when all neighbors were friends, most of the calling was done by way of the back door. Those gray old doorways call up pictures of competent New England matrons, dressed in plain print gowns, with capacious sun-bonnets on their heads, going "to spend the day" with a neighbor.

The only house that I know of in the town of Bourne that, like these old gray houses of Nantucket, faces the south, is the Burgess House at Monument Beach. One of the interesting things about this house is that its early history is dimmed by time, just as the details of a landscape are dimmed by distance. Although always referred to as the Burgess House, and although it has been in that family for nearly a hundred years, it was originally the home of another family.

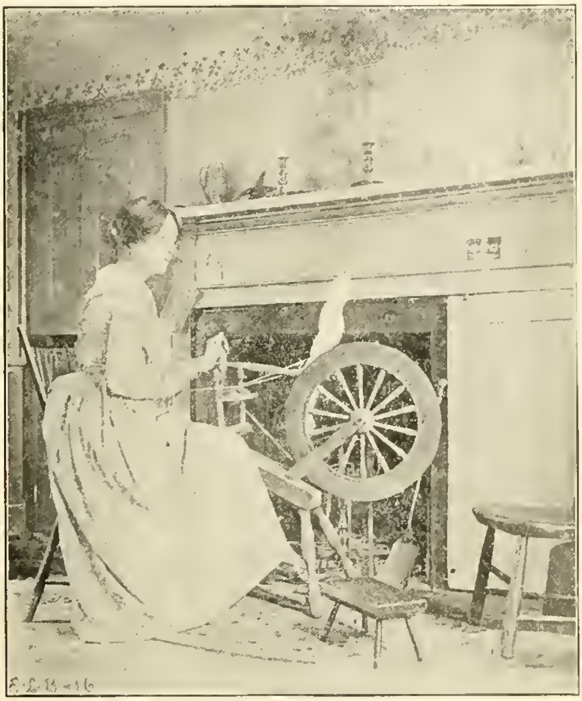
Neighborhood lore has it that the house was built by Caleb Perry in the middle of the eighteenth century. Imagination pictures him and his neighbors gathered at a building bee, raising the great hewn timbers, mortised together and secured by wooden pins. The first day saw the frame work completed. Then he himself slowly finished the house—two front rooms and a big kitchen, each with its great fireplace. Hewn beams crossed the ceilings and small paned windows let in the sunshine, where it fell in bright patches on the sanded floors.

Here he brought his young wife and here they spent their happiest hours. We can imagine her carding and spinning the wool that the husband has sheared from their own little flock of sheep. Then we see her before her loom, weaving it into blankets or cloth for warm winter clothing. Or we can see her seated, like Priscilla, beside her flax wheel at one side of the big fireplace, while her John, on the other side, cobbled their boots. Or we can imagine her making great balls of golden butter and tying it to the well sweep and lowering it into the cool depths of the well—her only refrigerator. On Fridays she built a fire in the great brick oven and on Saturday morning it was ready for the week's baking of pies and brown bread and baked beans and Indian pudding.



THE BURGESS HOUSE

Then there were days of soap making and candle making—apple bees, when the neighbors met to peel and string their apples ready to dry for winter use—quilting bees, when some intricately patterned quilt was made ready for use—or husking bees in the autumn. After sunset, the men gathered from their work in the fields or gardens and the women served a hearty supper in the big kitchen, lighted by tallow dips placed on the mantle and on the wide planks that served as temporary tables. Then later, after a long evening, when the young folks played games and the women sat with their knitting and the men discussed the crops and local affairs, they all went to their homes, scattered here and there along the winding country road.



SPINNING FLAX

Perhaps, in the days that followed the ride of Paul Revere, some other rider stopped at the door, shouted a word and was off. Then the husband dropped his work in the hayfield or the garden, seized his flintlock, and, after a hurried good bye, joined his neighbors, who were hurrying towards Falmouth, in answer to the alarm sounded from that town.

As the years passed, children came into the family, were rocked in the home made cradle and took their first steps on the wide kitchen floor. Then the silver began to show in mother's hair and father's shoulders began to stoop. Sons and daughters took over the work in the fields and in the big kitchen. Weddings followed and the young people went out to homes of their own. Finally one son brought his wife to the old home, and at last the old people were content to spend their days by the chimney corner. Then there came a day when they were no longer in their accustomed places and a younger Baucis and Philemon dispensed hospitality to neighbors and passing guests.

Succeeding generations of Perrys lived in the house—now beginning to be an old house. One grandson turned the old kitchen into a store and sold groceries to his neighbors. A great doorway was made "big enough to roll in a hogshead of molasses" and the wide stone doorstep which he put in place proved to be the play house of many a little girl.

It is impossible to say just when the house passed out of the Perry family, but in about 1830, Ezekiel Thacher was living there. Thacher was a blacksmith and a shop and forge were built in the apple orchard near the street. We can imagine the farmers stopping to have a horse shod and staying to gossip over town affairs while the clink of hammer and the roar of the bellows sounded cheerily.

A year or two after this the house again changed hands and became the property of Seth S. Burgess. Once more it was the home of a newly married couple, for in 1832 Mr. Burgess brought his young wife here. And now the old house that once had seemed large enough was considered too small. Another kitchen, with another fireplace and big brick oven, was added. Mr. Burgess brought his mother here to live and added an ell consisting of four more rooms. The house became a succession of rambling ells, extensions and additions. Young locust trees were set out along the road and around the house and lilacs and rose of sharon were planted under the windows.

This was the period of the supremacy of the American merchant marine and Mr. Burgess, like so many of his Cape Cod contemporaries, became Captain Burgess. And now things began to appear in the old house, brought home from the different trips—a collection of shells from the coast of Africa;

a piece of the Rock of Gibraltar; a silk shawl from China; calicoes from South America; a marble topped table, of intricate mosaic design, from Italy. Paintings of the ship "Mondamin," with all sails set, entering the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, or of the barque "Clara" sailing from Leghorn, were hung upon the walls. After each trip there were tales to be told of experiences and adventure—of storms, when the ship flew "bare poled" before the wind, or of days when it lay in the doldrums, with sails flapping idly. But, unlike most of the Cape Cod captains, Captain Burgess never had any tales of shipwreck or disaster to tell. In fact, he was such a lucky and such a wise ship master that the owners of the vessels he sailed never used to insure a ship when Captain Burgess was in command.

Sometimes the house on the hill was closed for a few months and the wife and family went on a voyage with him. After such a trip there were more new things in the old house. The old Windsor chairs and carved sofa were banished from the parlor to the kitchen and heavy mahogany chairs and sofa covered with haircloth, were given the position of honor. The worn rag carpet was replaced with a new one from Brussels. One of the first pianos in the town came to this old house on the hill. Although more than fifty years have passed since then, and the ivory keys are yellow with age, the tone of this old piano is still good.

The spinning wheels and loom had been relegated long since to the garret, where dust began to cover them, and spiders to weave their webs from their silent wheels.

Still other changes came. One day a little pewter lamp, with heavy glass reflector, made its appearance. It was filled with whale oil, the wick lighted, and everyone exclaimed at the brilliancy of the light. Glass lamps quickly followed the pewter one, kerosene took the place of whale oil and the tallow dips were abandoned. In the kitchen more wonderful things were happening. An iron stove, that burned wood, made its appearance, and the baking kettle and long handled shovel went to join the spinning wheels and candle sticks in the garret. A well was driven and a pump installed in the kitchen—no more water to be brought in buckets from the well back of the house. The well sweep disappeared, the well was filled up.

At last the glory of the American merchant marine waned. Steam ships took the place of sailing vessels and the Cape Cod captains who had sailed all over the world came home and settled down. To the old house on the hill came Captain Burgess and here he lived for many years, honored and respected by friends and neighbors.

Last summer I visited the old house. It still stands on the hill, facing the south. The locust trees around it have grown old and some have fallen while a new generation of trees is springing up from their roots. The lilac bushes and rose of sharon have grown to the eaves and almost hide the front windows, but the house itself is as neat and trim as any vessel that sailed the Seven Seas in the good old days. Inside, things are just as they were left fifteen years ago. The pictures hang on the walls, the dishes are on the shelves in the pantry. The bed in the little bed room under the eaves is covered with a blue coverlid. In

AN OLD TIME GENTLEWOMAN

the corner of the parlor is the "what-not", with its collection of shells, old china and books. A wide armed chair stood before the fireplace and as I sat and gazed down between the brass andirons, I could almost imagine a glowing fire, with the sparks crackling and dancing; and all around me I could feel the presence of those who had lived and loved and died in the past generations in the old house on the hill.

AULD LANG SYNE

Hyannis

(Continued from page 11)

Nest, the former home of Joseph Jefferson are, is easy of access. Joseph Jefferson lies buried beneath a huge boulder in Bayview cemetery at Sandwich, 17 miles from Hyannis. Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood was born in the village of Pocasset, a few miles from Gray Gables.

The Cape Cod canal is within an easy riding distance of Hyannis and there one may see the fulfillment of a dream, which began with the Pilgrim fathers, as is shown by records in

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various libraries in the lower part of the Cape.

The State maintains a Normal School at Hyannis, which is not merely a local affair, nor is its influence confined to Cape Cod. The reputation of the school has spread beyond Hyannis and the Cape, until its work is well known among educators in Europe, as well as in this country. May 26th of this year, the twentieth anniversary of the Hyannis Normal School will be celebrated with fitting exercises. The Barnstable high school is located at Hyannis, in a modern building, having ample grounds, and the grades below the high school are cared for in the so called "Training School" adjacent to the Normal School. This latter school has an enrollment of about 280 pupils and is by far the largest school in the town of Barstable.

There has recently been organized the Hyannis Play-Ground Society, which has purchased a lot of land near the Normal School, and it is the plan of the promoters to give the boys and girls of Hyannis a first class place to indulge in all healthful out-of-door recreations.

HYANNIS YACHT CLUB

Besides the schools of Hyannis, the Free Public Library is still another factor in the educational life of the community deserving of mention. In the library are several thousand well selected books. The library is an outgrowth of an organization known as the Hyannis Literary Association. On November 1, 1865, fourteen women met with Mrs. Sylvester Baxter. These ladies organized with Mrs. Baxter as president; Miss A. E. Chase.

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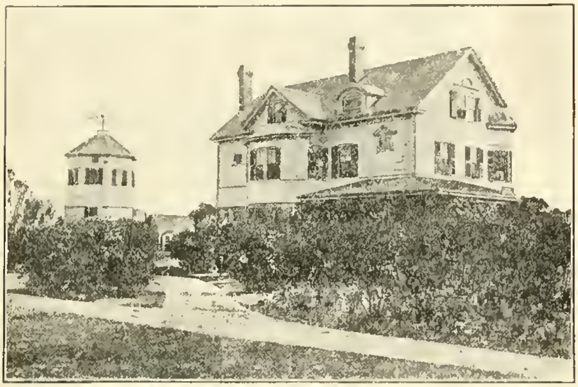
secretary; and Mrs. E. N. Winslow, treasurer. Mrs. Baxter was a daughter of Dr. Oliver Ford of Hyannis and may fairly be called the founder of the Hyannis Library. To an outsider, it may be interesting to know that Mrs. Baxter was also the first president of the Old and New Club of Malden, Mass., and this name was given by Mrs. Baxter. Mrs. Baxter was the mother of Mr. Sylvester Baxter, who is generally credited with being the father of the Boston Metropolitan Park system. The library is at present located in an old fashioned house just west of the Normal School, but in the future a modern building, on the present site, will be available, about $20,000 having been left to the library by the wills of Mrs. Georgia Baker Stillman and Edward L. Eagleston.



HYANNIS HOSPITAL

The Baptist and Roman Catholic churches maintain year 'round services in Hyannis, and in summer there are Episcopalian services both at Hyannis and Hyannisport. At Hyannisport there is also the Union Chapel, built in 1890 by summer residents of various denominations. During the past year the Congregational and Universalist churches in Hyannis have federated, their plan being to hold joint services for one year and then if the plan proves successful to continue it.

The Congregational church on Main street, just east of the railway station, was built by the Methodists in 1847. In 1854 the Congregational Society was organized and has held services in this edifice ever since. In its

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present neat, trim appearance, it compares favorably with the many quaint little churches of the Cape. Like many country churches, it has suffered in the loss of devoted workers of the older generation and the cities claim the young people as they come to years of service.

The First Universalist Society of Hyannis was originally composed of a number of people who left the Baptist Society in 1831, bought the site on which the present church stands. The records of the original society are lost, but in 1875 the society was incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth. Among the signers of the petition for incorporation are such well known Cape names as Sylvester Bearse, Freeman Hallett, Levi Bearse, Franklin Bearse, Frank Goodspeed, John H. Frost, Rhotire Smith and John A. Baxter. From the day of incorporation, the records are well preserved. In the course of years the society has had four buildings. Of the first building there is little information except that it was destroyed by fire. The present building was dedicated in November, 1905. The same dedication hymns, written by Rev. R. S. Pope, pastor for thirty years, were sung at the dedication of three of the edifices.

RESIDENCE AT HYANNISPORT

The Cape Cod Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organized in the summer of 1915, but the office was not opened in Hyannis until November 1, 1915. The work of the society has changed from dealing only with court problems in which children are involv-

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ed to raising the standard of homes that children may be kept in them and also in looking after the physical needs of children, that they may have a fair chance in making good citizens. During the first year, 130 different family problems were investigated. The aim is to reach the homes before they are beyond helping. No home is ever broken up by this society if there is any possible way to pull it together. They try to give the parents every chance to make the home fit for the children.

The headquarters of Barnstable Council Boy Scouts of America is at Hyannis. The Boy Scouts on the Cape number 16 troops, with an enrollment of 216 boys and there are 80 men working as volunteers.

The first drug store in Hyannis occupied a building on the south side of Main street, near the present Masonic hall, and was conducted by Doane and Guyer. Some years later Dr. E. E. Hawes also conducted a pharmacy in a building still standing opposite the Ferguson. Everyone has heard of Castoria and they may be interested to know that it is prepared from a formula originated by the late Dr. Pitcher, who was, for many years, a practising physician of Hyannis.

There is an excellent water system in Hyannis and the streets are well lighted by electricity. A factor in the life of Hyannis is the fraternal orders, among which the Masons, Odd Fellows and Red Men are particularly prominent. There is a Rebekah Lodge. The G. A. R. has a post at Hyannis, as has also the Woman's Relief Corps. There are many more or less informal organizations. which hardly come within the scope of an article of this nature, but yet provide entertainment and instruction.

A committee appointed by Barnstable town meeting to procure a suitable office building for the town, unanimously recommended that this building be located in Hyannis. At a recent meeting of this committee, it was voted to purchase the William Allen Hallett estate on Main street, between the Normal school and the Library. As soon as the legal matters pertaining to the transfer of the property are adjusted, the office of the town clerk

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and treasurer will be moved to the recently acquired building and in due time all the other town offices will be located there.

Every summer resort on the Cape is getting ready for an active season. It is realized that the Cape is as safe a locality in which to spend the summer as any in the United States. Its waters will be absolutely free from all dangers and the usual pleasures of boating, fishing and bathing can be indulged in as freely as ever.

The picture upon our front cover is that of "Bishop and Clerk" lighthouse, in Nantucket Sound, off Hyannis.

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WILD FLOWERS OF CAPE COD

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

The **Star-flower** is found in the cool, damp woods of May, and its lightness and grace remind one of the Anemone. It has a smooth, erect stem, four to six inches high, and the leaves are thin and pointed and whorled at the summit. The flower is white and delicate, usually seven pointed. It belongs to the Primrose family.

Maianthemum Canadense is a delicate, white flower, without any English name, and grows profusely beside the moist wood roads in May. The leaves are heart shaped at the base and pointed at the apex. It bears its flowers in a simple raceme upon a two or three leaved stem. It belongs to the Lily family.

Yellow Star Grass is another member of the Lily family, which flowers in early summer. The leaves are long and grass-like. A slender scape rises from a solid bulb, bearing one to four small blossoms, which are greenish outside and yellow within. It grows in the meadows and open woods, from Maine to Florida.

Bluets are small flowers from 3 to 5 inches high, varying in color from purple to blue and nearly white, with a yellow eye. They grow in patches, like a thick carpet, beside the road to Hyannis, and many fields are blued with them. They are also called Innocence and Quaker Ladies.

To get some idea of what a wonderful flower the **Blue Flag** or **Fleur-de-Lis** is, try to paint it. The corolla is composed of six divisions, the three outer ones spreading and reflexed, the three inner ones smaller and erect. This flower, "which is the flower of chivalry," says Ruskin, "has a sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart." Born to the purple, this is one of the most regal of our wild flowers, and was chosen by Louis VII of France as the emblem of his royal house. It belongs to the Iris family. Iris means rainbow, and was given on account of the rich and varied hues of its different members. The rootstocks of the Florentine species yield the "orris root"

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Trial glass of C. C. C. (Cape Cod Conserve), a delicious combination of Cape Cod and other fruits, 15 cents.

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FLOWERS

Seeds, Plants,
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Falmouth, Mass.

of commerce. The Blue Flag is sometimes found in gardens, but grows mostly in marshes or wet meadows.

Blue Eyed Grass is also a member of the Iris family. From its fibrous root it sends a scape four to twelve inches high. Three buds usually nod from this flattened stem, but of the three only one opens at a time and blossoms for a single day. They are found in meadows and among grass and are common everywhere.

The **Wild Columbine** is ever a rock lover. I first discovered it in Marshfield, along a ledge of high rock, but have since found it very near home. It has a nodding, scarlet-red flower, lined with lemon yellow, from which many long yellow stamens and pistils protrude, and looks like five inverted cornucopias. It is so bright that, gleaming through the greenery of its lofty perch, it attracts the attention of those not trained to observation. It may be found from April to June.

CAPE COD FARM BUREAU

The Cape Cod Farm Bureau have moved their office from Sandwich to Hyannis. It was thought that Hyannis would be more central, and the agricultural interests of the Cape could better be handled from that point. The change was made possible through the cooperation of the Hyannis Board of Trade, who have provided office facilities in the Saturday Night Club Building.

A monthly publication is to be edited by the Farm Bureau officers, and the first issue has already been published. This publication will be sent free to members of the Bureau, and will serve as a local agricultural paper, as well as a medium through which the activities of the Bureau may be presented.

The Farm Bureau can take upon itself no better line of work than that already begun in several of the Cape towns in work with the boys and girls along some line of agricultural and Home Economic activities. Already several towns have been organized, money appropriated from various sources, and work

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is well under way in the formation of poultry clubs, pig clubs, gardening and home economic clubs.

The Home Economic Department of the Bureau is proving to be of great value in many of the Cape communities, and the assistance given by Miss Trabue in organizing study clubs with adults, home economic clubs in the schools, and by personal talks and home visits, shows full well the value of the work, by the interest and enthusiasm that has been created.

The planting of a home garden is strongly urged this season and everyone having a back lot should plan to utilize it in some way as a source of income in supplying the needs of the table. Planting tables and directions may be secured by applying at the Farm Bureau office.

MAY ON CAPE COD

By EARL LEO BROWNSON

The scent of apple blossoms floods the air,
And clouds of pink o'erspread the orchard trees,
The lilac bushes robes of purple wear,
And everywhere are honey-laden bees.

Soft breezes, pregnant with the balm of Spring,
With soothing touch, caress the growing leaves,
Where hidden songsters ever blithely sing
To cheer the heart that, in affliction, grieves.

The doves coo plaintively their warm content—
The mother-hen clucks proudly to her brood;
And chanticleer's shrill note, anon, is sent
A-down the drowsy May-day quietude.

The tinkling school-bell calls, from noisy play,
Reluctant children to their books again,
But many eyes rove restlessly away,
Where butterflies flit o'er the shimmering plain.

The circling bay is tracked by shifting lights—
Like giant lances skimming through the haze—
All silver, crystal, and translucid whites,
And sun-glints flashing many a seeming blaze.

The garden plots are sweet with fresh-turned earth,
And busy housewives plant and sow the seeds,
And hail their neighbors with the May-time mirth,
As yet unruffled by invading weeds.

Oh happy time! Oh radiant month of May!
With heartful joy to thee I sing, I sing,
For Age forgets, and Youth is all at play
Throughout thy days—the perfect days of Spring.

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Pilgrim Heights is on the original tip end of Cape Cod. Just beyond, the picturesque sand dunes begin. The soil of Pilgrim Heights is rich and fertile and gardens thrive there. Every lot is on level land, overlooking miles of beautiful land and water scenery. A sunset from Pilgrim Heights is something to treasure in the memories of a lifetime.

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B. C. Rogers, Natick, Mass.
Thomas C. Thacher, Yarmouth, Mass.

Bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders: None.

(Signed) Samuel B. Corr, Sec'y.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of April, 1917, Frank L. Howland, Justice of the Peace, Sandwich, Mass.

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A middle aged Protestant woman for a family of adults. Must have good health and understand cooking and putting up fruits and vegetables. Address, J. W. H., Cape Cod Pub. Co., Sandwich, Mass.

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From the Publisher's Desk

ON May 10, Samuel B. Corr, business manager of "Cape Cod", was called to the service of his country at the officer's training camp, Plattsburg Barracks, New York. Mr. Corr had previously offered his services in a spirit of patriotism which subordinated his private interests to his country's needs. Much of the success of "Cape Cod" has been due to his untiring efforts and it is with deep regret that we chronicle his severance with it, which we hope will be temporary. In Mr. Corr Cape Cod found a sincere friend and a hard worker for its advancement and innumerable admirers will unite with us in hoping that no harm will come to him and that he may be able to return to the work which he loves so well, when the war is over and we are again at peace with all the world.

For the present, at least, we have deemed it wise to transfer the office of publication to Wareham, where the details can be given the personal attention of the editor, who will assume the duties of business manager, for the time being. We hope that our subscribers and advertisers will continue to give us their hearty support, and for our part we promise to give them a magazine which will remain fully up to the high standard maintained during the two years of its life.

Although the high cost of paper, the advanced postal rates, and other things incidental to war times, render it increasingly difficult to carry on a publication of this kind, we propose to continue to issue each month a magazine that will be of interest to Cape Cod people, without either advancing our subscription price or our rates for advertising. We have no sympathy with those unpatriotic citizens who seek to capitalize their country's extremity by placing greater burdens upon the shoulders of the people, nor with those pessimistic persons who can see only disaster and distress ahead of us. We have unbounded faith in the country and in Cape Cod and their ability to weather the strenuous times before us. We believe that the future will give us more prosperity than even the past has done and that many of the abuses which have crept into our lives will be remedied and our lives made fuller and more pleasant than ever.

To America we offer our continued allegiance, to Cape Cod our best efforts, knowing that in the end right will prevail and trusting that we may be the means of spreading the true spirit of democracy beyond the confines of our continent.

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BALLSTON BEACH, TRURO

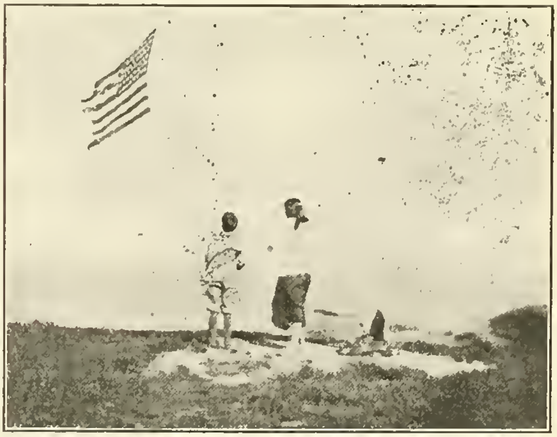
By S. OSBORN BALL

TWO hundred and ninety-five years ago, Miles Standish and his Pilgrim body guard set out from their first landing to explore the new land in hopes of finding a suitable spot to make their home. One of the first discoveries was Pamet River, which runs from ocean shore to bay shore, dividing what is now the town of Truro into two sections. As the little group coursed up the three miles of this picturesque stream, and finally were halted by a great dune, which hid the roaring ocean, they may not have been overjoyed. It was winter then, but had they journeyed along there at any other time, they surely would have been impressed with the natural beauty of that region. As it was they returned, but not before doing something which will make the township of Truro forever historic. Food becoming scarce, they noticed indications of an Indian planting ground. A little digging brought forth corn in abundance, stored there for winter use by the crafty red man. Thus, when one visits Truro, he may see Corn Hill, and feel that he has seen something of great historic interest.

When Miles Standish was halted by the dune at the eastern end of little Pamet, nothing but the frozen bluffs could be seen, the thundering of breakers alone could be heard. The same might be said when Truro received its charter in the year 1709. Now, however, there lies snugly settled in a natural rift in the towering dunes, the summer colony of Ballston Beach, a resort where thousands, in twenty-two years past, have gained new lives, have become new men—here Health, Strength and Pleasure abound.

At present, Ballston Beach proper consists of eight bungalows, three camp bungalows and a large social hall. But Ballston Beach is not a thing of itself; it is a part of nature; another beauty in Truro's loveliness. Therefore forget not to mention the rolling hill land, the verdant marshes, the stretches of pretty scrub oak, the deep forests of New England pine, the dotted lakes, the quiet bay, and last, but mightiest, the blue and rolling Atlantic. Indeed, here is a delightful combination, which sounds delicious and is superb!

There is something in the very appearance of the bungalows such as to create a strong liking—a liking that makes it hard to part as the season terminates. Those dull red roofs; those shingled sides, weather beaten and toned down to match the very elements which shaded them. The attractiveness of the exterior amplifies all to be found within. First is the cozy living room, with its jolly fire place of brick. On either side opens a door into the front bed-rooms. Around the corner is a smaller one, and next the bath, this latter unheard of in quaint Truro until the founding of Ballston Beach. Through the passageway a step is the kitchenette. Gas has not flowed down the Cape yet, but strictly up-to-date, these well-appointed galleys (nautical terms harmonize, so close to the sea) boast of the wickless oil stove. One


SIGNALLING A PASSING VESSEL

surprise remains. Every one of these "comfy" camps treasures a screened-in front porch. This affords a sleeping porch de-lux by night with an automatic lullaby of swishing foam two hundred feet away.

Swishing foam! Ah, the Atlantic Ocean! Truly has it been said that those who summer down at Ballston Beach can contend, and safely, that they have the most fascinating and ever-changing highway possible at one's doorstep. Glorious on a summer's morn rises the big red sun from without those depths of fairest blue. Enchanted, the early riser watches. Gratefully he breathes in nature's tonic, pure, life-giving ozone, wafted in across the waters by a gentle easterly breeze. Alive now, the lucky vacationer rushes down across a beach of pebbly white, and plunges headlong into an on-rushing breaker, or paces up the shore to where a chance lagoon, product of tides, affords a less sudden emersion.

COSY BUNGALOW CAMPS

Now comes the best part of the early A. M. program. Breakfast! If anyone is inclined to imagine that Cape Cod is an unproductive section, let this miscalculation come to an end. Forth from her rich, brown, sandy soil come fruit trees bearing peaches, pears, cherries, apples and plums galore. Moreover there is not a vegetable but what Truro can furnish. And fish! Cape Cod is surrounded by water.

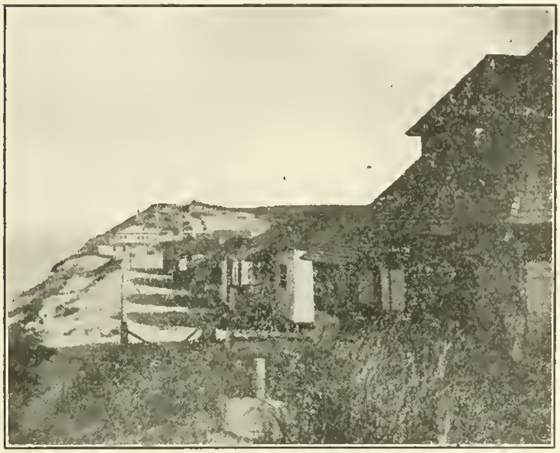
The mention of fish reminds one of several pleasing expeditions. Should arising to view a sunrise not suffice, there is still a more ambitious undertaking. This latter consists of leaving one's bed at the small hour of 2.30 A. M. and walking in the grim dawn across the Cape to the bay shore. Here are the motor weirmen, and with the breaking of day can be witnessed the hauling in of meshes containing thousands of specimens. Parties may also be arranged on the ocean shore and visitors can take a hand at launching a dory through the surf.

The summer girl can never tire of that surf. She is satisfied with the days of blissful calm when she may stroll for hours alongshore, curious to examine the strange driftwoods, and delighted with her treasure finds of shells, seaweeds and sponge. Then again she laughs when a merry "nor'easter" sets in, whipping the sea into foam. How invigorating is that fresh-blown salty breeze from off the deep sea, now surging madly. What a beautiful picture to watch! The well-contented snipe rushing boldly towards the frothy shore-wash to catch the struggling sand flea; the calling gulls and fish hawks hovering in the upward shooting spray, and plunging gaily in the awesome troughs for some grassy pulpweed; and then the shiny porpoise playing near the surface, only to dive beneath when a misty vale betides a spouting monster; all this the summer girl is thrilled with. She likes the beach the more as her eyes make out a wave-swept

LITTLE PAMET RIVER

coaster, hoven to. Now is the time when the plodding tugboat stays in port to bide better seas. When such come, a hundred craft may pass the Cape in a day.

Ah, those are the days spent basking on the beach in bathing suits. Those are the times when Ballston Beach assembles as one big family to bathe together, to eat together and play together. The kiddies may wade and romp; the girls may row; the boys may swim; and the big folks may stretch out and rest, and rest only as one can on the sands of Truro by the sea.



A QUIET CORNER

Though Cape Cod is distinctly nautical, both in attraction and name, a short stroll inland reveals something entirely removed from sea breezes. There one can lose himself amongst the tall and graceful pines; and further wandering discloses several beautiful lakes, dotted with water lilies. How sweet the fragrance of evergreen, how cool and refreshing their peaceful shade! Watch carefully and a patch of brown may be seen. Yes, deer are sometimes around to welcome.

Should ocean and woodland not suffice, there is still the rolling stretches of hill land. Early in June these slopes are bathed in the soft pink hue of the wild rose. Later comes the gorgeous wood lily, bringing a handsome coat of red to enrich and enliven. All through the long summer, blueberry, huckleberry and blackberry are a-plenty, and many the enviable pie which appears on the dinner table, the result of a morning very well spent.

The open hearted Yankee and the thrifty Portuguese are a very literary people in dear old Truro. High on a rise above the State road, a few yards from the post office and country store, is a library, so presumptuously imposing that passing tourists turn to admire. Truro smiles at "Andy's" dismay, should fate ever bring him thither.

Two miles northward, situated one hundred and eighty feet above the ocean surf, is Ballston Heights, the private bungalow of the proprietor of Ballston Beach. The view from this estate is magnificent. Southward can be seen the great Marconi Wireless at South Wellfleet, and northward towers Highland Light, second most powerful beacon on the Atlantic Seaboard. Westward lies historic Corn Hill and placid Cape Cod Bay, with the blue shore of Plymouth twenty miles across. To east'ard is the "horizon", and an unending expanse of the wonderful sea betwixt.

When all this has been enjoyed, and the day ends, the social hall is a source of renewed delight. On the appointed evenings, the Victrola is started and old and young respond. Maybe a few prefer a straw ride through the glowering pines to the movies, or a moonlight canoe-trip on little Pamet. Still others demand the moonlit sands, the shooting stars and the northern lights.

HAPPY BALLSTONITES

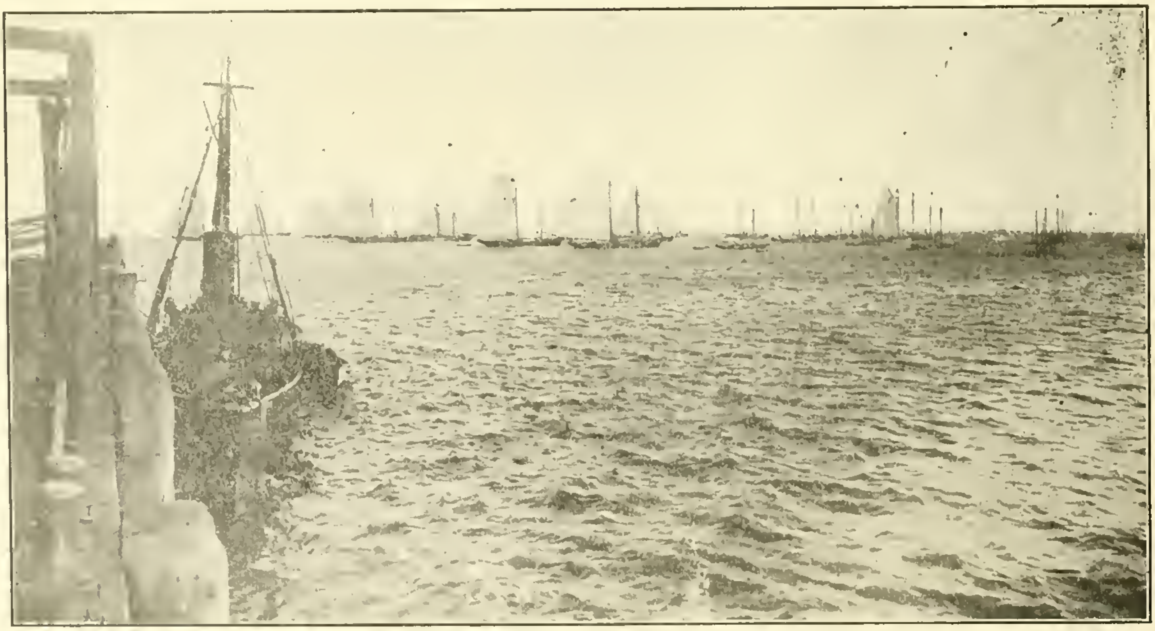
Chilled a bit by the Cape Cod night, driftwood is gathered, and a roaring fire is started. The flaring glow shines down the phosphorescent undertow. Now the time to cast off a line and catch the thoughtless flounder.

THE OCEAN HIGHWAY

Watch! Far out on the water a speeding steamer sees the signal, a searchlight flashes out thrice in salute. The dancers on the veranda pause to watch. Certainly Ballston Beach is a wonderful spot!

Christopher Walter Hall of East Dennis died on Sunday evening, May 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sears. He had been in failing health for a number of years, caused by a serious heart trouble. He was the son of the late Christopher Hall, one of Cape Cod's noted shipmasters, who left four sons, of whom Thomas F. Hall of Omaha is now the only survivor. Mr. Hall leaves two sons and a daughter—Christopher, who lives in Texas; Walter and Marion. He was a tax collector of Dennis for many years, and a trustee of the public library.

A SAND DUNE



FISHING FLEET IN PROVINCETOWN HARBOR

CULTIVATING THE OCEAN FARMS

By L. C. HALL

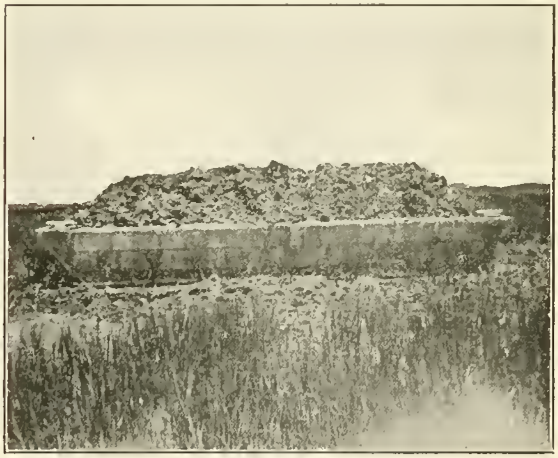
CAPE COD is an irregularly shaped peninsular with a long shore line. The northerly side of the Cape is indented with bays in which the tide rises and falls from 10 to 15 feet in different localities. When the tide is out, there are miles and miles of exposed flats which can be made a great source of revenue to the people and which are capable of producing vast quantities of mollusk food for the consumption of the people of the United States.

Whatever may be said regarding the profits to be derived from the cultivation of the Cape Cod upland, there is no question in regard to the possibilities of the cultivation of this exposed ocean bottom. Frank H. Pope aptly said, in a speech to the Cape Cod Board of Trade, "We have all heard of our cranberry kings, but the time is not far distant when we will hear about our clam princes." This was said some years ago and the prophecy seems to be coming true.

The flats of Cape Cod have always been a considerable source of revenue to its people. They are naturally seeded with clams, quahaugs, razor fish, scallops and even oysters. These natural beds are to be found in almost every town upon the Cape and the inhabitants can enter upon these flats and dig, or dredge such mollusks for their own use or for sale.

DUMPING THE SOIL

For a great many years, certain towns upon the Cape have granted to individuals certain portions of such flats for the purpose of raising oysters, and a considerable industry has resulted therefrom. In recent years it has come to be realized that other shell fish can be successfully cultivated and in 1911 a bill was passed by the legislature permitting the towns upon the Cape to set aside grants for the propagation of quahaugs and clams, as well.



A LOADED SCOW

It is now possible for the inhabitants of such towns as have accepted the act to apply to the selectmen for grants of flats, not exceeding five acres in area, upon which they may have the exclusive privilege of planting and digging clams and quahaugs.

The state fish and game commission has made an exhaustive study of the mollusk question and enthusiastically endorses a system of shell fish culture to develop the latent wealth of the tidal waters, to increase the output of the tidal flats already productive, and to make possible the reclamation of large portions of the waste shore areas of the state. Opportunities for development are alluring. The shell fisheries are being developed into industries which will furnish steady employment for a large number of people, resulting in a product valued into the millions of dollars. Marine farming has great possibilities.

There are several methods for the cultivation of clams. The most common one is to obtain grants and plant thereon the small seed calms secured from other localities and profit by the increase caused by growth. This method of clam farming is practiced quite extensively in Wellfleet and other localities. It, however, has remained for a Barnstable man to develop a process for seeding barren flats through natural methods.

Marcus H. Howes of Barnstable is a pioneer in ocean farming. He has been interested in the subject since a boy and has been progressive enough to make an exhaustive study into the reasons why some flats are productive of clams and others are barren He reasoned that the difference laid in the quality of the soil and set about experimental work. He was instrumental in getting the bill of 1911 passed by the legislature and immediately took advantage of it by obtaining a grant from the town of Barnstable. In 1912, he took a flat where clams, had never grown and in a year and a half was shipping clams from it and has continued to market a crop ever since without further attention.

GROUND WORKED IN JUNE, 1913

The method used by Mr. Howes is a novel one. Upon the barren flats, he spreads material taken from marshes to an average depth of six inches. This material is taken off at high tide in scows and dumped into the water and at low tide spread evenly upon the sands. It is something like the preparing of land for cranberry growing, although in this case the mud is placed upon the sand instead of sand upon the mud. Mr. Howes does nothing further except to wait for the clam spawn to set upon this ground, which it invariably does, and in a year and a half, he begins to harvest his crop.

CLAM HOLES ON PREPARED GROUND

Mr. Howes says that three acres prepared in this way will produce from two to three thousand barrels of clams annually and that the income therefrom greatly exceeds a like area of cranberry land.

Barnstable, last year, produced and shipped about 15,000 barrels of clams.

There are other ways of making flats become clam bearing. In some instances, where the grass has been removed from areas below high water mark for the purpose of making it available as a bathing beach, it has been found that clams invariably set in there in large numbers. Some observers go so far as to say that all that the flats need to make them clam bearing is to stir the surface of the hardly packed sand so that the clam spawn may find a soil in which to locate.

It is evident that sea farming is in its infancy and it is not too much to anticipate that before many years the value of the submerged flats will be realized and that they will be utilized to a much greater extent. The beneficence of Nature must be supplemented by the labor and art of man. Nature gives the opportunity and man must do his part, if the best results are to be obtained. We have been apt to think of Nature as an inexhaustible store house of wealth, but experience and modern science has demonstrated that human agencies are needed to preserve what has been so bountifully bestowed. We anticipate that the time is not far distant when Cape Cod will reap great commercial advantage from its clam and other shell fish industries and that the Cape Cod clam will become as widely known and as much desired as the Cape Cod cranberry.

I'm Uncle for Sam

By HELEN T. WOODS

I'm just a very little boy,
But I'm for Uncle Sam!
Perhaps you think I can't help much,
But Mother knows I can.
She says that boys the size of me
Can serve now just as well
As those that sail across the sea
And try the foe to quell.

I'm only just a raw recruit,
But some things I can try—
To catch the wasteful rat and mouse
And swat the early fly;
For rats and mice destroy our food,
They cost too much to feed,
And every one I catch or kill
Will lessen human need.

One early fly can very well
Hatch out a billion more;
And that is why we kids must dwell
On "early drive" fly war.
We need a lot of young recruits—
Enlist for what you can;
Our Dads can settle big disputes,
While we work for Uncle Sam!

On Quaint Cape Cod

By MISS A. J. STEMPLE

Who that has read Mrs. Sallie P. G. McLean's stories of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, or Joseph C. Lincoln's tales of that refreshing locality, has not been seized with the desire to visit quaint Cape Cod, and make the acquaintance of the men and women who are "so different" and so delightfully original? I for one, always wanted to see for myself what Cape Cod and its folks were like, so, for my vacation I hied myself to Chatham, and spent a happy fortnight at this quiet, peaceful haven by the sea. Chatham is a really and truly "spotless town," and the little village always looks swept and garnished for company every day. It has a wonderfully lengthy and rugged coast line, and the superb salty, life giving breezes incite to deep breathing, to catch as much of the bracing air as possible. There is no fashion, no display, no bustle, no excitement, no excursionists, no cheap attractions in this serene old town. But there are wonderful blue skies, beautiful walks and drives, bathing, sailing and fishing; the houses are bowered among flowers and vines, wild roses and tiger lilies innumerable line the roadsides; the natives are courteous, kindly and charming to meet, and everybody has time to talk to, and be interested in everybody else. We saw "Joe" Lincoln, as everybody calls him down on the Cape, very frequently, out fishing and sailing.

The hostelry, right on the ocean front, so near it couldn't get much closer, where I stopped, was kept by a New York lady, the hotel being a part of her old homestead, where she was born. We had professors' families, school teachers, and prominent people connected with art, literature and educational projects for fellow guests, and we made one big, happy family. Nobody put on airs, and it was hard to believe that the delightful good fellowship which pervaded the house existed between people who were strangers when they came. The inn had its own private bathhouse, and the daily dip, together, was unalloyed bliss. "Captain Fanny," a well known local character, and one of the many Nature's noblemen who abound in Chatham, took us out sailing in his good boat "Kittiwake." We visited the numerous lighthouses and life saving stations, made the acquaintance of the Chathamites who belong to the families who have lived on this spot for the last hundred years or more, and found time all too short. All this pleasure was mine, and the best of New England cooking, with sea food lured from the water while we looked on, for a modest $10 weekly. Cape Codders don't subsist on herring exclusively nowadays, whatever they did when Mrs. McLean was there.

Chatham people are pronounced patriots. Flags float from every building in the village, even the woodsheds and hen henhouses being thus decorated. There are no neglected or shabby looking premises anywhere. Many of the old homesteads have been converted into sheds and garages, or are additions to the newer and more commodious houses that have been built. Chatham gets its living from the sea, lobsters and oysters being shipped in large quantities, so things nautical are to be seen everywhere. It is perfectly safe to address any native you meet as "captain." If he isn't a captain now, he has been at some time, or will be before he dies. The numerous weather vanes aroused my risibilities. They are eminently correct when they represent a whale, fish, ship, or anything savoring of the sea, but when the Chatham artists attempted to make a horse, cow, rooster, or anything not connected with the sea, the results were such as to make any landlubber laugh. The productions could sometimes not be classified without much study and deliberation.

If you go to Chatham once, you certainly will wish to go again.

All rumors regarding the cancellation of summer bookings on the Cape should be taken with a grain of salt. Those who know the Cape have no fear of danger there this summer and are making their plans to spend the season there, as usual.

A Quaker Meeting

By SARAH P. FOSTER

YEARS ago, when just a school girl, I often spent a part of the summer in the home of an uncle, in the quiet town of Falmouth. In that community there were a number of families of that peaceful sect. the Quakers. I much enjoyed visiting among them, and loved to listen to the quaint "thee" and "thou" in their speech, so we became very friendly. When I heard from one of the Quaker women that it was about time for the Quarterly Meeting, I asked her if my cousin and I would be permitted to attend. She said, "Thee is very welcome, both thee and thy cousin, if thou go in sincerity, and will be very quiet." I assured her of our good intentions and went joyfully home to tell the news.

When the day of the Quarterly Meeting arrived, we harnessed the old horse to the open buggy, for it was three miles, more or less, and in due time arrived. The meeting house was a large, square and very plain building, painted white, with a long narrow platform across the front, before the two doors, one for the women and one for the men. We were ushered into the women's entrance and were admonished to be perfectly quiet, not even to whisper a word. We were seated on one side, and in the absolute quiet, we found time to look about us, though we scarcely dared breathe.

The large wooden partition through the center of the house, was drawn up that day, which at other times divided the room, for the men and the women generally hold their meetings separately. On a long seat at the back of the room, on a slightly raised floor space, sat the speakers, the Elders on one side of the center and the Elderesses on the other side, the Elders in their broad-brimmed hats and the women in their prim gray bonnets, devoutly waiting. The Quakers never speak until the Spirit moves, and as a preparation for testimony, the hat or bonnet is carefully removed, the bonnet strings carefully folded, before they speak. That day the Spirit was slow to move, and the silence was intense.

One other outsider besides my cousin and myself had come to the meeting that day, a young student preacher from the Methodist church in town. Like all true Methodist preachers, such a dire waste of time got on his nerves, and he felt impelled to utilize it, so he began to sing the familiar hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," with great gusto. Before he had finished the first line, the Elders and the whole congregation rose to their feet and marched solemnly down the aisles toward the outside doors. At the end of the second line, the singer was aware that he would soon be alone, and thinking the meeting was done, he was about to leave, when they all came solemnly marching back again and resumed their places. Silence reigned once more. Thinking that might have been a part of the regular ceremony, after waiting a few minutes, the minister thought he would finish his verse, and again lifted his voice in song. Again the solemn procession repeated its march to the doors. Then an usher went to the young man and informed him that no music of any kind was tolerated in a Quaker meeting, and requested him to leave or refrain from singing. That was no time for apology, but the look of surprise and chagrin on his face, when he realized the sin that he had committed was pitiful to behold.

The leaders once more resumed their seats, but the disturbance had been too great, and no one was moved to speak. After about a half-hour more of silence that could be felt, the Quarterly Meeting was closed. It was the most unique experience, but not a very inspiring service. I can recall, to this day, the strange, awesome feeling in that large, silent room, and the pity we felt for the young preacher. How he explained and apologized to the incensed people, history doth not say.

The Quakers of the later days gradually overcame the prejudice, and music was permitted in their meetings. Whatever may be the peculiarities of the sect, I have never met a people more staunch and loyal to their belief and to each other, or more kindly in their daily life, or better friends and neighbors.

The Strange Adventures of Davie Snow

By L. C. HALL

Chapter Three

Four years have passed since Davie and his father left their home at Truro upon Cape Cod for a day's fishing. We find them again at sea. They are now upon a French man-o'-war upon which they have embarked, after a considerable stay in France, where they were treated like noblemen, given fine clothes and an audience with the King. They met the genial Dr. Franklin and, through his efforts, passage to the new world was arranged for them upon the ship bound for the West Indies.

Concerning the passage, we have no details, but it is safe to assume that it was without incident until they neared the American coast. One night Davie was airing himself upon deck when suddenly a cry went up from the watchman, "A sail off the lee bow!" As the nature of the craft could not be determined in the darkness, the decks were cleared and the guns run out, ready for foe, if foe it proved to be.

When morning dawned, it was seen that within easy gun-shot was a British frigate, larger than the French ship, and some distance away were two other vessels, evidently convoys.

Broadsides were exchanged and then the French ship attempted to show her heels to the British. A running fight ensued in which little damage was done. This continued during the day and in the darkness of the following night, the Frenchman slipped away from her quarry.

Again all seemed well, but two days later a big storm came up and the ship labored heavily. Finally a leak was discovered and the pumps were manned. Davie and his father helped at the pumps, but to no avail. The water in the hold was gaining and the ship settled lower and lower. At last it was seen that the ship was doomed and it was decided to abandon her. The boats were loaded with provisions and water and officers and men embarked upon them.

The Snows were in the captain's cutter and helped man the oars. During the night, the boats became separated and when morning dawned there was nothing to be seen upon the waters. The sea had subsided, a small sail was bent and the course was westward, hoping to hit the American coast. After three days, land appeared. It was the coast of South Carolina.

A landing was easily made upon a low beach, which was without habitation. The boat was abandoned and the party set out on foot along the coast. Finally settlements were reached and the shipwrecked mariners were well cared for. For several days they remained there and then Davie and his father determined to leave their comrades and attempt the journey northward.

After several days' travel on foot, they learned that American forces were in the neighborhood and they finally succeeded in joining them. The war had then shifted from the north to the south and the British army was in Virginia. It was dangerous to attempt the northward journey at that time, so our wanderers joined the Continental army and took part in a number of spirited actions among the Carolina swamps.

Finally Cornwallis and his forces were driven to cover and surrounded near Yorktown, Virginia, and surrendered. Davie saw the surrender and was one of the ragged host which rejoiced that the war was at last over, America was free from British rule, and they could go home and take up their peaceful life again.

It took some time for the army to get back to their homes. Travel was slow in those days, but finally New York was reached. There they embarked on a sailing vessel for Boston.

Can we imagine the joy that Davie and his father experienced as they neared home? They passed up through Vineyard sound, rounded the elbow of the Cape at Chatham and soon saw the heights of Truro appear in view. Like the day upon which they started on their fishing trip, the sea was tranquil. They had no difficulty in prevailing upon the captain to set them ashore in the ship's boat, for their story was known.

Thus it was that, seven years after they had left their home, they were again approaching it, landing at nearly the same place upon the shore from which they had embarked on that day so long ago.

Davie was a lad of 15 then, now he was a rugged man of 22. His father had aged rapidly and his hair was silver white and his shoulders stooped. We can imagine them as they climbed up the bluff from the shore, and, looking off over the plain, saw the village of Truro nestling in the hollows.

There is little more of this story to be told. History remains silent regarding the after years, but Davie must have married, for Snows are numerous upon the Cape and we may presume that many of them can trace their lineage back to the lad whose adventures we have related. It would be romantic to be able to record that the rosy-cheeked lass who had carried in her memory Davie's form and features through the seven years of his absence, became his wife, but as this is a true story, we are not able to vouch for such a statement.

Note—The main features of the story of Davie Snow and his father are substantially correct.—Editor.

Nearly every town on the Cape is furnishing recruits for the various branches of the army and navy.

Captain C. Lawrence Barry of Craigville, a retired naval officer, has been appointed chief recruiting official for Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket counties and is devoting his entire time to the work, visiting the different communities and conferring with the local committees and speaking at patriotic meetings. Captain Barry has developed into a capable public speaker since his campaign began.

The Cape Cod canal is being used almost daily by U. S. naval craft. It is guarded day and night by a company of National Guard.

THE COAST GUARD

By HATTIE V. SMITH

PRIOR to 1871, the Life-Saving Service was an unconsidered trifle—like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand—its central habitat the corner of a kindred office at the seat of Government, its coast existence a thin line of weather-broken huts upon the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey—huts scantily furnished with poor equipments, and only one of every two provided with men. No beginning could well have seemed more unpromising; yet it was a beginning—the outset of an organized grapple with death in the surf, for the lives of sea-farers; and nothing could have been more striking, in contrast with the frequent catastrophes which had previously disgraced our coast, than the success of that first year of rude, but disciplined effort, with its unbroken record of rescues—not a single life lost by shipwreck during the twelvemonth, along the stretch of the two beaches which then made the narrow domain of the "Service." From that initial success, the institution spread, under the action of Congress, to the coasts of Rhode Island and Massachusetts; a couple of years later to all the Atlantic beaches; by 1877 to the Lakes and the Pacific, until now every point of danger to shipping upon our coast has been provided with stations, either actual or authorized, and the necessity for this form of protection to life involved in peril by marine disaster, has the deepest and broadest recognition in thought and fact.

A COAST GUARD STATION

Our Cape Cod coast is amply provided with these stations and the rescue has been great. A few of these may be interesting to the reader, showing what noble service it is, this saving of life and rescuing vessels, when nearly every hope has been given up.

Continued on Page 17

"Cape Cod"

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
(P. O. Address, Wareham, Mass.)

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VOL. III JUNE, 1917 No. 2

Editorial

LIGHTS WILL BURN

THE canard which has been going the rounds of the press recently to the effect that lights will not be allowed to burn along the coast this summer has done great harm to the Cape. There is absolutely no truth to the story and the exercise of a little common sense should have made this clear to everybody. In the first place, there is not even the remotest possibility that there will be an attack by the enemy upon our shores. Our summer visitors will be as safe upon the Cape as in their inland homes. With a very few exceptions, the towns along the Cape shores could not be subject to bombardment on account of their location in inland waters not navigable by warships. No enemy's warship will ever enter Buzzards Bay, Vineyard Sound, or Barnstable Bay, for instance. Furthermore, our line of naval coast defense will be entirely adequate to deal with all emergencies. But it is folly to say more about this because an invasion from Mars is just as probable as one from Europe during the coming summer. Be assured that the lights will burn as brightly along the coast of Cape Cod as ever, that our summer recreations will be in no wise interfered with and that anyone desiring to spend the summer on the Cape need have no hesitancy in making their plans as usual.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the season has been very backward, the gardens of Cape Cod will be cultivated as never before. The patriotic spirit of our people has been aroused to their duties and the production of foods will be the most important occupation of the people of the Cape this summer. The needs of our summer visitors will be better supplied than ever before. The local supply of milk, butter, eggs and vegetables will be greatly increased and importations from outside will not take place to anywhere near the usual extent. It should be possible for our summer visitors to supply their tables with seasonable delicacies which will be brought to their doors throughout the season and menus can be prepared that should be most attractive and at the same time be reasonable in cost.

* * *

THERE has been some apprehension on the part of cottage owners and hotel proprietors because cancellations of bookings have been received to a limited extent. This however, need cause little anxiety because later indications show that there are plenty of people to fill the vacancies, and July and August will find the Cape resorts full to their capacity. The roads on the Cape were never better and automobilists will receive a cordial welcome. The golf links are being put in apple pie order, the bathing beaches are being brushed up and all along the line active preparations are being made for greater summer activities than ever.

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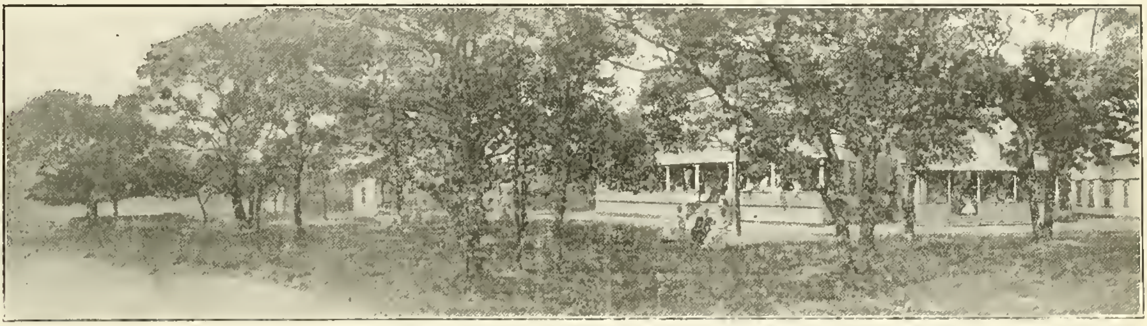

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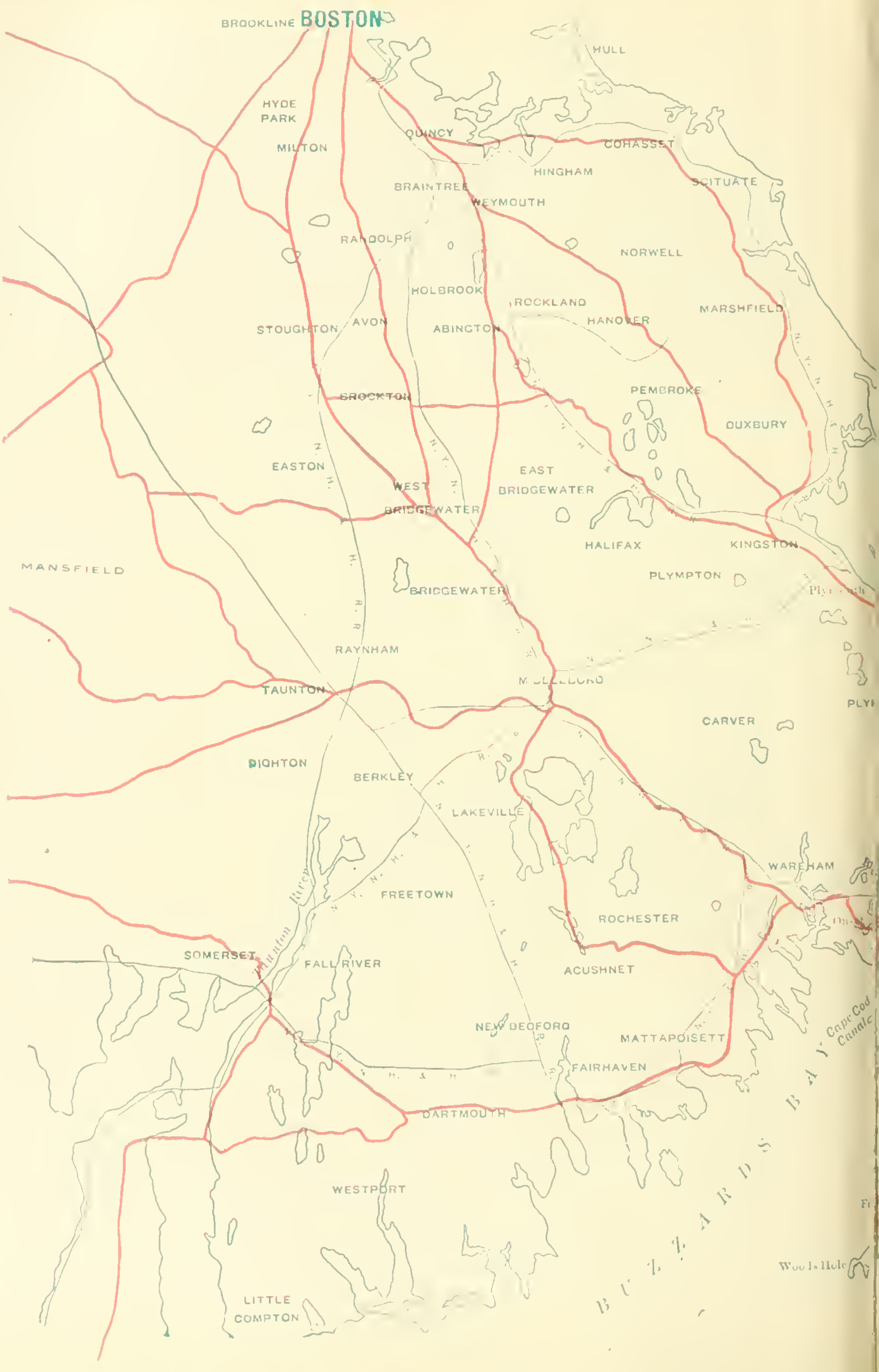
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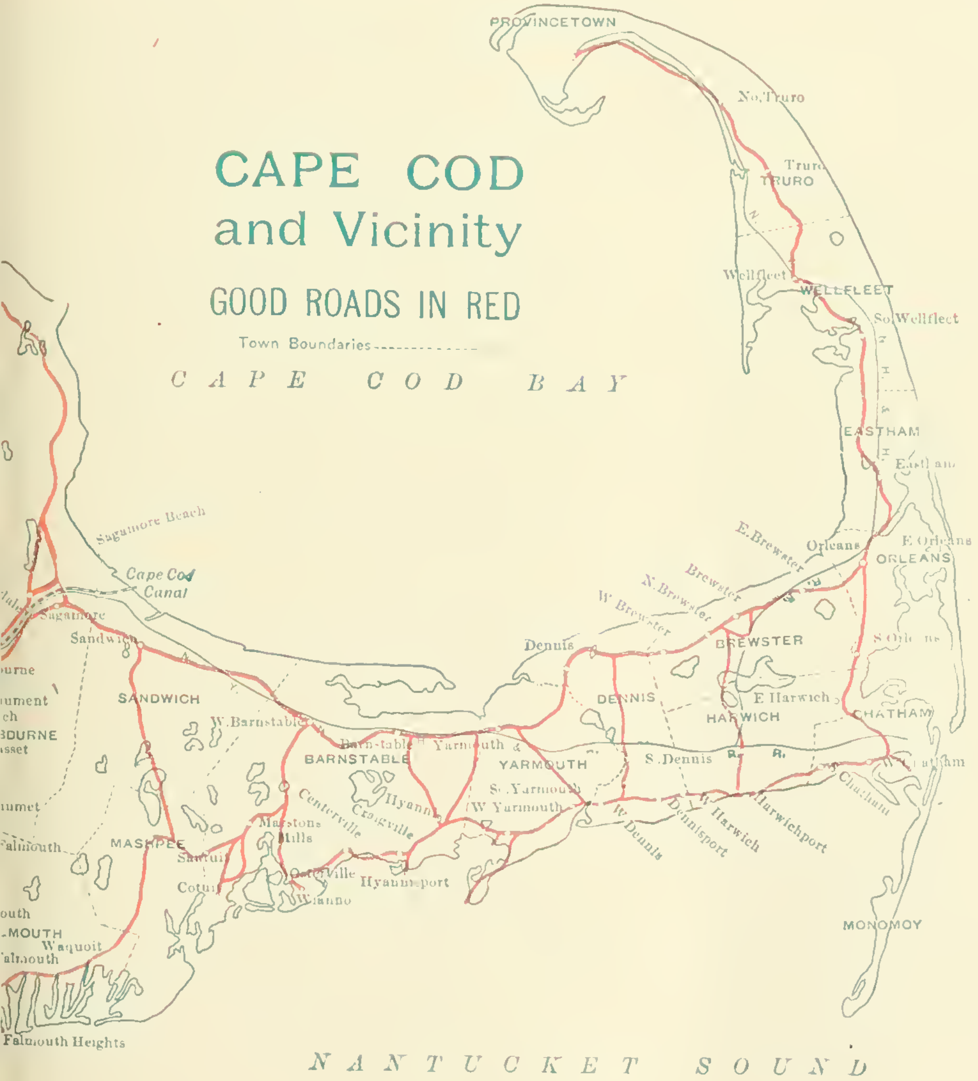

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MANY commendations have been received by the publishers for the excellence of the May issue of this magazine. The cover is spoken of as the most attractive one ever offered and the contents as extremely interesting. The prospects for our publication were never brighter. Advertisers are availing themselves of the opportunity offered to secure a market for their wares, new subscriptions are coming in daily and the magazine has become a fixture in Cape Cod affairs The publication has successfully passed through two years of life, has cast off its swaddling clothes and is prepared to enter upon a career of greater usefulness as the recognized exponent of all things Cape Cod.

* * *

IT is not too late to clean up and paint up. Spotless neatness should be made characteristic of all villages and homes. Flowers should bloom everywhere and a genial hospitality will emanate from every Cape Cod fireside. We are all friends and neighbors, from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown, and cordial handclasps await the stranger within our gates.

* * *

CAPE COD is patriotically determined to do its full duty in the times that are upon us. It will furnish its full quota for national defense without a murmur. Its people are prepared to cheerfully face whatever comes and to do all that is demanded of them for the good of the common cause. No slackers will be found in a day's journey. If sacrifice is necessary, it will be made without grumbling and if the rest of the nation will do as much as Cape Cod will do, we need have no fear of the outcome.

* * *

THE Mayflower season is closing. During the past month, the woods have been full of happy searchers after the fragrant blossoms and, in spite of the cold season, many have been gathered. Peach trees are now in bloom and the lilacs are opening. Soon all Cape Cod will be a garden and a riot of color. The verdure is already green upon our hillsides and along the highways. Beauty is upon every hand.

* * *

SOON our shores will resound to the merry laughter of the happy bathers, our highways will be thronged with travellers and every train will be piled high with baggage. Summer is before us and the happy time is almost here.

* * *

THE COAST GUARD

Continued from Page 15

On the 4th of October, 1881, about 9.30 p. m., the keeper of Race Point, Cape Cod, Station No. 6, observed a steamer's lights approaching from the eastward, along the coast, apparently very close in. He waited intently for a few moments, and then, becoming satisfied that unless she changed her course she must soon strike the bar, he called his crew and instantly dispatched one man along the beach with a Coston signal, to warn her off, if possible, while he and the rest quickly followed with the beach apparatus. The wind blew a gale from the northwest and there was a heavy surf breaking upon the shore.

By the time the life-saving crew arrived abreast the vessel, then about a third of a mile east of the station, it was found she had anchored right on the bar, about two hundred yards from the beach, and the sea was making a clean breach over her, fore and aft. It was also seen that she was a small vessel and that her position was one of great danger. The apparatus was speedily unloaded from the cart, and arranged for the purpose of establishing communication, and the keeper was just on the point of firing the gun when the steamer's cable parted, and she was hurled with great force ashore, bow on. The state of the sea can be imagined when it is remarked that the vessel almost pitchpoled in the surf, before fetching up. As she came well in, the gun was discarded, and the life saving crew sent a line on board by means of the heaving stick. The whip-line quickly followed and, there being no time to set up the apparatus in the usual way, as the vessel was fast breaking up, the crew, three in number, after making the block fast, attached the line to their bodies, shouted to the life-saving crew to haul ashore, and then jumped overboard, and were quickly drawn to the beach, through the surf, safe and sound. They were at once taken to the Station and furnished with dry clothing, and made comfortable. The vessel proved to be the A. H. Glover, a small propeller of nine tons, owned in Boston, whither she was bound from Nantucket, Mass. She was a total wreck. The men stayed two days at the Station, when they were sent home by rail. With the terrible sea running, it would have been impossible for the men to have reached the shore without assistance, and all of them expressed the liveliest gratitude to the life-saving crew, freely stating that, but for the aid so promptly rendered, they could not have escaped with their lives.

On the 14th of September, 1896, a disaster occurred on the Peaked Hill Bars, coast of Cape Cod, attended with the loss of five men, whose deaths were involved in circumstances of mysterious and almost romantic interest. Three were suicides. The entire crew of twelve persons, including the officers and two boys, were Italians, belonging to a small Italian bark of 567 tons register, called the Monte Tabor, and hailing from Genoa.

It appears that the bark sailed from Trapani, Island of Sicily, on the 21st day of June, bound for Boston, laden with a cargo of salt. On September 5 she was from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty miles off the coast of Cape Cod, southeast of Highland Light, where she encountered heavy squalls, followed by almost continuous stormy weather up to the night of her destruction.

The captain and all her crew, resigned to the will of Providence, gave their souls to God, signing their signatures with the captain's. The paper was taken from a sealed bottle that was picked up among the wreckage, and was translated by the Italian consul at Boston.

On the 13th, she was near Cape Cod. At 8 o'clock that night the northerly wind was blowing twenty-five miles an hour, the sea was heavy and all was enveloped in a thick fog. Two hours later the atmosphere cleared enough to make out the Monte Tabor past Race Point, headed for Provincetown, where Capt. Genero hoped to come to anchor. Here he committed his fatal mistake, an error that has sent many a good ship to disaster in this locality. Capt. Genero miscalculated his position in the very crisis of his peril, and steered his bark straight upon the danger point he was straining every nerve to escape.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock she struck the outermost of the three bars lying off Peaked Hill, known as Peaked Hill Bars, and was now stranded on the inner one. Of all the shoals fringing the coast of Cape Cod, none are more dangerous than these or so often the scene of calamitous shipwrecks.

The night was pitch dark, and the surf was extremely high. Keeper C. P. Kelley, of High Head Station, and Keeper S. O. Fisher, of Race Point, were summoned to come up with all their crew, as quickly as possible. Surfman Fish was dispatched along the beach to look for tokens of disaster and reported that he heard a loud crash and saw a light disappear. He also soon discovered a hatch and an awning stanchion on the beach. Men were scattered from all stations to scrutinize for indications of the wreck. Cries were finally heard of distress, and at last, from the high position of the Keeper, the top of the Monte Tabor's cabin, with six men clinging to it, could be seen, three of whom jumped into the waves and members of the crew dragged them in to safety. About 9 o'clock a patrolman from Race Point Station discovered the bodies of Captain Genero and Seaman Biagio lying in the edge of the water, with their throats cut, and about half a mile from them that of Steward Olivari, with a bullet hole in the head. All three were committed to the charge of the coroner in Provincetown and were interred in the Catholic cemetery at that place. The manner in which these men came to their deaths aroused much excitement and resulted in a suspicion that they were murdered by their shipmates. The Italian consul, after investigating, pronounced it suicide.

Of the twelve persons aboard, six were rescued by the Life-Saving Service.

On December 3, 1893, the British ship "Jason" was totally wrecked on Cape Cod, half a mile north of the station, during a violent storm and intense darkness. Crews of Highland Light and Cahoon's Hollow Life-Saving Stations joined the Pamet River Station crew at the scene, but all possibility of aiding the mariners, beyond a sole survivor who was found wandering on the beach, was defeated by the early destruction of the ship. Twenty four lives were lost. Nineteen dead bodies were recovered and given decent burial.

RESCUE WORK

A Provincetown Paean

By LUCY E. TREAT

I wonder how many of us really know Provincetown, the quaint old Provincetown, the Provincetown of the whaling days, the Provincetown which sent forth its full quota of Civil War heroes, the Provincetown of stirring industry, lastly, the Provincetown which has become one of the most invigorating of vacation towns.

We cannot all listen to our sire's tales of the good old whaling era or fight over old battles, but we can at least wait until we have spent days enough in a town to know it before we attempt to describe or criticize it. To many people going down for a day's outing, Provincetown appears merely as a town of one long street, bordering on the ocean, with the tang of salt and the odor of fresh fish in the air.

But has such a one ever wandered over to the back of the town, across the low hills, covered with the beach plum bushes, the fragrant bayberry and the scrub oaks, where the luscious pear berry abounds to slake one's thirst? How many people have taken a hike over the yellow dunes at East Harbor, across the plains of soft, beautiful sand, to the Peaked Hill beach, where the merciless pounding of the billows on the bar calls up memories of tragic shipwrecks and heroic rescues? Has a visit to the life saving station there given one a fresh insight and deeper appreciation of the service of the sea coast patrol?

Who has walked across the breakwater to Long Point Light or who has tramped to the very tip end of Cape Cod, Race Point, where an interesting hour may be spent at the light and where one can almost inevitably find a fisherman willing to regale the visitor with a fresh lobster?

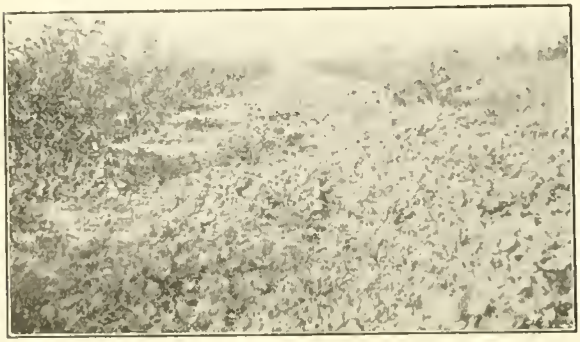
Who has spent a day on the old wharves, where one usually meets some old-timer, who is only too glad to "bide a wee" and spin thrilling tales of whaling adventures or ferret out from old buildings some relic of bygone days.

Who knows of the cottages at Puritan Heights, to be had for a nominal rental, in a neighborhood not too exclusive for neighborliness? From this hill-top, just at the entrance of the town, between Provincetown and Truro, where the breezes blow gently, one may have an extensive view even to Manomet on a clear day and by night a sparkling panorama of harbor lights spreads out before the cottager's eyes.

Who has mingled in the activities of the town and come into social contact with these descendants of a sturdy sea-faring people, whose initiative has made possible such buildings as the fine town hall, with its embryo museum, and the modern board of trade building and whose patriotism has caused the beautiful Pilgrim monument to be reared in their midst, who, above all, know that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

Let no one voice a criticism of good, old Provincetown until he has done one or all of these things and entered into the spirit of this ideal Cape town, which has so much to offer the vacationist entering its borders in the right spirit.

Cape Cod lands will produce this season as never before. A greater effort will be made to supply the summer colonies with fresh produce, milk and eggs. There has been a great awakening in this line and the Cape will do her full share in relieving the food shortage.



Down in Truro

By MARY W. RICH

On a strip of land by the ocean side,
Washed by the ebbing and flowing tide,
In the sand and salt, and salt and sand,
Found nowhere else as in Cape Cod land,
Is the quaint old town of Truro.

There are scenes most rare in this fair old town,
The shadows are weird, when the sun goes down,
Chasing each other like fairy sprites
Into woodland dells, where they sleep o' nights,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

Marshes redundant with reeds and with rushes,
Where hover bobolinks, bluebirds and thrushes,
Cheery and sweet are the songs they deliver
As they sway to and fro on the reeds by the river,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

The river embosomed in the glories galore,
Like a mirror enshrined in some lady's boudoir,
Winding its silvery way through the lea,
To become the fair bride of the beautiful sea,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

There are sun-kissed slopes, all teeming with bushes
Of rich, ripe fruit, clothed in bloom and in blushes
And fragrant perfume, from the fern and the pine,
Profusely dispensed by the giver divine,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

There may be landscapes of grander mien,
With bolder cliff and deeper ravine,
But nowhere else in region or clime
Can be found such rest in summer time
As down in the town of Truro.

There are memories dear of this Cape Cod land,
With its cool pine groves and sea-salt sand,
And wherever I chance in this world to roam,
My heart drifts back to a peaceful home
In the quaint old town of Truro.

WINDS FROM OVER THE SEA

By AUGUSTA MAY

June winds, dune winds, romping o'er the warm sands;
Sea winds, free winds, sweet with rose and pine;
Bring us, wing us, swiftly from the far lands,
Where the maddened nations rage in battle line.

Good news, glad news, news of hate and fear killed;
Soft rain, warm rain, tears for thousands slain;
Christ's love, God's love, changing hearts with wrath filled;
Tell us that our brothers once again are sane.

Cape Cod from the N. Y. Boat

By SYLVIA CUSHMAN

SLOWLY I watched the city lights fade in the distance. Gathering my long coat around me, I carefully climbed the sharp, narrow stairs to the hurricane deck and, taking a camp stool, drew it close to the railing and sat down.

I had been to New York many times before, but had never taken the trip through the Cape Cod Canal and looked forward to it with great pleasure.

When I came on board I had made up my mind to go down to dinner at six o'clock, but at six o'clock our boat was rocking joyously and I changed my mind.

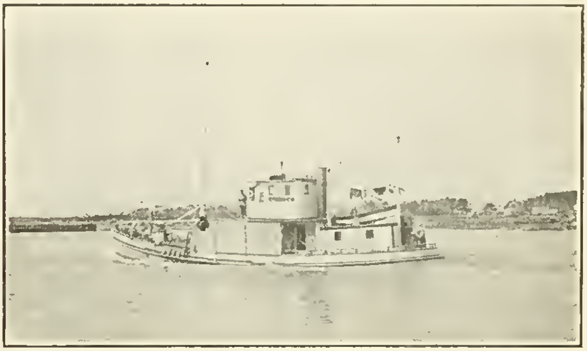
A blue coated official had told me we would pass through the canal at about half past nine; too bad it was so late. Coming back from New York it was about early dawn, and unless you had stayed up all night you couldn't see it then.

ALONG THE SHORE

Secretly I wondered if I hadn't made a mistake and should have taken "the midnight" over as usual. But I was soon to change my mind.

The moon rose early and found me still sitting there by the rail. There have been songs sung of "Perfect Days"—but why never a "Perfect Night?" Surely this night was without equal.

It was about eight o'clock when I rose and went into the ladies' cabin to write some letters. Two small children insisted on playing tag around the back of my chair, and across the way a man and his wife were arguing about the price of their stateroom. I went back to the deck.



A PASSING BOAT

How long I sat there I don't know, but suddenly I was aware that the boat had slowed down, and far ahead, to the starboard side, was a row of glimmering lights.

"Here's the canal!" somebody yelled.

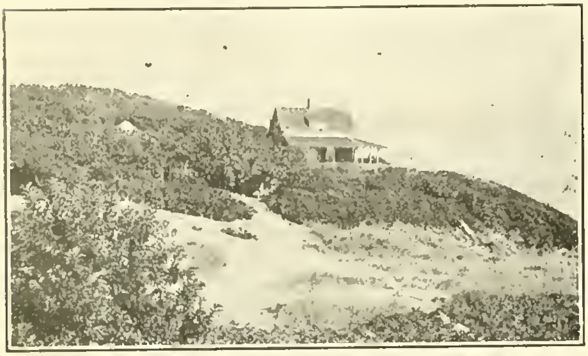
Immediately about everyone was on deck, gazing into the darkness.

Through this long avenue of lights, our boat ploughed its way. At times the canal was so narrow one could jump on the shore from the railing. We were scarcely moving now. From the Cape came the wonderful odor of fresh growing things. Bayberry leaves seemed to gain the ascendency and their odor was strong and infallible. It quickly brought to mind some of the wonderful walks my girl chum and I had taken through the woods from Craigville to Hyannis.

As if right before my very eyes I could see the Life Saving Station at Wellfleet, the boat races from Chequesset Inn, the wonderful bathing beach at Craigville and the very poor one at Yarmouth.

I remembered a fine shore dinner on Monument Beach and at the same time being out alone off Onset in a motor boat during a thunder storm and being dumped unceremoniously overboard.

My father had told me that one of my ancestors, Robert Cushman, was buried at Provincetown, and when a very little girl I had stood with great dignity at his tombstone and allowed my picture to be taken.



OVERLOOKING THE CANAL

Suddenly our Captain turned the search light on two happy people sitting on the banking. The girl screamed and scrambled up the banking, while the fellow lingered a moment to express his opinion of the Captain.

All on board that had seen it, indulged in a heart laugh which I joined in, but only for a moment—when unconsciously my hand fell on the empty camp stool beside me. I was alone. The only person in the world I wanted beside me was ————. Sadly I turned my head towards Boston. Lucky girl on the banking. More lucky boy with her.

Our boat valiantly saluted the awaiting train, which had been held up by the open draw. The train's whistle replied clear and resonant.

END OF THE BREAKWATER

We were moving quickly now, and would soon be out of the canal. I shivered slightly in the cool wind and stood up, gazing back to where the canal lights were fading in the distance.

Slowly I walked to my stateroom door, unlocked it and went in and turned on the lights. Then I came out on deck again, still looking backwards.

Somewhere downstairs some college boys were singing. The air floated up to me on the evening breeze.

"Sweet Genevieve!"

Where was it I had heard that before?

Oh! Yes, at our dance on board a yacht off Lonelyville (a part of Craigville).

Slowly I went in and shut the door.

IN WELLFLEET

By KENT B. STILES

There is a humble hill I know
Where I may stand with silence all about me
And look upon, nor gaze except devoutly,
A Cape Cod graveyard, where, in solemn splendor, grow
Tall pines, eternal sentinels,
Grown aged in company with old church bells
Within the cloistered belfries in the quiet town below.
And one pine, more majestic than the rest,
Catching the evening sunbeams from across the Bay——
Which lie in sweet tranquility off to the West——
Throws lengthening shadows at the close of day.
And from the Eastward, out beyond these graves,
There comes a sound
To break the hush of nightfall gath'ring round;
To break, but not disturb the solitude;
It comes, the muffled voice of Back Shore waves.
And my tall pine, rough-barked and needle-gowned,
Gives echoing murmur in response profound
Throughout this twilight hour—God's interlude!

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Wildflowers on Cape Cod

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

WHEN looking for arbutus in May, you may discover clusters of oval, shining green leaves. In June the subterranean root sends up a simple raceme of nodding flowers, which, in the distance, suggest lilies of the valley, but it bears the ugly name of **Shin-Leaf.** The English peasantry was in the habit of applying the leaves to bruises and called any kind of a plaster a shin plaster. The name **Pyrola** was given to it, because its leaves and flowers resemble those of a pear tree. It belongs to the Heath family.

Not far away, along the wood roads, you may see two broad green leaves, above which rises a pink balloon-like blossom, floating from its slender scape. This is the **Lady's Slipper** or **Moccasin Flower.** It seems to be touched with the spirit of the woods and, though you find a hundred, each one seems a rarity. I have also found it on a hill-side, among pine needles and huckleberry bushes, and in the woods about Camp Opechee.

The **Cranebill** or **Wild Geranium** flutters its graceful purple-pink flowers beside the County road; the wild **Lupins** spread themselves in blue patches over sandy fields at Marstons Mills and along the highways; the **Sheep Laurel** brightens the low woods, and the beautiful **Mountain Laurel** grows at Farmersville. Its many flowered corymbs, four or five inches across, are very attractive. It takes easily to cultivation and will grow in any soil where there is no lime, and is highly prized in English gardens.

However backward the spring has been, June tosses the fields and meadows full of flowers.

The tall daisies wave their bright heads among the grass, the buttercups sparkle in the sun and "The roses, roses, oh, how fair!" All our native roses are single and pink and are found in dry fields and along the margins of swamps. Only the stately Eglantine or Sweet Brier often stands alone. If it did not come over in the Mayflower, it came soon after, for we know it blossomed in Pilgrim gardens very early. It is embedded in the warp and woof of English life and English literature; it is the Eglantine of Chaucer, of Spencer and of Shakespeare. Besides some other shrubs, the Rose family includes all our berries and fruit trees. It is a large and important order, producing the most valuable fruits.

"No price is put on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer."

COUNTRY BOYS

By Helen T. Woods

Wouldn't live in cities big,
  Nor know their grime and dust;
Wouldn't like it in the town,
  'Mong the upper crust.
Ruther take our chances
  In open country—free,
Ruther look about us,
  Where there's somethin' good to see.
Wouldn't like it in a town,
  With all its toil and care;
Goin' to stick to country life,
  'Cause we love it there!

Established 1858
Sawyer's Crystal BLUE
For the Laundry.

SEE THAT TOP.

DOUBLE STRENGTH.
BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

Makes white clothes whiter and colored fabrics brighter.

SAWYER CRYSTAL BLUE CO.
88 BROAD ST., BOSTON.
Sold in 5c., 10c. & 15c. Bottles.

SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE
THE BEST FOR 60 YEARS
FOR THE LAUNDRY

REMEMBER OUR SOLDIERS

Among the men from the Cape and vicinity at the Plattsburg training camp are J. F. Kelley and E. H. Phelps of Chatham; F. Howard Hinckley, Jr., of Yarmouth; Richard Heffler, Jr., of Dennis; First Lieutenant Fletcher Clark, Jr., and Samuel B. Corr of Sandwich; Gerard C. Besse and Harold Hurley of Wareham; E. C. Parker, Charles Frasee and Emery St. George of Plymouth, besides many more who make the Cape their summer home. The great need among the men at Plattsburg is pastries and candies. There is no work that will be more appreciated than for local organizations to send sweetmeats, like fudge and home-made candies, as it will help alleviate the lot of the men. No sugar is served at meals and its stimulating qualities are very much missed. Supplies can be sent in care of any of these men, who will see that they are properly distributed.

AMBERGRIS WORTH $35,000

Capt. John A. Cook of Provincetown, owner of the whaling brigantine Viola, has just received from the vessel 121 pounds of ambergris, worth its weight in gold. The ambergris was taken from a large sperm whale which was killed south of Cape Hatteras several months ago. The leviathan was cut up and the treasure was found during the progress of the work. It was taken to Barbadoes and shipped from there to the owner 10 days ago.

It is estimated that the ambergris taken by the Viola is worth at least $35,000, and may bring a much higher figure.

Tuesday, June 5, has been fixed as War Registration Day, when all men in the country between the ages of 21 and 30, inclusive, must register themselves for military service. Registration will be done in every voting precinct throughout the state.

Patronize our advertisers.

Camp Chequesset

The Real Camp for Real Girls
is not only a Cape Cod Camp, but near the tip; on the safer waters of the Bay Side, yet only two miles from the roaring Atlantic; in the heart of the Cape Cod lake region; and amidst rich Indian lore and oldtime traditions. It is located on a small wooded plateau overlooking the beautiful harbor of the quaint fishing town of Wellfleet.

Folk Dancing, Gardening, Nature Study, Photography, Metal and Leather Work Basketry, Wood Lore, Fishing Trips, Bowling, Tennis, Athletics, Swimming, Music, Camp Plays and Voice Culture taught by College Graduates.

Send for Illustroted Booklet to

Miss Alice Belding, 37 Batavia Street, Boston, Mass'

OR

William G. Vinal, State Normal school, Providence, R.I.

An Opportunity

in some Cape Cod Towns
where agencies are still open
for live dealers to represent

Tait Brothers'
Venetian Ice Cream

The Cream That Sells Itself

Get in touch with us
AT ONCE

TAIT BROTHERS COMPANY
NEW BEDFORD

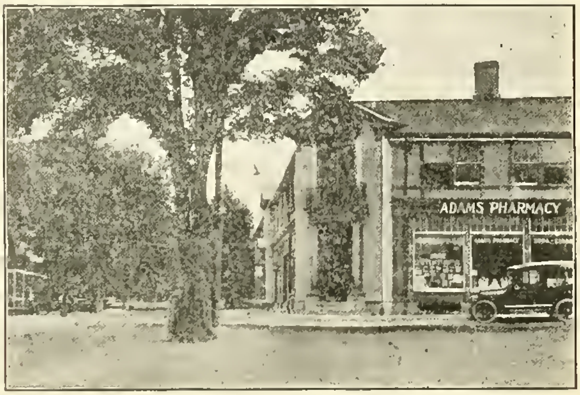
The Squall

By L. PERCY MOULTON

THE following story, one of the many told me by our veteran sea captain, Marcus M. Pierce, may be of interest to your readers, especially so to those who, in the summer of the eighties, often took the long trip across the "ford" and so on down the long stretch of beach by team to the Orleans Life Saving Station, to see the captain and visit the neat station of which he was then the keeper. Captain Pierce is an old "Grand Banker" as well as having served as keeper of the Nauset Life Saving Station at Eastham for seven years, and at Orleans Station until his retirement.

"It was in the summer of 18—, after the crew had gone to their homes, and I, as keeper, was obliged to stay at the station so as to keep it covered from sunset to sunrise, during the time they were off duty. Usually my family was with me during this time, but on this occasion they happened to be at home, so one morning I harnessed the horse and went home, working around all day and making things as snug as possible for the women folks until my next chance to return home. It was such a beautiful, calm day the thought entered my mind that it might be just as well to stay at home over night, there seeming no chance of any trouble possibly happening from the sea, but duty calls and the log must be written, so just before sunset I harnessed the horse and started back to the station. The sun was just sinking as I arrived and, putting up the horse, I started from the station toward the bluff to the east, when I heard a roaring like thunder from the direction of the sea.

"It was dead calm at the time and at first I was puzzled to account for such a noise, but I soon found out as, quick as I can tell it, I was struck in the face by a wind squall which was like a wall, nearly getting knocked down by its sudden rush. It passed as quickly as it came, ending in a brisk breeze from the east which lasted throughout the night. I searched the sea with my glass, as there



Adams' Pharmacy

Provincetown —— Sagamore

LET US SUPPLY
YOUR SUMMER NEEDS

John Hinckley & Son Co.

LUMBER, SHINGLES,
LIME, CEMENT
AND HARDWARE

YARDS at YARMOUTHPORT, SO. HYANNIS,
COTUIT, SO. DENNIS

TELEPHONES IN BARNSTABLE, HYANNIS,
AND DENNIS EXCHANGES

YARMOUTHPORT, MASS.

had been quite a few vessels off shore during the squall, and as the moon had now risen and being satisfied that no trouble had occurred on account of the squall, I went to bed and to sleep. At midnight I awoke and went up into the lookout, returning to write the record in the log book. I had been in bed about an hour when I heard a noise at the outside door and listening I heard, 'Oh, can you save me,' in a weak and shaky voice, and opening the door saw in the lantern light a most pitiful sight, a man lying at the foot of the steps, his clothing soaked and covered with beach sand and so weak as to be unable to rise alone. Evidently he thought he must die, as all I could get out of him was 'Can you save me,' but, thinking there must be others beside him perhaps in the surf or in even a worse condition than he, I finally got him to say that there was one, but he had drowned. I carried him inside, stripped off his wet clothes, put him into my own bed and heaped on the blankets. I grabbed a bottle of brandy in which the cork was stuck, smashed off the neck on the edge of the table and forced a drink of it into him. I then built a fire and made hot drinks, but the poor man was so chilled that it was almost impossible to get him warm. I got in with him, hugging him until I myself was a reeking sweat. I pounded, rolled and rubbed him and finally, at nearly daylight, he commenced to show signs of getting warm.

"Up to this time he had been shivering, his teeth chattering and his speech almost impossible to make out. I finally got enough of his story to explain the roaring of the early evening and to account for his being at the door of the station.

"He and a fourteen year old boy had started from Provincetown that day in a sail boat and had just about drifted all the way to Nauset harbor when they were struck by the squall and capsized. Both were thrown into the water without warning, the boat sinking at once. As she went down, he grabbed the dory painter and cut her loose, only to come up bottom side up. Both climbing on her bottom, they were rolled over and under,

To the Cape by Boat

BOSTON

AND THE PILGRIMS' FIRST
LANDING PLACE

PROVINCETOWN

AT THE TIP OF CAPE COD

The big iron steamship "Dorothy Bradford" makes the round trip daily. SCHEDULE:—leave Boston *9.00 a. m., arrive Provincetown *1.00 p. m., leave 2.30 p. m., arrive Boston *6.30 p. m. *Sundays and holidays 30 minutes later. PIERS: 400 Atlantic Avenue, Boston; and Railroad Wharf, Provincetown.

Cape Cod Steamship Co.

Longer Life To Shoes

"ALBO" cleans and whitens **Buck, Nubuck, Suede, and Canvas Shoes.** In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE"(in liquid form with sponge) **quickly cleans** and **whitens** dirty **canvas** shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"DANDY" combination for **cleaning** and **polishing** all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. **"STAR"** size, 10c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that contains **oil.** Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes, **shines without rubbing,** 25c. **"FRENCH GLOSS"**, 10c.

Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes

There is a Difference in Polishes

often losing hold and being almost separated from the dory. The boy held on as long as he had strength, after being washed off the dory bow, where the man had placed him in order to help him hold on, had managed to catch her stern once more when he said 'Good-bye' and dropped off.

"The man described the numbness which, creeping up his limbs, seemed to reach his vitals, when his feet touched bottom and, rolling over and over in the surf, got to the beach, where he crawled, pulled and worked his way toward the station light.

"A singular fact in connection with all this is that the boy's father was aboard one of the vessels in sight at the time and told me, when he came next day, that the fleet of vessels were all lying becalmed, with sails all flapping, when quickly the canvas of all was in an awful roar, caused by the wind striking dead ahead, and which, with the fierce gale, caused the roar which I had heard on shore. His vessel was hove down so far that he was obliged to cast off the fore sail and that in order to do so he plunged waist-deep in the water. His boy was never found. The man was sent back to his home the next day. He, in all probability, was four hours or more in this dreadful predicament, all the while facing grim death."

"Cap'n Abe", a novel by James Cooper, is a Cape Cod story which has just been issued. It is very interesting and the story and plot very entertaining. It is founded upon the quaint deception practiced by a storekeeper who was afraid of the water but evolved a unique scheme to impress his neighbors with his prowess as a sailor. Of course there is a love story in it and a very pretty one, at that.

Carriages and bicycles, as well as automobiles, must carry lights at night. This rule will be strictly enforced and owners of such vehicles take a big risk in going out without them. In a recent damage case a verdict of over $3,000 was awarded in the case of an accident where the carriage had no lights.

A. M. BUSH & CO.
47 WILLIAM ST., NEW BEDFORD

The Oldest Practical Cleaners in the City

Clothes do not make the man,

But the man or woman who have their clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired, altered, etc., by us, will make the other fellow sit up and take notice.

Say! If you could only walk down the street behind yourself, and see the spots and wrinkles In That Suit, you would ring us up right away.

Bell-3790. Auto-1344. Over 32 years at 47 William St.

WE PAY PARCEL POST ONE WAY

A Real $1 Hand Woven Panama

GenuinePanama, Blocked Silk Band, Trimmed Light weight, Durable State size. Guaranteed like $5 brand, only not as fine a weave. Postpaid $1. Bargin Book FREE FITTED RUSSIA LEATHER SWEAT BAND, 25c. Extra

Send to-day. GEO. D. BUNGAY. 28 So. William St., New York

"URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have **Rheumatism** or **Neuritis**, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition, write today for my **FREE BOOK** on **"RHEUMATISM--Its Cause and Cure"**. Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ***Absolutely Free.***

JESSE A. CASE
Dept. C. M. BROCKTON, MASS.

NEW SHOES
FROM
OLD ONES

Come in and let us tell you what this means.

We do not cobble shoes, we rebuild them.

We use the famous Goodyear Welt System.

P. A. NESE
Hyannis
Agents Wanted

Show this Magazine to a friend.

The Old Home and a Family Income

By HELEN T. WOODS

WHEN a family faces the fact that it is minus an income, even the least of its members begins a search for ways and means.

On the outskirts of an early settled country village, a few years ago, a family of four found themselves without income and with no means at their disposal other than a quaint old farm house and its furnishings. The land surrounding it had gradually been sold off to adjourning farms, until only the homestead and gardens remained. Fine old shade trees graced the lawn and the remnants of a one-time real old-fashioned garden with box bordered walks and a profusion of sweet scented herbs and gaily colored perennials stretched back from the house over a two acre area.

The father of the family was decrepit and unable to do little more than putter about the lawn and garden and care for the family horse, the mother was almost totally blind. The two daughters had no special training that would be the means of bringing in funds sufficient to support the family. A recent unfortunate investment of the family funds had therefore brought about a state of chaos in their usual comfortable, harmonious state of living.

Summer boarders, tea rooms, gift shops and countless other means of creating a family income were in turn met and discussed by the girls and their parents, but after some weeks of wavering indecision, the following original idea was presented by the younger daughter and has since been made a paying proposition by the two sisters.

After talking the matter over with their parents, so firmly did the sisters believe in the success of their venture they borrowed $100 from the local bank to start the ball rolling.

Many years before, in the days of the family's opulence, a certain grandsire had estab-

INDIVIDUAL BAGS OF
Oriental Orange Pekoe Tea

1 BAG MAKES 2 CUPS
50 BAGS PACKED AND DELIVERED $1.10
ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

TYPEWRITERS
All Makes $15 Up
Factory rebuilt machines that look, act and wear like new Guaranteed for one year.
EXPERT REPAIRING on all makes of typewriters
ADDING MACHINES
An excellent new machine at $35. Non-listing, easy to operate, capacity $999,999.99.
Any machine you want shipped on trial.
Write us your wants. Bell Telephone 2652
NEW BEDFORD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
88 Union Street, New Bedford, Mass.

FLOWERS
Seeds, Plants,
Trees, Shrubs
H. V. LAWRENCE
Falmouth, Mass.

CAPE COD
Home-Made Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Sweet Pickles and Marmalades.
Ellen F. Crocker
Barnstable, - Cape Cod, Mass.

1917
Initials or date **Engraved Free**
Friendship or Anniversary RING
your size, for 12c., both for 23c. Warranted Sterling or Rolled GOLD.
STERLING SILVER ROLLED GOLD
B.F.C.
Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chambers Street, Dept. 850 New York

lished a homestead, in which through successive generations, the descendants had lived. It was roomy and well arranged, the architecture being typically colonial. The furnishings throughout were substantial and in keeping, so that really there remained little in the way of preparation. The main thing was advertising and as this must be unique and unusual, the girls adopted the plan which follows.

The venture was called "The Old Home Rest", and in the leading nearby city dailies, they inserted a three inch advertisement, reading thus:

> THE OLD HOME IS NOW OPEN
>
> Have you ever wanted to take the evening train Back Home? At 8.45 a. m. and 5.02 p. m. daily a train leaves the Terminal Station for Pine Hills.
>
> We have blazing log fires, old fashioned, plain, wholesome cooking and candles to light you to bed.
>
> EVERYTHING AS IT USED TO BE
>
> The only modern usages adopted at the Old Home Rest are the bath room and the telephone.
>
> Reservations made by telephone or letter, for over night, week ends, or by the week.
>
> THE LATCH STRING IS ALWAYS OUT
> at
> THE OLD HOME REST
> Pine Hills

In addition to the daily paper advertising, an attractive folder in colonial yellow was mailed to every prospective guest of whom they could get the name and address. The folder had an attractive view of the house had an attractive view of the house and and grounds and read as follows:

> Have you ever longed to take the evening train back Home? To finish up the trying day's work, close your office desk and hurry down to meet your wife and children at the Station—going Home?
>
> Almost everyone can dream of an OLD HOME, visited or loved in the days of childhood—if not an own home, then that of an Aunt or Grandmother's.
>
> Twined indelibly about the heart strings are the delightful, never-to-be-forgotten memories of THE OLD HOME in the country.
>
> Where is the man or woman who does not want to go there again? Alas, to many the blinds are closed and the hearth cold. Spiders have spun their gauzy webs across the entrance. Perhaps people from a far country have, in exchange for mere coin

Macullar Parker Company

Makers and Retailers of

Clothing

For Men, Young Men, Boys

400 Washington St., near Summer St.,
Boston

NEWTON, The Florist
Funeral Work Promptly Executed
We solicit trade and will endeavor to satisfy you
Flower Shop and Greenhouses
Tel. 57-3 210 and 212 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass.

CONSODINE HOUSE
Brewster, Mass.
Special Sunday Dinners
Open all the Year
T. P. CONSODINE, Prop.

Monuments
Cut from Westerly, Quincy & Barre Granite.
Every description of Cemetery Memorials.
A card or telephone brings our service to you.
Henry T. Crosby & Son
Harwich, Mass. Cape Cod Tel. 102-3

S. A. PUTNAM
Portrait and Landscape Photographer
HYANNIS, MASS.
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS
Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives,
Studio in Rear of First National Bank

of the realm, wrested the Old Home from those who still hallow its name.

From the Terminal Station, at 8.45 a. m. and 5.02 p. m., daily, goes a train which will carry you back in the country to THE OLD HOME.

The carry-all will meet you at the station, as of yore. The mile drive through pine scented woodland, across winding river, where the ozone is real, and sweet with all manner of country delights will bring back the appetite which you take pleasure in telling your friends you "had when a boy."

And we at THE OLD HOME can satisfy it as in the days of yore. The sugar cured hams from true Virginia razor backs, smoked over hickory chips as Grandfather used to do, are here; and a slice of this, fried just right, with eggs laid, gathered and fried the same day will go well with Mother's hot "feather" biscuit, and freshly steeped tea.

We serve the old-fashioned whole grain breads, the eight-hour baked Indian puddings, and the digestible pies like your Mother used to make.

We have the Old Home chairs in which to doze around a sputtering back log. A kettle sings on the crane. There are candles to light you to bed.

EVERYTHING AS IT USED TO BE. Nothing modern but Bath and Telephone. Reservations for over night, week ends or by the week, may be made by telephone or letter.

THE LATCH STRING IS ALWAYS OUT
at
THE OLD HOME REST
Pine Hills

The business has been running for two years and has grown steadily from the start. The girls have paid the expense of starting the business, a reasonable rentage to their parents and a fair income for their labor.

A strenuous effort is being made to have the U. S. government take over the Cape Cod canal. Among those who favor such action are both Massachusetts senators and the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

General Leonard Wood is a Cape Codder of whom we all feel proud and we hope that political considerations will not be permitted to interfere with the service which he stands ready to render to his country.

Considerable work has been done upon the golf courses upon the Cape and the golf enthusiasts are assured rare sport this season.

Shoes Without Rivals In Satisfying

Our creations for summer emphasize our powers of originality and promise to maintain and increase our leadership. Leave your selection of summer footwear until you see our new lines and you will be better satisfied and save money. ***Buck's Shoe Service is the Best***

BUCK'S BOOT SHOP
Opp. Hyannis Trust Co.

COMPLETE FRIENDSHIP **BRACELET 59c**
RIBBON FREE

STERLING SILVER WARRANTED ROLLED GOLD

Links Reduced to 8c. each or 2 for 15c.
Why not start a Friendship-Maid-Link-BRACELET with one or two links at this reduced price with Bracelet Ribbon FREE or Complete Bracelet at one time (3 Initials engraved FREE on all Links) at SPECIAL PRICE of 59c. State whether Rolled Gold, Silver, Grecian or plain design Links wanted, also Initials.
Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chambers St., Dept. 853 New York

Students can enter at any time

All students receive individual instruction. **Send for our 1917 Catalogue**

Kinyon's Commercial School
Duff Bldg., New Bedford, Mass.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

Change of Office

The office of the Cape Cod Publishing Company has been transferred from Sandwich to Wareham and all communications intended for this publication should henceforth be mailed to the latter place.

Those who advocate the strictest kind of economy on the part of the people forget that in order to keep the country prosperous there must be buyers for the articles manufactured. A wiser plan is to spend as usual according to your means and trust the future to determine the results.

Information received from the large summer hotels upon the Cape shows that they will be well filled this season. Advance bookings already assure a prosperous season, showing that submarine terrors are little regarded.

After denouncing the foreign plotters who are working among us, some of our wealthy men proceed to get together to organize a corner in food stuffs.

Gov. McCall has signed the bill, making a continuous State Highway from Boston to the Race Point Life Saving Station, Provincetown.

Everyone between the ages of 21 and 31 must do their bit, but this does not excuse others from doing theirs also.

It is surprising how much good advice a novice gardener can give the old farmers of the town.

We often speak of the failures of others as an excuse to brag about our own business sagacity.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

Pilgrim Heights — Provincetown

At the Tip End of Cape Cod

"Where Every Breeze is an Ocean Breeze"

A high, level plateau, 60 feet above the ocean, with the Atlantic on its East, Cape Cod Bay and Provincetown Harbor on the West and beautiful Pilgrim Lake directly on the North.

High land, cool breezes and splendid ocean views from every window in every cottage on every lot on Pilgrim Heights. On the ocean side, the surf is rolling in on the beach; at the left, on the Bay side, is the best bathing on the coast, on a quiet, sandy beach, perfectly safe and free from all sewerage and other impurities.

Pilgrim Heights is on the original tip end of Cape Cod. Just beyond, the picturesque sand dunes begin. The soil of Pilgrim Heights is rich and fertile and gardens thrive there. Every lot is on level land, overooking miles of beautiful land and water scenery. A unset from Pilgrim Heights is something to treasure n the memories of a lifetime.

An Ideal Spot for a Summer Cottage

Lots $100 to $500 each. Fine residences already on property. Water piped from Pilgrim Spring.

For further information apply to

E. E. PHILLIPS, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

WINTER ADDRESS, DE LAND, FLORIDA

Boyden & Company, Incorporated

PLUMBING and HEATING

Boston, 14 Brattle Square

Sagamore, Cape Cod, Keith Block

UNIFORMS FOR ALL ORGANIZATIONS
COSTUMES FOR ALL SOCIETIES

The Harding Uniform & Regalia Co.

22 SCHOOL ST,. BOSTON. MASS.

For Sale—25-Acre Farm

Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings are worth all we ask for the property. Will sell property as a whole, or any part to suit purchaser. Also beach property. Telephone connections.

John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

SPRUCEMERE

An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.

H. Coleman Pulsifer
Graduate Nurse

Telephone Connection FORESTDALE, MASS.

Classified Advertisement Department

Advertisements under this head cost only 2 cents a word for each insertion. They are cheap and effective. Cash payment should accompany order. Why not give it a trial?

REAL ESTATE

AN ESTATE in Cataumet, Mass., consisting of large, eight-room house, two stories, steam heat, with stable and garage; also building suitable for servants' quarters. Good orchard in bearing; apple, pear, plum and mulberry trees. About 12 acres of land, extending from County road to shore. Apply for price and terms to H. D. Handy, M. D., Harwich, Mass.

TO RENT, this season, $150. (For sale later). Two story, 11 room furnished house, on inland salt water. Plenty of shade and good drinking water Box 67, East Orleans, Mass.

INSURANCE

INSURANCE is as necessary on Cape Cod as anywhere else. Place your insurance of every description—fire, life, automobile, yacht, accident, etc.—with Hollis Burgess, Agent for every line of insurance, 15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

STAMPS, COINS, ETC.

YE OLDE RESIDENTS—I want old coins and stamps; premium list of prices, 10c. F. R. Kimball, Room 124, 18 Tremont St., Boston.

ORCHESTRA

IF you desire music for Concert, Dance, or any occasion, phone Orleans, 14-5, or drop a postal to Chas. H. Fenn, Orleans, for terms. Fenn's Orchestra.

PHOTOGRAPHS

WILL anyone having pictures of the old locomotives of the Cape Cod, or Old Colony Railroad, formerly running on this route, who is willing to dispose of the same, or allow copies to be made thereof, please address this magazine, stating conditions and price. Those having names preferred.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN of anything—anywhere on the Cape. Views, copies and enlargements a specialty. Phone or write your wants to Robbins' Studio Shop, Harwich, Mass.

SEND US A QUARTER with your next film. We will develop, and make six sample prints from the best negatives. Robbins' Studio Shop, Harwich, Mass.

AUTOMOBILES

INSURE your automobile with Hollis Burgess, agent for insurance of every description—fire, marine, accident, life, liability, etc.—15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

WANTED

YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN to represent the Cape Cod Magazine on Cape Cod this summer, preferably one who is working his or her way through college; to the right person, we will guarantee a steady and ample income through the vacation months. Address, Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

Highest price paid for old junk. Drop me a card and I will call. L. D. Hamblin, P. O. Box 72, Sandwich.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE BARGAIN COUNTER, published weekly, 25 cents year; advertising free to all who solicit Cape Cod subscriptions. Address George Otis, 138 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

USED SHOE BOXES. Apply to Isaac S. Burgess, Plymouth, Mass.

TRY a Classified Advertisement on this page. It will bring results cheaply.

IF IT'S LAUNDRY TRY

Robbins' Hand Laundry

KING ST., FALMOUTH, MASS.

GIFT SHOP

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS
AND JEWELRY

Silverware, Cut Glass, China and Novelties
Repairing

W. H. DENHAM, FALMOUTH, MASS.

THE FLOWER SHOP

HYANNIS, MASS.

Special Bouquets for Memorial Day
Wreaths, Potted Plants, Etc.

Telephone 161-5 and 226-3

— For —

CAPE COD REAL ETATE

See or Write

THOMAS H. NICKERSON

HARWICH PORT

Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. III July, 1917 No. 3

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From the Publishers' Desk

AS this number goes to press the summer season upon the Cape is opening and for the next two months the Cape will be the Mecca of thousands of pleasure seekers and those in search of rest and recreation. With an excellent train service and the very finest kind of roads for auto travel, the Cape is easy of access and alluring to the pleasure seeker. Its hotels swing wide their portals and welcome all comers, while hundreds of private residences will domicile relatives and friends. Everything conducive to comfort, ease and health will be found here and many attractions which cannot be found elsewhere.

Human energy requires its periods of relaxation and even in war times vacations are necessary to those who are engaged so strenuously in the work of bringing the resources of this great country to the rescue of our European brethren. Tired and jaded minds and muscles must be revived and general efficiency is promoted by such periods of recuperation as the Cape offers complete facilities for.

The summer season has come later than usual this year and will therefore be shortened considerably. July and August promise to be busy months hereabouts and September will see many taking their vacations, as it has been learned from past experience that the Cape climate is at its best then.

The Cape Cod magazine wishes to extend a cordial welcome to all who seek the shores of the "Old Right Arm" and feels that it can be of no greater service than to continue to extol the charms of the Cape, to the end that all may know the facilities which it offers and the welcome which it extends to those who are able to utilize its many advantages to the fullest extent.

We offer our services in giving any information which may be desired and trust that our readers will not hesitate to take advantage of our correspondence department, which has been established for their benefit.

We extend to our customers every service consistent with good Banking.

Checking accounts with summer residents solicited.

The National Bank of Wareham

WAREHAM, MASS.

WANTED

A LETTER

Yes, a letter from the bride-to-be with visions of the coming home: a letter from the sturdy swain who glories in the thought that he is to be the provider for HER: a letter from the Goodwife who knows the responsibilities for home economies are in her hands: a letter from the Father whose growing family must perforce enjoy the environment of a pleasant home: a letter from the summer sojourner who needs household equipment quickly and of the proper kind—a letter from each and all who are the least bit interested in that all but most vital of all questions—the making of a model home.

We want these letters to be frankly plain and full of questions relating to things needful for home use. Let their scope include anything from a tin spoon to a grand piano, and then

Why THEN we will show you that no inquiry is too trivial for our careful attention nor no order too large for our facilities, and we will put in our reply to you that indescribable SOMETHING which shows that this business now nearing its half century mark, means more than mere grubbing for profit.

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CAPE COD BOYS AT PLATTSBURG

NO finer lot of young men can be found in the country than those shown above, who represent the Cape Cod contingent at the Plattsburg Reserve Officers' Training Camp. These are the men who eventually will receive commissions in the army and will train the first 500,000 men who will constitute the American division to be sent to France.

The work at Plattsburg is no sinecure and the men have few idle moments. They are kept drilling from morning till night, with scarcely a breathing spell. It is no kid glove job, as the embryo officers are being trained in the duties of the privates in the ranks. With pick and shovel, they dig trenches in which they live under the same conditions as those actually upon the battle line. They are given practice in bomb throwing and bayonet attack and defense and made to recognize the seriousness of the occupation in which they are engaged.

The Cape should be proud to be represented by such a fine lot of men as the above picture shows. As the war progresses these men are bound to be heard from.

From left to right the names of the men in the picture are as follows:

In rear—SAMUEL B. CORR, Sandwich; CHAS. VOORHES, South Yarmouth; GERARD C. BESSE Wareham; E. S. PHELPS, Chatham; MR. COLEMAN, Barnstable.

Middle row—HAROLD HURLEY, Wareham; E. C. PARKER, Plymouth; A. E. BATEMAN, Barnstable; T. C. THACHER, JR., Yarmouthport.

Lower row—F. HOWARD HINCKLEY, Yarmouthport; LIEUT. FLETCHER CLARK, Sandwich; CLIFTON HEFFLER, Dennis.

The Massachusetts Press Association will tour the Cape the last week in June. It is planned to go to Provincetown by auto, arriving there Saturday night, June 30. Sunday will be spent in sightseeing in that interesting town and Monday the party will tour the south side of the Cape. It is hoped that the visit of the editors will be made pleasant.

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S. GERARD SMITH, Manager

PROVINCETOWN-BY-THE-SEA

By REV. HENRY G. IVES

THE charm of Provincetown has tempted many writers to try to describe its attractions. Yet each word painter has thrown down his pen, conscious that he has left out of his written canvas more than he put into it.

Who, for example, could express the glory of this summer morning as I sit on the beach, close to the spot where the submarines make their preliminary dives? Their boat house, the Willy Green, stands on the old pier to my right, while the pier of the Colonial cold storage warehouse is on the left.

These divers into the sea are paid two hundred dollars for their first submersion, a reward for hazarding their brave lives in the first plunge below the waters.

Yesterday, and for the greater part of last week, three training battleships, the Ohio, Wisconsin and Missouri, lay in the harbor that is formed by Long Point curving round, like a lobster's claw waiting to enclose its victim. Within that long arm, however, the blue waters nestle as though they were glad to be clasped in such a determined manner and they smile upon me with intense blue shades of rippling tenderness. Now blue and then green, they acknowledge every passing influence of cloud or wind or sun.

Provincetown, itself, is shaped like an oyster shell, its crescent sea beach reminding one of Carruth's poem

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in;
They come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it longing
And others call it God.

For longing possesses one here in Provincetown. One seems removed from the ordinary worries of life and carried almost to the borderland of dreams, where visions of beauty begin to appear real and possible, after all.

One hundred and twenty miles from Boston, perched on the tip of a winding cape, Provincetown has all but parted company with the work of a day world, where so many of us get tired and discouraged. The waters lull us to sleep and we forget that there are such places as large, hot cities, filled with sweltering humanity.

Back of this oyster shell is a narrow bay, called the race run, where fishermen find abundant fish. In the center of the shell are fresh water ponds, such as make the whole of the Cape, not only an ocean resort, but also pleasant for those who like fresh water.

The sand dunes are heaped high and beach grass and scrub pine remain to tell us that once dense woods existed here, before man began his destruction of the natural forest.

The oyster shell is indeed full of interest and one can only speculate upon the beauty which it might attain should a first class landscape architect provided with indefinite capital develop its unique possibilities.

Yet this would be an unnatural method of progress, hostile to the democratic American spirit, where everybody is supposed to have a share in producing the coming good. And, happily, the latter course of events is taking place in Provincetown.

A large summer colony of artists, counting hundreds of students, has come to the town. These bring with them the artist's natural wish to have everything arranged in harmonious and attractive ways. They have built houses on the sand dunes, that already point the way to the coming type of buildings. They throng the streets in the unconventional dress, filling this abode of the drab clad pilgrims, who landed here in 1620, with a wealth of color that to those historic exiles from the mother land would have seemed positively pagan in its luxuriousness. Blue and green, yellow and pink, and scarlet and brown startle the eye with their sudden proximity. Tasteful hats and easy flowing gowns suggest France and Italy and Spain, rather than a part of sober-minded New England. Just as the modern artists are putting more and more sunshine on their canvas so they deck themselves with the same sunshine, until it seems as though the canvas and its artist belonged inseparably to each other. Perhaps the cubists would like to dress in a cubist manner, too, if that were possible.

The ladies succeed in this orgy of brilliant hues with more grace than the men. The latter are apt to tempt the risibilities of the bystander. A tall, lean youth, clad in a flowing smock, was riding his bicycle the other day with such energetic rising and falling upon his iron steed that a practical business man remarked upon him, and I, for my part, could not but think of Cowper's lines

> "And when John Gilpin rides abroad
> May I be there to see."

Then there is the settled population that has to be reckoned with. The old sea captains still carry on their trade. Large cold storage warehouses testify to the size of the harvest won from the sea. The Colonial building on my left is a pretentious, brick structure, with elaborate wood ornamentation and curved tiled roof. A winter population of four thousand remains to be able to dictate to the summer invader the bounds within which he may move about. Woe betide the hungry tourist who seeks his lunch before noon. I made this attempt this morning and soon found that there are laws here as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians.

LOOKING TOWARD THE TOWN ACROSS THE WHARVES

Another unpardonable offense is to try to hurry a native. Kipling tells us of the fate of the man who sought to hustle the East. The catastrophe which befell him could just as well have taken place on the Cape. The stranger may reason all he pleases, he may grow red in the face; it is of no avail. He who goes to Cape Cod must do as the Cape Codders do.

But, having said this, does not the same fact apply to every place, at least to every community, that has been settled for a considerable period of time? No stranger has a right to overturn in the moment of his entrance, customs that have grown up with the years. Still less has he a right to criticize them from his outside point of view without taking into account the reason why they grew up. Had he and his fathers lived there for centuries, would they not have done the same?

It is a charm of the Cape that tomorrow is almost as good a time for doing business as today and the individual feels free to change his mind if he chooses about a business engagement. The tired city people find this relaxation from constant discipline in business methods at once a surprise, an occasion for humor and delight. It is like escaping from a world in which everything runs by rule to one in which the individual can stop the machinery at will.

If the jitney doesn't call for you as it agreed to, never mind. You can refuse to keep your appointment with it next time. Only keep sweet, laugh it off, go down to the beach, fix your gaze on the blue waves and lose yourself in Nirvana.

A large group of picturesque and worthy foreigners make a third contribution to the life at Provincetown. They alone, with their brown faces and half oriental appearance, would give Provincetown a foreign appearance. These are the Portuguese. They came here as fishermen and they taught the Yankee a few tricks in catching fish with small lines.

Today their young men are becoming landmen, just as the younger Americans did before them. Some are becoming schoolteachers and the ambition to enter college is growing in their mind. Intermarriages take place between them and the Americans, with the result, let us hope, that a sense of art, so native to the Latin peoples and so difficult to the Anglo-Saxons, may be grafted on the coming stock.

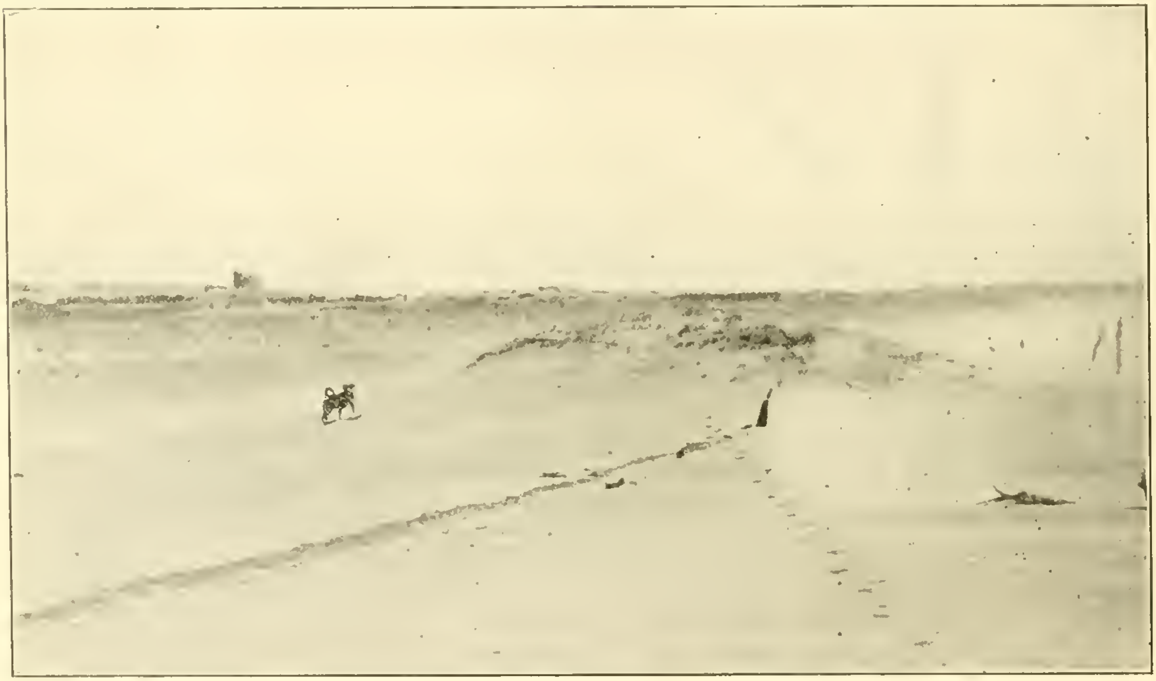
Is it any wonder that with the artist, the resident, and the Portuguese immigrant, Provincetown has a cosmopolitan air? Indeed, as a lady pointed out to me, there are more forces crowded together within the narrow life of the place than in almost any place that could be mentioned in this part of the country. In a place of four thousand people, which in summer becomes ten thousand, one meets all kinds of individuality, from the Yankee, who would keep alive the customs of the seventeenth century, to the ultra radicals who are called the Anarchists. Here are the stern separatists who must worship God by themselves and the two or three who

A BEACH PARTY ON THE WARM SANDS

agree with them and the radical, who considers religion the one thing in life that a sensible person will have nothing to do with. Spinster ladies look sadly out from their ancestral parlor windows at the giddy passing world and the same little town contains the wife of a so-called advanced thinker, who celebrates her freedom by retaining her maiden name. Here are all schools of art and each claims its votaries. There are two Methodist churches that prefer to keep apart. Holy Jumpers argue with Unitarians and the Universalists ask themselves where are the sea captains that got their hope of universal salvation by seeing for themselves what good lives the heathen led.

Add to this maelstrom the moving picture, presenting all sorts of plays, from themes whose only effect is to link aesthetic sense with erotic vagaries to a play that is so purely a sermon that it ceases to be a depiction of life. Then discharge upon the one narrow, main street of Provincetown, Commercial street, its quaint White Way, the sailors and officers of the battle ships in their neat costumes and one is carried back to Gibraltar for an equal display of color and life.

When the ships are in, it is hard to find a seat upon the jitneys. You sit next a sailor who has just come from the East or you find an old acquaintance from the South or West. The midshipmen sit with their lady friends and laugh good-naturedly while a sailor tries to dance in the swaying vehicle or tries to "raise something" by shouting out to bystanders. Everything goes that is not meant as an insult or does not injure people. The American crowd is quick to realize that the human driftwood that man the battleships must have a chance for mild excitement. The men are essentially clean and well set up. For the most part they are shy, boyish fellows that would not harm a mouse willingly. The drink, to which they often fall a victim, is sought as the quickest and easiest way to feel good. An enlisted man asked me the other night at eleven o'clock to direct him to a drink. It was not the time for preaching at him. Friendly sympathy was what he needed. Besides, is it not a tribute to Provincetown that he felt obliged to ask me? The habit of drinking is dying out and with its passing, a new life is opening up for the sail-



ON THE LONESOME SAND WASTES

Continued on Page 27

THOREAU ON CAPE COD

By E. H. PARRY

"CAPE COD is the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts: the shoulder is at Buzzards Bay; the elbow, or crazy-bone, at Cape Mallebarre; the wrist at Truro; and the sandy fist at Provincetown,—behind which the State stands on her guard, with her back to the Green Mountains, and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean, like an athlete protecting her Bay—boxing with northeast storms, and, ever and anon, heaving up her Atlantic adversary from the lap of the earth, ready to thrust forward her other fist, which keeps guard the while upon her breast at Cape Ann." When Henry Thoreau, the author of this frequently quoted metaphor, rambled on the Cape sixty years ago, it was then very much more than now an isolated part of Massachusetts. The entertainment of summer visitors was not then one of the chief businesses of the Cape; the present fine auto roads were unthought of and the Cape Cod Railroad ended at Sandwich. From the railroad terminus, Thoreau traveled onward to Orleans by stage, then already an almost obsolete conveyance, passing through Barnstable, Yarmouth, Dennis and Brewster. The coach was "an exceedingly narrow one, but as there was a slight spherical excess over two on a seat, the driver waited till nine passengers had got in, without taking the measure of any of them, and then shut the door, after two or three ineffectual slams, as if the fault were all in the hinges or the latch —while we timed our inspirations and expirations so as to assist him." From Orleans he went afoot towards Eastham. He re-

AMONG THE SAND DUNES

joiced in the increasing desolation of the country. "Every landscape which is dreary enough has a certain beauty to my eyes, and in this instance its permanent qualities were enhanced by the weather. Everything told of the sea, even when we did not see its waste or hear its roar. For birds there were gulls, and for carts in the fields, boats turned bottom upward against the houses, and sometimes the rib of a whale was woven into the fence by the roadside. The trees were, if possible, rarer than the houses, excepting apple trees, of which there were a few small orchards in the hollows." When he reached the vicinity of Eastham, he crossed to the Atlantic coast, and resumed his way northward. Where there are a few pines on Nauset Plain today, it was naked sand in Thoreau's time, but he tells us that it was formerly well wooded. It was naked sand also in the Eastham and Wellfleet fields, where asparagus is now so successfully grown. After passing through Wellfleet and Truro, always on foot, he crossed the Cape to the Bay side in order "to spend the noon on the shrubby sand-hill in Provincetown, called Mount Ararat, which rises one hundred feet above the ocean," and thence he tramped back to the Atlantic and on to Provincetown.

FISHERFOLKS

Thoreau visited Cape Cod alone, or with a single companion, Channing, and though his three trips consumed but three weeks in all, he went in such a way as to familiarize himself with it most quickly. It is easy to fancy him walking with a long stride at the water's edge or on the higher bank, "the backbone of the Cape," his umbrella in hand, a bundle wrapped in newspaper under one arm, his clothing too stout for the common taste. Thoreau tells us that the Wellfleet oysterman could not believe that he and his companion were not tinkers or peddlers, and Channing writes, possibly of the same man: "One of the Old Cod could not believe that Thoreau was not a peddler, but said, after explanation failed, "Well, it makes no odds what it is you carry, so long as you carry truth along with you.'" Thoreau walked with every sense alert. He discovered a century-old, ocean-worn French crown piece on the shore under the caving base of the bank—and yes, tricked his companion into stripping off and joining him on the bars at low tide, by holding up round shells as if they were other coins he had found. It has been written that Thoreau always appeared "as if he had not a moment to lose,"—and who in truth has?—yet a thoughtful leisureliness characterized him. This sounds paradoxical, but one becomes accustomed to paradox when one studies Thoreau. Just as he spent half days walking backward and forward in Concord fields gathering Indian arrow heads, or, when younger, drifted in his boat on Walden pond, here on the Cape he grasped the first opportunity to sit down and whittle up a fathom or two of kelp, "that I might become more intimately acquainted with it, see how it cut, and if it were hollow all the way through. . . . . . When we con-

PASTURED SHEEP

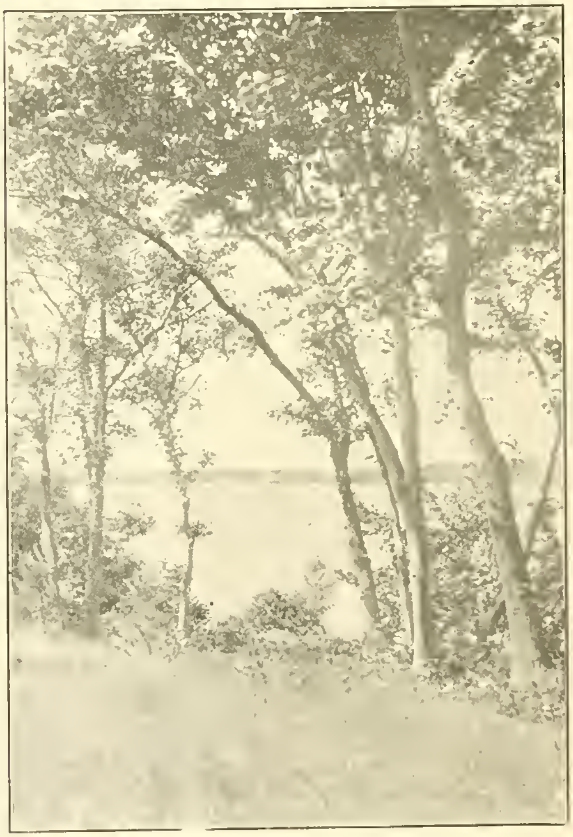
sider in what meadows it grew, and how it was raked, and in what kind of hay weather got in or out, we may well be curious about it." Whittling and swimming and walking, studying the sea jellies and clams and beach grass and shore birds, this walker, inured as he was to all inland weathers, proved vulnerable on the seashore—"what with wind and sun, my most prominent feature fairly cast its slough.' And it adds to the adventure to learn that Channing and he were stealthily pursued for several days in the belief that they were implicated in the robbery of the Provincetown bank, and that only their chance early departure from the Cape prevented their arrest!

YE OLDE WIND MILL

Thoreau went to Cape Cod to see the ocean, not merely "a ten-pin alley, or a circular railway, or an ocean of mint-julep." He wished to see that seashore where man's works are wrecks, and he found on Cape Cod "naked Nature—inhumanly sincere, wasting no thought on man." "The seashore is a sort of neutral ground, a most advantageous place from which to contemplate this world. It is even a trivial place. The waves forever rolling to the land are too far-traveled and untamable to be familiar. Creeping along the endless beach amid the sun-squall and the foam, it occurs to us that we, too, are the product of sea-slime." He paid almost no attention to the interior of the Cape. Aside from the Wellfleet oysterman and the keeper of the Highland Lighthouse, with whom he lodged, he did not go out of his way to meet the inhabitants of the Cape, yet his book shows him to have had abundant intercourse with those he met, among them, wreckers, haymen, fishermen, a miller, old women and boys, wall-layers, and even a minister, and despite some portraitures, which were too vivid to find favor at the time, he appreciated their worth. Every woman did not look "as if it made her head ache to live"; nor was every wrecker possessed of "a bleached and weather-beaten face, within whose wrinkles I distinguished no particular feature," and whose back—"for his coat had many patches, even between the shoulders—was a rich study to us when we had passed him and looked 'round. It might have been dishonorable for him to have so many scars behind, it is true, if he had not had many more and more serious ones in front." The types Thoreau drew, he was farthest from thinking the only types on the Cape; he wrote of them as he would of a tree which, while indigenous, might still be uncommon. His own words concerning the inhabitants are that "they were particularly downright and good-humored."

"Cape Cod" is the answer to those who preserve the stale criticism that Thoreau by nature scorned his fellow men. Consider the sympathy with which he relates the struggles and fortunes of the inhabitants of this "bare and bended arm of Massachusetts." The tales of wrecks in particular fascinated him. "The stranger and the inhabitant view the shore with very different eyes. The former may have come to see and admire the ocean in a storm; but the latter looks on it as the scene where his nearest relatives were wrecked." An historical outline is given us, and a picture of the Cape itself and its people from the earliest times. The shifting of the sand, the calamitous deforestation, and the changing state of the fisheries, are recorded. He dwells upon the salt industry, "a sort of tropical labor, pursued in the sunniest season." "The turtle-like sheds were crowded into every nook in the hills, immediately behind Provincetown, and their wind-mills lined the shore. But," he adds regretfully, "they were now, as elsewhere on the Cape, breaking up their salt-works and selling them for lumber." He observed with pleasure in Truro, between the Pond and East Harbor Village, "an interesting plantation of pitch-pines, twenty or thirty acres in extent. The pines had come up admirably and grown the first year three or four inches, and the second six inches and more. .... This experiment, so important to the Cape, appeared very successful, and perhaps the time will come when the greater part of this kind of land in Barnstable County will be thus covered with an artificial pine forest, as has been done in some parts of France." Even the camp-meetings of Eastham are not neglected. After inspecting deserted "Millenium Grove," the permanent building in which were housed the kitchen utensils and tent coverings and furniture, the frames of the tents which were interspersed among the oaks, and the heaps of clam shells left under the tables, he concludes dryly, "a camp-meeting must be a singular combination of a prayer-meeting and a picnic."

Thoreau found Provincetown a village of one street, through the length of which extended a walk of four planks' width. "The front-yard plots appeared like what indeed they were, portions of the beach fenced in, with beach grass growing in them, as if they were sometimes covered by the tide. You might still pick up shells and pebbles there. ...... A great many of the houses were surrounded by fish-flakes close up to the sills on all sides, with only a narrow passage two or three feet wide, to the front door; so that instead of looking out into a flower or grass plot, you looked onto so many square rods of cod turned wrong side outward. These parterres were said to be least like a flower garden in a good drying day in mid-summer." There were a few small patches which had been reclaimed from the swamp, "and these, and such as these, were all the cultivated and cultivable land in Provincetown,"—not more than thirty or forty acres in all. Only then were they beginning to turn some of their swamps into cranberry bogs. Thoreau's only mention of the Provincetown Bank is incidental to its robbery; we may be certain that the hotels he saw there were not such as those that satisfy the vacationists today; and the wheels of the very few vehicles, of the baby carriages, even, that plied the sandy lanes, were perforce equipped with strikingly wide rims!



A VISTA THROUGH THE TREES

Thoreau went to Cape Cod not only because it was convenient to Concord, but also because he knew not where there was another beach in the Atlantic States, attached to the mainland, "so long, and at the same time so straight, and completely uninterrupted by creeks or coves or fresh-water rivers or marshes." His main account was with the ocean. He fled the villages as quickly as possible. "My spirits rose in proportion to the outward dreariness"—not only on Cape Cod, but always. The reader of "Cape Cod" feels the pleasure with which the author turned to the beach. "Though the prospect was so extensive, and the country for the most part destitute of trees, a house was rarely visible—we never saw one from the beach—and the solitude was that of the ocean and the desert combined. A thousand men could not have seriously interrupted it, but would have been lost in the vastness of the scenery as their footsteps in the sand." "All the aspects of this desert are beautiful, whether you behold it in fair weather or foul, or when the sun is just breaking out after a storm, and shining on its moist surface in the distance, it is so white, and pure, and level, and each slight inequality and track is so distinctly revealed; and when your eyes slide off this, they fall on the ocean. In summer the mackerel gulls—which here have their nests among the neighboring sandhills—pursue the traveler anxiously, now and then diving close to his head with a squeak, and he may see them, like swallows, chase some crow which has been feeding on the beach, almost across the Cape." "The restless ocean may at any moment cast up a whale or a wrecked vessel at your feet. All the reporters in the world, the most rapid stenographers, could not report the news it brings. No creature could move slowly where there was so much life around. The few wreckers were either going or coming, and the ships and the sandpipers, and the screaming gulls overhead; nothing stood still but the shore. The little beach-birds trotted past close to the water's edge, or paused but an instant to swallow their food, keeping time with the elements. I wondered how they ever got used to the sea, that they ventured so near the waves." Yet all was not desert, barren grey and white on the Cape. Though he came from the mainland, whose autumnal splendor he has immortalized in "Autumnal Tints," Thoreau was amazed at the fall beauty of "the shrubby hill and swamp country which surrounds Provincetown on the north." He never had seen an autumnal landscape so beautifully painted.

AN EMERALD GEM

"It was like the richest rug imaginable, spread over an uneven surface; no damask nor velvet, nor Tyrian dye nor stuffs, nor the work of any loom, could ever match it. There was the incredibly bright red of the huckleberry, and the reddish brown of the bayberry, mingled with the bright and living green of the small pitch-pines, and also the duller green of the bayberry, boxberry, and plum, the yellowish green of the shrub-oaks, and the various golden and yellow and fawn-colored tints of the birch and maple and aspen—each making its own figure, and, in the midst, the few yellow sand-slides on the sides of the hills looked like the white floor seen through rents in the rug." The beach-

ON THE BEACH

grass aroused his special interest, and he summed up its virtue with characteristic vigor. "Cape Cod is anchored to the heavens, as it were, by a myriad little cables of beach-grass, and, if they should fail, would become a total wreck, and erelong go to the bottom. Formerly, the cows were permitted to go at large, and they ate many strands of the cable by which the Cape is moored, and well-nigh set it adrift, as the bull did the boat which was moored with a grass rope; but now they are not permitted to wander."

Thoreau has been hurt by superficial readers and by people who take their opinions second-hand from unsympathetic critics—and borrowers of opinion are always voluble. Such an one was the man Vachel Lindsay tells of, the Carolina man who spoke of Thoreau with "long hair and ugly looks, frightening strangers who suddenly met him in the woods." "Walden" is his one book almost universally read, and it deserves its wide reading and many re-readings, but the person who peruses "Walden" only, and then presumes to speak authoritatively of Thoreau is in a class with him who prattles of Shakespeare's art and philosophy after having read a single drama. "Walden" presents but one phase of its author's life, and not nearly the whole of his philosophy. There are passages in each of his other books that no one can afford to overlook. Whoever goes to the seashore anywhere will find "Cape Cod," a work full of sense-sharpening hints and facts, and he who is shut inland from the surge of the ocean and its play of color, will welcome the book as a draught of salt air. "When we reached Boston that October," writes Thoreau, "I had a gill of Provincetown sand in my shoes, and at Concord there was still enough left to sand my pages for many a day; and I seemed to hear the sea roar, as if I lived in a shell, for a week afterward." He has transmitted some of that roar to us, and more than a gill of sand, within the covers of "Cape Cod". There are many pages of vivacious description and typical bits of humor. The chapter entitled, "The Wellfleet Oysterman," is a masterpiece. No reader could ever mistake the characters if he met them, the "poor, good-for-nothing critturs," and especially the oysterman, who had "lived too long to be hurried," and who found such enjoyment in his visitors' company. And that breakfast after the night of wind which set the casements and fireboards rattling! "The old woman got the breakfast with dispatch, and without noise or bustle; and meanwhile the old man resumed his stories, standing before us, who were sitting, with his back to the chimney, and ejecting his tobacco juice right and left in the fire behind him, without regard to the various dishes, which were there preparing. At breakfast we had eels, buttermilk cake, cold bread, green beans, doughnuts, and tea. .... I ate of the apple sauce and the doughnuts, which I thought had sustained the least detriment from the old man's shots, but my companion refused the apple sauce, and ate of the hot cake and green beans, which had appeared to him to occupy the safest part of the hearth. But on comparing notes afterward, I told him that the buttermilk cake was particularly exposed, and I saw how it suffered repeatedly, and therefore I avoided it; but he declared that, however that might be, he witnessed that the apple-sauce was seriously injured and had therefore declined that." But Thoreau was never squeamish. He tells elsewhere of the water once given him, "not yet suffered to cool, not yet to settle," and how he drank it, for his host's sake, shutting his eyes, and excluding the motes by a skilfully directed undercurrent."

A BUNCH OF HIKERS

Thoreau rarely attended another church than his woods and rivers; these he went to regularly and reverently. He was impatient of old creeds and superstitions, but no one was more truly religious than he, or possessed of a keener love for the Bible. He speaks in "Cape Cod" of a Chatham sloop dragging for anchors. "It is a singular employment, at which men are regularly hired and paid for their industry, to hunt today in pleasant weather for anchors which have been lost—the sunken faith and hope of mariners, to which they trusted in vain. . . . If the roadsteads of the spiritual ocean could be thus dragged, what rusty flukes of hope deceived and parted chain cables of faith might again be windlassed aboard! enough to sink the finder's craft, or stock new navies to the end of time. . . . . But that is not treasure for us which another man has lost; rather it is for us to seek what no other man has found or can find—not be Chatham men dragging for anchors." He never wavered in his belief in immortality. When on his way to the Cape in October, 1849, he learned of the wreck of the St. John on the Cohasset Rocks, with the loss of more than one hundred lives, he changed his plans so as to visit the dead-strewn shore. He speaks of it in the opening chapter of "Cape Cod". "Why care," he asks, "for these dead bodies? They really have no friends but the worms or fishes. Their owners were coming to the New World, as Columbus and the Pilgrims did—they were within a mile of its shores; but. before they could reach it, they emigrated to a newer world than ever Columbus dreamed of, yet one of whose existence we believe that there is far more universal and convincing evidence—though it has not yet been discovered by science—than Columbus had of this: not merely mariners' tales and some paltry drift-wood and seaweed, but a continual drift and instinct to all our shores. I saw their empty hulks that came to land; but they themselves, meanwhile, were cast upon some shore yet further west, toward which we are all tending, and which we shall reach at last, it may be through storm and darkness, as they did. . . . . It is hard to part with one's body, but, no doubt, it is easy enough to do without it when once it is gone. All their plans and hopes burst like a bubble! Infants by the score dashed on the rocks by the enraged Atlantic Ocean! No, no! . . . . . . The strongest wind cannot stagger a Spirit; it is a Spirit's breath. A just man's purpose cannot be split on any Grampus or material rock, but itself will split rocks till it succeeds." It was Thoreau's part in life continually "to split rocks," material rocks, and his writings continue splitting them more widely as the years go on. The book "Cape Cod" evinces two sources of Thoreau's power. The one was his vivid appreciation of the fact that the wants of the body must not control one's life, that there must be aspiration as well as respiration, and that he who consumes the day in getting a livelihood misses the opportunity to live. Having enlarged on this elsewhere, he only hints at it here: "I confess I was surprised to find that so many men spent their whole day, ay, their whole lives, almost, a-fishing. It is remarkable what a serious business men make of getting their dinners, and how universally shiftlessness and a groveling taste take refuge in a merely ant-like industry. Better go without your dinner, I thought, than be thus everlastingly fishing for it like a cormorant.' The second is expressed in a memorable phrase. It reveals Thoreau's own un-stoical attitude toward life, his spirit of enthusiasm and his instinct that life should never be humdrum, but a constant surprise and adventure: "Nothing remarkable was ever accomplished in a prosaic mood."

WELLFLEET WIRELESS MASTS

"Cape Cod"

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Cape Cod Interests
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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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VOL. III JULY, 1917 No. 3

Editorial

NEEDFUL VACATIONS

IN certain quarters, advice is being given to workers to go without their usual vacations this summer in order to keep up production. We consider this mighty poor advice and hope that it will not be heeded. More efficiency can be secured through fitness for work than by jaded nerves unrecuperated by vacations.

Under all circumstances, the physical condition of our people should be regarded. It is not well to refrain from all rest and recreation, even in war times. There must be some relaxation, some healthful exercise and some freedom from business pressure.

Some ill advised persons would have us believe that patriotism is a sort of punishment which we are called upon to endure by denying ourselves of all comforts and entertainment. Above all things, it is necessary that the spirits of the people be kept in a normal condition and all unnecessary hardship is to be avoided. Any economy that impairs our ability to perform our work efficiently and well is a sinful waste, now or at any time.

* * *

THE summer train schedule has gone into effect and it is, in the main, very satisfactory to the Cape, which depends so largely upon the transportation facilities offered for its summer prosperity. The towns below Harwich have been deprived of trains which they have heretofore had, but an effort is being made to have them restored and success may be achieved before this magazine is in the hands of its readers. Certainly there will be little economy for the railroad in cutting off these trains and it will be a great hardship upon the towns affected.

* * *

FOR the first time in the history of this country, people have had an opportunity to invest in government bonds in denominations within the reach of everyone. The millions that poured forth from the savings of the people at the call of the government were a revelation. Cape Cod purchased the bonds freely and for many years to come the clipping of interest coupons will not be the exclusive privilege of the rich.

* * *

THE Massachusetts Press Association selected Provincetown as the place in which to hold its annual outing this year. The Cape cordially welcomes these knights of the typewriter.

* * *

NEVER, within recent years, have fish been so plentiful in Cape Cod waters as they are this year. They are not only plentiful, but they are comparatively cheap and constitute a food supply that is of great value in these times of high prices.

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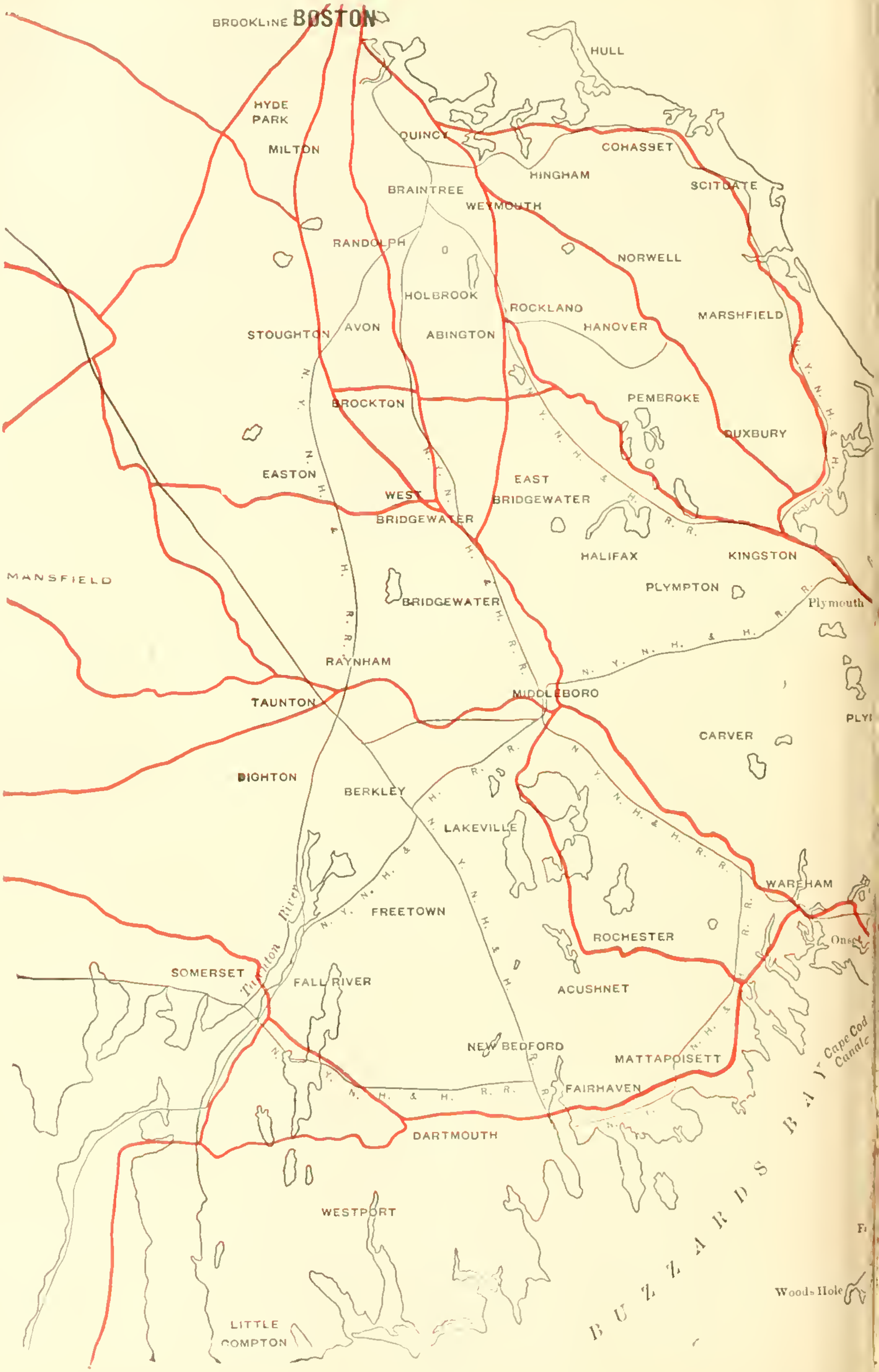
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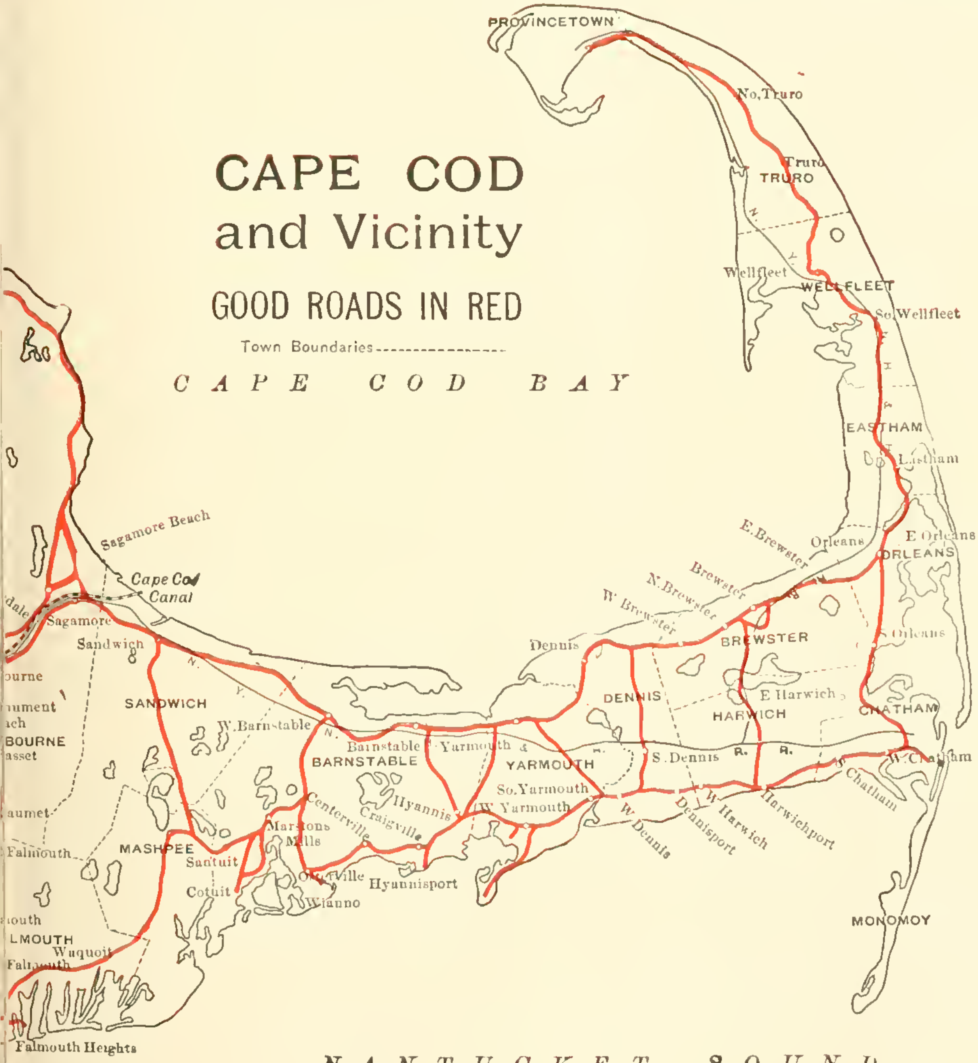

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* * *

UPON a recent trip down the Cape we were much impressed by the wonderful display of apple blossoms seen in Wellfleet and Truro. Those who have considered the lower Cape a waste of desolate sands would have been astonished could they have seen the sight we saw. It is a fact that the most perfect apples raised in New England are the product of Cape Cod orchards.

* * *

THE writer recently rode nearly 250 miles upon the Cape, between Buzzards Bay and Provincetown, on main and side roads, and found them all to be in excellent condition for the motorist. Besides the main state highways, there are many miles of town built highways which are in just as good condition and which make the Cape a motorist's paradise.

* * *

NO more delightful resort exists upon the New England coast than Chatham. The town is situated upon the bold elbow of the Cape, where the surf tumbles over the bar and the wide Atlantic reaches to the horizon. In calm and in storm, old ocean has its varied aspects and is never monotonous to the gaze. At Chatham there are inland waters to give a placid touch to the scene and ample provision is made for all the wants of the summer vacationist in its fine hotels, which administer to the comfort and ease of those who seek rest and recreation there.

* * *

IT is evident to the traveller that Cape Cod farmers are doing their best to increase the food supply of the country. Acres of land have been planted this year that have not been productive before. Only the lack of help has prevented every available inch of soil from being cultivated.

* * *

ALTHOUGH cloudy skies and wet weather have somewhat retarded the exodus to the Cape thus far, the travel is rapidly increasing and bids fair to exceed even that of previous years. Although the season is somewhat later than usual, there will be no lack of summer visitors.

* * *

THIS issue contains some exceptionally well written and interesting articles, all contributed by writers of more or less renown, who have a love in their hearts for Massachusetts' "old right arm."

* * *

About 200 barrels of squid, taken from off shore, are being shipped daily from Harwich to Boston and cold storage plants in Truro and Provincetown. Squid is used as bait by the fishermen.

The "dude train" will not run down the Cape this year. This was a special train for summer residents, which, for a number of years, made daily trips to and from Boston.

Donald MacMillan, the Provincetown explorer, and other members of the Crocker Land expedition, which went into the Arctic in 1913, are safe at Etah, on the northwest coast of Greenland.

A TRAGEDY OF THE TRURO SHORE

By LUCY E. TREAT

THERE is hardly a town on Cape Cod which has not as a part of its history some shipwreck, some tragedy of the sea. There are homes everywhere from which the grim, grey ocean has exacted its toll of some dear one—father, husband, or brother. But perhaps Truro, nestling among its heather-brown hills, commanding the sparkling waters of the bay, suffered one of the most tragic and somewhat mysterious disasters and one which affected most sternly the firesides of the village.

In the days when many a trim cut fisherman sailed from Pamet harbor for the Banks, when the bay was dotted with the white sails of the mackerel fleet, no vessel had been more successful in its voyages than the "Commerce." For many years it had been among the cod fishers on the Grand Banks and had also engaged in some coasting trade. In the year 1848, commanded by Solomon H. Lombard, and manned by a crew of his own neighbors, all respected citizens of Truro, the Commerce had joined the mackerel fleet and was away in the bay.

September had come, bathing the hills of Truro in the warm, golden glow of early fall. The crickets sang merrily among the wild asters and the waves lapped in lazy rhythm the white sand. Already the fishermen were coming into the harbor, laden with the shining mackerel. In many a gray cottage on the hillside or in the hollow, the return of the Commerce, bringing back to the family hearth some loved one, was uppermost in the heart of the home-keeper.

As the fishermen went out of the harbor one morning they were surprised to see the Commerce riding at anchor off the Truro shore. All was quiet on board. Apparently the crew, anxious to get home, had gone ashore, as soon as they had arrived in, early in the morning. Later in the day, when neighbors, going to the captain's house, found that neither he nor any of the crew had yet been home, some of the men, fearing that all was not well on the silent vessel, boarded it. The ship's boat was gone, the hatches closed, all things shipshape, but not a person on board. With hearts chilled with foreboding, a search was begun, which resulted in finding the vessel's boat cast up on the shore, with a shattered plank. This was only the prelude. For the next few weeks news was constantly being brought to some saddened home of Truro of the finding of some dear one washed ashore. For more than thirty miles along the Cape the ocean strewed its victims. By the irony of fate, one of the crew, Sewall Worcester, came ashore directly in front of the new home at Truro which he had built a short time before.

The mystery of the loss of these sailors has never been solved, although many a conjecture has been offered. Possibly the boat being too heavily loaded, had started a plank and the older ones, attempting to save the younger, since there were three boys under sixteen on the vessel, had lost their lives in the strong current off the Truro shore. How every one of these able-bodied men, good swimmers, could have been lost, or what started the plank in the boat, only the waves lapping softly about the Commerce could tell, and they were silent.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CLARENCE

By LYDIA BURGESS BROWNSON

THERE recently appeared in a Boston paper an account of a raider that in Civil War days brought terror to the New England coast. The commander of this raider was said to have been Lieutenant Read of the Florida. Off the coast of Brazil, the Florida captured the brig Clarence, turned it into a raider and Lieutenant Read was put in command. Later he captured the Tacony, which was a better ship than the Clarence. The crew and howitzer were shifted and the Tacony continued on her way northward, to bring terror to shipping along the New England coast, until, at last, she was captured in Portland harbor.

Part of this is an old story to me, for my grandfather, Captain Abram Phinney of Monument Beach, was master of the Clarence; and in those days, when I used to climb on his knee and beg for a story, I was often told of the chase and capture.

"It was in May, 1862," grandfather would begin, "we were sailing from Rio de Janeiro to Baltimore with a full cargo of coffee; we had had fair winds ever since we left Rio and had traveled along at a pretty good rate. The crew was taking things easy, but we were keeping a sharp lookout for raiders. for both the Alabama and the Florida had got a good many of the Yankee ships.

"We were in about latitude 8° 30′ South. longitude 37° West when one morning, pretty soon after sunrise, the lookout sang out: 'Ship on the larboard beam.' I looked, and sure enough, there was a ship which I judged might be the Florida. The Clarence was a pretty good brig, had only been built five years, the cargo was light, and I made up my mind we'd try to run. We then had up the mains'l, the fores'l and the jib, but I gave orders to give her more sail and you should have seen the men hustle aloft. They ran

A WRECK ON THE SHORE

up the flying jib, fore-top-gallants'l, main-top-gallants'l and main-skys'l. Of course, the Clarence jumped ahead, but, by watching the stranger through the glass, I could see she had changed her course and was following us. Then there was no doubt in anybody's mind that she was the Florida. I gave orders to give her all the sail she would stand. The men were always pretty quick at obeying orders, but I never saw them shake out the canvas as quick as they did that morning, and the Clarence just flew through the water.

"All the forenoon we raced along without her gaining very much. The men gathered at the rail and watched her, and I'm afraid the cook spent more time on deck watching the raider than he did in the galley making duff for dinner. Almost everyone had a story to tell of someone who had been taken by the Alabama or her sister ship. Usually, after the captors had taken a prize and seized what part of the cargo they wanted, they burned the prize and kept the sailors on board until they were able to send them into some neutral port.

"About eight bells, I could see she was gaining on us. As she came nearer, we could see she was flying the British flag. We kept going, hoping to keep out of range of her guns until dark, when we might be able to dodge her. But during the afternoon, she kept on gaining. At last, she ran down the British flag and ran up the Confederate one. Then she sent a shot across our bow, and I heard her captain shouting:

" 'Ship ahoy! What ship is that?'

" 'This is the Clarence, bound from Rio to Baltimore, with a cargo of coffee,' I replied.

" 'How many days out?'

" 'Ten.'

" 'All well on board?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Heave to, and I'll send a boat aboard.'

"There was nothing to do but tell the man at the wheel to put it hard over. The crew was ordered to furl sail, and pretty soon we saw a boat put out from the Florida. In a few minutes a lieutenant, with some sailors, came over the side and took possession in the name of the Confederate States. He confiscated the ship's log and my instruments, but, when we were sent back to the Florida, the cook, Elijah Perry, was left behind to pick up the clothes belonging to everyone and bring them later.

"Captain Moffat was waiting for me on deck and treated me civilly enough. I expected to see the Clarence set afire any minute, but pretty soon, back came the lieutenant in one of the Clarence's small boats, and, after a conference with Captain Moffat, he, with about twenty sailors, went on board with their things and a howitzer, which they mounted in the bow. I saw them run up the Confederate flag and sail off to the north, while the Florida turned back to the south. It's hard enough to see your vessel burned before your eyes, but to see it turned into a raider to capture more Yankee ships 'most breaks your heart.

"Of course we were prisoners, but we couldn't complain of our treatment. I was given a berth in the cabin and the crew was made pretty comfortable in the fo'castle. They used to swap yarns with the men of the Florida and once, when we struck a gale, they went up into the rigging and helped the crew shorten sail. We sailed around the Brazilian waters and captured several American vessels, burning the ships and taking the crews aboard. Finally they took one which was made a dispatch boat and took all the captured officers and crews into Bahia, Brazil. We went at once to the American consul and reported. Of course, I wrote your grandma as soon as I landed, but there was no way of getting any news from home. It was pretty hard waiting, but in about two weeks there was a ship sailing for New Orleans on which we got passage. After several weeks, we arrived there, somewhat the worse for wear, but mighty glad to be on United States soil again. New Orleans had been taken by the combined forces of General Butler and Admiral Farragut only a few weeks before and I felt then that when I could land in a southern city held by Federal forces, the privateering days must be pretty nearly over.

"We were able to get passage soon for New York. Of course, as soon as I arrived, I went first to Baltimore, where I reported the whole experience to Mr. Crosby, the owner of the Clarence. There I got the first news from home for several months. You can imagine that I took the first train I could get for the Cape.

"I never expected to see that Read again, but about a year later, I was sailing the barque Mondamin from Rio when, in about the same latitude and longitude as that where the Clarence was captured, we were captured again by the Florida. When I went on board, I found Read was captain in place of Moffat, and as I came over the side he greeted me with: 'How-de-do, captain. Seems to me I've seen you before.' But that's another story."

"THE WIDDER'S RIDE"

By W. E. CARLETON

THE CAP'N always declared that "thar warn't nawthin' ole-fashioned 'baout him!" Therefore, when the price of a certain breed of automobiles dropped, the Cap'n got one. It was a squat machine of a psuedo-tourist-car type, and hopped toadishly from hummock to hummock. (Shrewsport roads were full of hummocks.) But the Cap'n liked these aerial stunts, and purposely "let 'er out" whenever he struck a wavy roadbed.

Ever since the Cap'n bought the auto, he had repeatedly promised to take Matilda Whiting, Jane Pratt, and Lucy Cobb, three inseparable widows of sixty autumns, for a "cruise." But before he "got familyar with the riggin'," Matilda broke a rib and was bedridden.

That left Jane and Lucy, known in Shrewsport as Widder Pratt and Widder Cobb. Every noon and night at the post office, they badgered him with:

"Hev yew larned haow to run it yit so's we'll be safe with yew, Cap'n?"

"When be yew agoin' ter give us thet ride, Cap'n?"

Finding escape impossible, the Cap'n always replied politely:

"Jest's soon's I git done lobsterin'."

(The Cap'n hadn't set a lobster pot for years!)

September came, and the Cap'n contracted a salt-rheum. The doctor prescribed rum and molasses. The combination did the business, and the Cap'n felt like a twelve-year-old boy. At first, he swore up and down that he would not tamper with the auto while there was a drop of alcohol in his body, but the rum made him devilish, and he chuckled:

"By gum! I'm agoin' ter take the widders ter ride!"

Rejuvenated, he leaped into the machine, jumped out, cranked the engine, and tore through Shrewsport like a Whitehead torpedo! He aviated over several hummocks, and drove at thirty miles an hour over the foot-high curbstone in front of Widder Pratt's. He clamped the brake in time to save the radiator from plunging through the Widder's kitchen door.

The Widder sprinted out with a black bonnet, smattered with yellow flowers, in one hand and her skirt held high in the other.

"So yew've come at last!" she gasped.

"M-m-m-m-m yas," drawled the Cap'n, profusely spraying a convenient window with tobacco-juice.

"I'll be ready in jest a minute," she tittered, and vanished.

In less than that time she reappeared, and tumbled into the back seat.

"Now fer Widder Cobb," bubbled the Cap'n through his tobacco-quid, and Glenn Curtissed over the curbstone, dislodging Widder Pratt and wedging her between the seats.

Widder Cobb was headed for Matilda's with a basket of pears.

"Come on!" commanded the Cap'n, and she fairly vaulted over the door to a perch beside Widder Pratt, pears and all! Simultaneously, with a prolonged whirring and rattling, the machine resumed its evolutions.

"Be yew sure y-y-yew know haow ter r-r-run it?" and Widder Cobb screamed as the wind lifted her bonnet and her hair tightened.

The Cap'n didn't hear, but bent low, until his whiskers swept the wheel. A hill was ahead; a milk cart was descending. The auto grazed it and left the horse convulsive, then disappeared over the summit before the milkman could pacify his steed and get the Cap'n's number!

Down the other side of the hill dashed the Cap'n and his terrified passengers. An insolent yellow dog challenged them, and, next minute, lay paws up, while the Cap'n, at the base of the hill, steered abruptly into Jericho Road, the hubbliest highway on the Cape.

"Naow, ole gals, hold yer wind!" he exhorted, but they heard not. The Widders had long since travelled locked in each other's embrace, and the first hummock bumped their heads on the back seat top. Hummock two was a centenarian, and the machine jumped off the ground.

"Brace yerselves!" roared the Cap'n to the winds.

Hummocks three, four, five, six and seven came in a bunch, and were all veritable mountains.

Widder Pratt screamed blue murder! Widder Cobb's hair was matted over her eyes; her bonnet had blown away. She clung to Widder Pratt with one hand and clutched the Cap'n's shoulder with the other, but hummocks eight and nine wrenched her loose from her hold, and bounced her and Widder Pratt on the edge of the seat almost into the highway.

The Cap'n was having the time of his life. Hummocks ten, eleven and twelve lay ahead. Ten bore the machine skyward; it bounded and rebounded like a rubber ball. Eleven did likewise, but with the landing of the wheels came two bullet-like shrieks from behind. Both rear tires had blown out.

Hummock twelve would complete the performance. It did. As at ten and eleven, the auto, rattling and banging like a load of bottles, gave a last spasmodic leap, settled with a metallic crash, and dribbled along halfheartedly, like a crippled rabbit.

The Widders fainted, the Cap'n swore and the engine stalled. The machine was junk. Both driving axle springs were broken, and the left rear wheel had flown off, leaving the auto worthless as a paralyzed horse.

The mail wagon from Howesville returned the hysterical and bedraggled Widders to Shrewsport. The Cap'n had his machine towed to the garage, where at last reports it was slowly recovering from broken springs, crankcase and wheel, besides internal injuries.

Will the Widders ride with the Cap'n again?

Ask 'em!

The Orleans base ball team won the pennant in the Eastern division of the Cape Cod High School League.

DOWN BY THE SEA

By EDNA M. HOWES

Down by the sea on a summer day
I sit and dream the hours away,
  Watching the tide as it comes and goes,
  Leaving the sand in wrinkled rows
Along the stretch of bay.

I pile a mound of whitened sand,
Letting it fall gently from my hand,
  While overhead the sea birds screech
  As they follow along the stretch of beach,
A curious, circling band.

I dream the mound is a palace tall,
And stored within its marble wall
  Are costly treasures, rich and rare,
  And I am King, and a lady fair
Is Queen o'er all.

But soon the palace and sea grow dim;
The plaintive birds no longer sing,
  And the sea washed bar, as it lay so bare,
  Is forgotten by the sleeper there,
And the tide comes in.

Then the marble wall is washed away,
And the treasures rare are naught but clay,
  And the idle dreamer awakes to find
  That not a trace is left behind,
Where once a palace lay.

And the sea laughs on, as it comes and goes,
Leaving the sand in wrinkled rows,
Bearing its treasures up from the deep,
  Lulling the idle ones to sleep
In triumph o'er its foes.

JOEL'S COMING

By HARRIET CHAPMAN

SOMETHING of the dreaminess of the hazy October afternoon had crept upon us both as Aunt Desire and I sat in her little room, looking out at the window, which, for years, had framed her one bit of landscape—a stretch of road, bordered with brown pastures, that dipped to the blue of the bay in the distance.

"These days, Marthy, jest sets a body thinkin' back. Seem's if there was magic in 'em—turnin' me back to when I was a child. Ever sence mornin' I've been thinkin' of Joel an' the times we was children together. Didn't I ever tell you 'bout Joel? Well, well." She folded one veined hand upon its paralyzed mate, and an added tinge of wistfulness crept into the faded eyes as she gazed out upon that well-known bit of twisted road.

"Seems like yesterday," she began at last, "seems like yesterday he went away. We'd always been more to each other'n most brothers an' sisters, bein' the only ones, an' when mother died an' stepmother came—I was twelve and Joel was fourteen—'twas more so'n ever. You see, father was away to sea most of the time an' stepmother, she meant well enough, but she hadn't any knack with children. She didn't mind me; I was the quiet kind an' didn't do much to bother her; but Joel, he jest couldn't keep still. He was tall an' strong for his age, with snappin' black eyes, an' he never could stand bein' ordered 'round. He'd do jest anything in the world for me, but somehow she riled him all up—she was that prim an' set.

"'Twas war-times then, an' lots of the men 'round had enlisted. Joel was crazy to go. He kep' talkin' about it all the time—the guns an' the fightin' an' all—an' wishin' he was a little older so's 't he could be in it. One day he was worse'n usual. He'd heard 'bout Jim Allen's fittin' up to go in a gunboat thet was to go down't the blockade, an' he was fussin' an' fumin' about bein' out of it all. All of a sudden stepmother says:

"'Go, if you want to. You look two years

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older all right, an' Jim Allen'll be only too glad to ship ye.'

"Her eyes was gray, an' they jest seemed to harden all up when she looked at Joel. I felt kind of queer an' scared, but Joel was so happy he didn't stop to think 'bout nothin'. He jest bundled his clothes together, flourishin' and whistlin' all the while.

"'It's the war—the war, Sirey, an' I'm really goin'. If only you was a boy, too—but I'll come back some day, an' you'll be proud of me. Mebbe I'll be a general or admiral or somethin' grand.'

"I remember the day he went as if 'twas yesterday. 'Twas fall—hazy, with jest a wee tinge of winter, like to-day. His cheeks was bright's the bandana his clothes was done up in. I can see his eyes a-shinin' now, bright an' black, as he waved his cap to us. Stepmother never said a word one way or t'other, jest stood in the doorway an' looked; her mouth was all drawn down tight, an' that queer, hard look that scared me was in her eyes. She kep' screwin' the end of her apron real tight 'round her forefinger all the time. Joel waved his cap's far down the road's I could see him, an' I stood on the gate-post an' waved back till he turned the bend towards the shore."

Aunt Desire's thin voice trailed off absently, and I began to fear she had forgotten both me and the story, but finally she began again, slowly, her eyes never leaving the bit of blue bay just visible beyond the pastures.

"He didn't come back then, Joel didn't. We heard afterwards that Jim's boat was blown up, but somehow I never could make that seem true, an' I kep' watchin' for him jest the same as ever. Well, one day—'twas after I'd married your Uncle Joshua and come up here to live—I'd jest got this way." A little motion indicated her paralyzed condition. "One day I was settin' here like this, an' I saw him. I'm sure of it, sure as the sight of my eyes. Somebody came walkin' up the road an' turned in. Jest the minute he passed the window I knew it was Joel. He was older-lookin' an' brown, but I knew him. I'd know Joel anywhere. He went up to the back door an' knocked three times; Joshua

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warn't here an' of course I couldn't move. When he came back down the roadway, I tried to rap on the window, but I couldn't move even my well hand; I tried to call, but my voice jest stuck in my throat. 'Twas like an awful dream—Joel movin' on an' on, an' I not able to stop him. He wouldn't even look back, jest kep' movin' on an' on out of my sight. It made me jest sick for days after to think of it.

"When Joshua came home, of course I had him make inquiries 'round to the neighbors, but nobody hadn't seen any strange man, an' I could see Joshua thought I'd dreamed it, an' was jest askin' to humor me, though he didn't say so. Poor man, he never could understand how I felt about it. Why, I jest know 'twas—there comes Joshua now. Run open the door for him, will you, Marthy?" The wan face lighted into a bright smile as a bent, old man, just rounding the turn in the road, waved his hand in cheery greeting.

WILD FLOWERS OF CAPE COD

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

O, come ye to the summer woods,
  There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the many trees
  And the earth is full of joy.—Howitt.

The **Four-leaved Loosestrife** is a slender, symmetrical plant, with whorls of leaves in fours, and little star-like yellow blooms on thread-like pedicles, and grows along roadsides. The larger Loosestrife has similar flowers in a terminal raceme and the yellow clusters border the marshes and streams from June until August. The **Moneywort**, which is a favorite in our hanging baskets, is a creeping Loosestrife, a native of Great Britain, and easy to cultivate here. The Purple Loosestrife is a pest in ditches about cranberry bogs, and belongs to a different family.

Butterfly-weed—The intensely brilliant clusters of this brightest of our Milkweeds set dry meadows aflame with color in summer time. At the Centennial, a bed of them brought from Holland attracted much attention. Truly, flowers, like prophets, are not without honor, except in their own country. The Butterfly-weeds are perennial, upright

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herbs, with thick and deep roots.

The Starry Campion—a member of the Pink family, grows by our own back door, where I presume the seed was dropped from a handful of wild flowers. Its home is on wooded banks. The Bladder Campion has an inflated, much veined calyx, and grows in fields and roadsides and is naturalized from Europe.

In the early summer, when the flowers of the Wild Carrot are still unsoiled by the dust of the highway, they add much to the beauty of the landscape. Though a joy to the flower lover, it grows so abundantly as to be a pest to the farmer, but the blossom is very decorative when used with others. In late summer, the lacy flowers become concave, having the appearance of a bird's nest.

The **Nightshade** or **Bittersweet** is a shrubby, climbing vine, found in moist thickets and fence rows and about dwellings. The leaves are heart-shaped or halberd shaped, with two ear-like lobes at the base. The purple flowers are succeeded by clusters of drooping berries, turning from green to yellow, then to orange and scarlet, and become a joy to the eye. This genus includes the potato, egg-plant and tomato.

The **Hedge Bindweed** is another rapid climber that fills farmers with dismay. It has a pretty, bell-shaped pink and white flower, on long peduncles from the axils of the arrow-shaped leaves. The white streaks are path-finders for the bees that seek the nectar at their base. It is closely allied to the garden Morning Glory.

The **Wild Wood Lily, Lilium Philadelphicum**, stands erect, as if conscious of its striking beauty. It is from one to three feet high and the leaves are in whorls, seated at intervals along the stem. The six divisions of the perianth are of a bright vermilion hue, spotted with brown within. Grows in sandy soil in dry woods and fields and in borders and thickets.

The **Turk's Cap Lily** or **Lilium Superbum** is from three to seven feet tall. The flowers are of a richer, more gorgeous orange-red, with purple spots within, not erect, but nod-

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ding; from three to forty, about three inches long, growing in pyramidal clusters. Of a truth, "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

PROVINCETOWN-BY-THE-SEA

Continued from Page 8

ors as for everybody else. Its exit must be accompanied by wise substitutes in the way of social life, genuine friendship.

Christian people should see to it that no one is left who has a good reason to be lonely without trying to help him.

A trip up Commercial street is about all the pleasure the stranger who spends an hour or two in Provincetown can have. Some of them go as far as the Highland Light House, but most of them stop when the houses thin out. Many people pay double fare so as to be sure of a seat in the direction they really want to go in. The winding street presents a constant procession of stores and residences.

Here is presented a delightful series of contrasts, with the houses packed together in extraordinary fashion. They are placed at all sorts of angles. Even the back yards are full of cottages. A dingy looking house will have a delightful, old-fashioned garden sloping down to the beach, ending in a low breakwater wall, that makes the ideal spot for a quiet read in the afternoon. Hollyhocks adorn the side and quaint steps make one stop to wonder how often they have been used.

The sea has imparted its own architecture to the homes. Cabin-like rooms and ladder steps are common with the high, sloping roof that provides a good lookout. Sea captains want to live in a boat even when on land. The spy glass is kept handy and the weather carefully studied.

Provincetown smells of the sea and its people have taken the sea to their hearts. It shows itself in their manner. They are a shy, retiring people that look first to see whether you are not a pirate in disguise. Polite they may be, but they will not take you to their hearts until after careful inspection.

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Visit the weekly art exhibition at the Town hall and study the pictures that some of the best artists in America produced the week before. It is real, living art; art taken from around the corner; a house, two trees and a child, that you saw nothing in, but which the artist found satisfying. So he shows it to you and the sun that made the whole theme live.

At night you may find a sailor sleeping in the Unitarian tent, for he has missed his boat and does not know where else to sleep. Unitarians can run an all-night lodging house if nothing else. They believe in doing good.

Climb up on the sand dunes and you feel like saying "Thalassa" with the immortal Ten Thousand, for there it lies all around you. Mr. Grozier's lawn looks beautiful as it slopes to meet the sea. The Catholic convent adds to the effect with its stone suggesting strength and delicacy.

Over all stands the Monument, a witness to the Pilgrims, who found Provincetown a good place to wash their linen. As it gazes toward the old graveyards that bespeck the dunes, its spirit must often wonder what the future has in store. How will Provincetown of the future compare with the past? God grant that in putting on beauty it will not lose strength. Nor in openness of vision may it forget the devotion to duty, without which no lasting greatness can be built up.

The motif for our cover page this month is the famous Highland Light at North Truro. This lighthouse marks one of the most dangerous spots to shipping on the coast of America. The coast of Cape Cod, from Monomoy Point to Wood End, is composed of dangerous shoals and many vessels have been wrecked here. The light is one of the most powerful known. A revolving light was installed in 1904, making it easily distinguishable from all other lights by vessels at sea.

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TAIT BROTHERS NEW BEDFORD

So frequently has this magazine been favored with contributions to its pages by friends of the Cape who send manuscripts without expectation of reward other than the feeling that they have contributed to a good cause, that we again wish to express our appreciation. We have a large number of such manuscripts on hand, but can use more and hope that we shall continue to be thus favored.

"In the Path of the Mayflower", there will be a tour of the Cape made by the Pennsylvania Chautauqua association in August. There will be five-day Chautauqua gatherings in Provincetown, Orleans, Sandwich, Falmouth, Wareham and Plymouth, with interesting and instructive programs, of which we shall have more to say in the next issue.

Appearances make for a big mackerel year. There are rafts of them off the Cape shore. Great fun for the hand-liners.

A STORE ON CAPE COD with a complete line of Wearing Apparel for Men, Women and Children. Where SUMMER RESIDENTS, as well as those fortunate enough to live here all-the-year-round, can find the right merchandise at the right prices.

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Complete Outfits for Golfers

The engagement of Marion Cleveland, youngest daughter of former president and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, to William Stanley Dell, has been announced. Miss Cleveland is a Cape Codder by birth, having been born at "Gray Gables" on Buzzards Bay, which was the summer capital of the nation during President Cleveland's administration.

The Marconi wireless plant at Chatham has been equipped and would be ready to operate if allowed to do so by the government. Work is being pushed on the sending station at Marion and it is probable that when it is completed both units will be taken over and operated by the government.

Sidney Winslow, president of the United Shoe Machinery Company, died May 18 at his home in Beverly, aged 62 years. He was a native of Brewster and had a summer estate at South Orleans, where he spent his summers.

Pilgrim Heights ←— Provincetown
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WILL anyone having pictures of the old locomotives of the Cape Cod, or Old Colony Railroad, formerly running on this route, who is willing to dispose of the same, or allow copies to be made thereof, please address this magazine, stating conditions and price. Those having names preferred.

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THE BARGAIN COUNTER, published weekly, 25 cents year; advertising free to all who solicit Cape Cod subscriptions. Address George Otis, 138 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

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CAPE COD REAL ESTATE

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THOMAS H. NICKERSON

HARWICH PORT

Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. III August, 1917 No. 4

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

From the Publishers' Desk

BEFORE another issue of this magazine comes from the press, Cape Cod will probably have supplied her quota of young men for the army of the United States. The fact that they will be taken without their desire or consent detracts nothing from the debt that the country will owe them; in fact, their going signifies that they have fulfilled their full duty and are performing a more arduous service than those who have volunteered, who had the opportunity to select the branch of service in which they are to serve, the one which seemed most attractive to them. The Conscript, on the other hand, has no say in the matter. The government has decided that it needs his services and has commanded him to leave all and bear arms for his country—and no higher duty could have been asked of anyone.

These men will fight for us, and it is our duty to see that their hardship is made no more severe than necessary. Any sacrifice that we can make to supply them with comforts is small compared with that which he has made. His comfort should be our burden, in so far as we can shoulder it, and every attention which we can give is required of us. Uncle Sam will supply his necessities, his uniform, his blankets and his gun, but there are many things which will not be supplied unless we do it.

Let it not be said that Cape Cod does not care for her young men, when they are called into the service of the country. Let them know that we stand ready to do all that we can for them. Let a Committee of Cape Cod people be formed to make these Cape Cod boys their especial charge. If they have dependents, let us see that they are not neglected. If they need anything that they cannot get, let us get it for them. It is little enough to do.

Red Cross work, French relief, and the like, are important, but it is more important that we look after our own. Every Cape Cod man who goes into the service ought to be listed by such a committee as we propose and his whereabouts kept track of, in order that his necessities may be known and supplied.

Here is a worthy work for our public spirited men and women, and we hope it will not be overlooked.

The Shopping Center for Cape Cod Folks and Visitors

Nearly 200 selling sections and thousands of courteous efficient employees at your service—an immense retail organization famous as "New England's Greatest Store."

Remember—No Shopping Trip to Boston is Complete Without a Visit to This Store

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L. C. HALL, Proprietor

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SUMMER ENTERTAINMENT
Interesting, Instructive and Brilliant

The Best of Speakers, Singers and Music
PROGRAM CHANGES AT EACH PERFORMANCE

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AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN ON THE CAPE

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TAIT BROTHERS NEW BEDFORD

CAPE COD AND THE CATTLE BUSINESS

By LIVINGSTON WRIGHT

VERILY, the Cape Cod region is a land of marvelous men. On sea the phrase "raised on Cape Cod" suggests forthwith a capability for sense, ruggedness and daring that has become known all over the maritime world. But on land—the Cape Cod country has also achieved a reputation which is little short of its aquatic record. In many avenues of the practical marts of business, Cape Cod men have occupied distinguished places.

Few, however, realize that in one of the most fundamental and mightiest of all the multitudinous activities of the men born or reared in hearing of the pounding waves and legends of the heroes of the sea, have gone forth the men who feed the world—I refer to the meat-packer industry.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, born and reared on a Cape Cod farm, began in the cattle business as a local butcher and cow buyer. He drove his cattle over the road to Brighton for slaughter through the Cape Cod towns and in 1861 went to Brighton to locate. With his steady, stout, wonderfully perceptive ways, he began work at the "meat business", as local Brighton always called it. By 1875 this staunch Cape Cod lad had acquired all the technique that Brighton had to give and to Chicago he went.

What he did there reads more amazingly than fiction. Over 50 acres are today occupied by the Swift establishment in Chicago and over 200 acres more are occupied in their Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul and Fort Wayne plants. Swift & Co., is known wherever in the world modern man eats meat.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF HYANNISPORT

This Cape Cod born man lived to see the establishment which he founded become one of the mightiest of the world's industries, which, today, under the management of his sons, dominates the meat market at home and abroad.

While Swift was capturing the "meat" trade of the country, another Cape Cod man went after the "hide." Sidney Winslow, who was born in Brewster, went to Salem and engaged in the shoe business. He learned all there was to learn about it and when he emerged there wasn't a single detail of the shoe business that he wasn't an authority on. Step by step Winslow proved himself a veritable genius for organization. As fast as a desirable shoe machine was invented, he secured control of it. He kept organizing. The McKay stitcher introduced him to the financial world. His reputation was made, but he didn't stop. Indeed, as he himself confessed when in the midst of almost money enough to float a Liberty Loan, "I love the shoe business for itself; as long as it can be bettered, I must work on." And "work on" he did, until he accomplished one of the greatest consolidations the world of business has ever known—the hundred million dollar United Shoe Machinery Company, which became a business monolith that set up its factories all over the world that it might meet the stupendous demand for the machines or patents the U. S. M. C. controlled.

Another king of the cattle business, James Ambrose Hathaway, descendant of the Taunton and Barnstable Hadaways and Hathaways, became the richest man in Brighton.

Pre-eminence in business and finance became a habit with Cape Cod boys of 50 years ago. Instance after instance could be cited to show how these young men, born of seafaring forebears, mastered the markets of the world, laying foundations for immense organizations which today stand solid among the wonders of the world.

All over the Cape there are palatial "cottages" erected by these men, who came back to their boyhood towns to become their benefactors. Many memorial buildings bear their names and magnificent gifts to their native towns bear witness of their love for the land that gave them birth. It is characteristic of Cape Cod that those who go away always return, sooner or later, to end their days in peace and happiness and when they die, to be buried with their ancesters, who laid the foundation for the energy, persistence and sterling character which came to them as a heritage from Pilgrim days.

A CAPE CLAMBAKE PICNIC

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

FOR real clambakes, go to Cape Cod. There are Maine clambakes, and others, almost as good, but not quite. Clambakes in this region beat all the wood picnics you ever saw or heard of. Some remarkable records have been made in the amount of clams that one person has consumed.

First of all, in going on a clambake, John, you must don a $1.49 khaki suit, and; Mary, you must wear a 75 cent gingham gown, if you are going to come along with us. Nothing that costs over $2 will be allowed on such an excursion.

We had set the alarm clock at 5, and when it rang we had half a mind to stop it and plunge back again beneath the quilts for two hours more of peaceful sleep. But then we all decided that we wouldn't miss a clambake for anything, so we dressed hurriedly and were ready for the two-horse barge at 6 a. m. It would not have seemed right to have gone on such a trip in an automobile, do you think so?

The day before we had chartered a big, roomy cat boat at Harwichport, the beautiful little harbor on the south side of the Cape. The captain said he would take 15 persons to Monomoy Point and back for $15. This was considered cheap enough.

We had a fair wind, a light breeze from the northwest, so there was very little sea running. But the women folk got a bit pale, nevertheless, before we were far out.

No matter how calm the weather may be, the captain told us that it is always a bit "choppy" in Nantucket Sound, on account of the swift tides which surge through just off the point.

It is about 12 miles across and required about an hour. The boat was equipped with a gasoline engine, in addition to the big sail, so this carried us along at a lively clip. The skipper said that he did not use the engine often, only when the wind failed, on account of the high cost of gasoline. The skipper told us that the engine had saved him being caught far from home in a calm spell many times.

After one of the most delightful sails we had ever had, we arrived at the tip end of the point. It is simply a heap of pure sand jutting out into the ocean toward Nantucket for ten miles from Chatham on the "mainland". Years ago it was a great marsh, but winds and tides have carried thousands of tons of sand across it, so that now, in some spots, it is several hundred yards wide. We were told that a Coast Guard station on the point, near Chatham, was abandoned recently by the life savers, as the angry waves washed so close to it.

Another station has been built further inland, and the old one is to be left to the mercy of the elements.

The day before going on our excursion, we had gone across the Cape, through Pleasant Lake, to Brewster. We waded out on the mud flats at ebb tide and dug nearly two bushels of little sage clams. The little ones, we learned, were much sweeter and better than some monster sea clams we found further out on the flats, next to deep water. The captain had warned us beforehand that we could get no clams at Monomoy on account of the fact that the tide recedes so little in that vicinity.

We let the captain take charge of the whole affair, from beginning to end, as he told us he had had much experience in such things. Everybody stood and watched his proceedings. First he dug a hole about two feet deep in the beach sand. Then he dumped in the bivalves. Procuring some seaweed and stones down on the water's edge, the skipper next covered the whole tightly, and, gathering some odd bits of driftwood, started a brisk fire. Then we had an intermission of about two hours, to allow the clams to steam or "bake."

RACE POINT LIGHT, NEAR PROVINCETOWN

We brought over with us several dozen ears of corn fresh from a neighbor's garden—we paid 25 cents for a dozen ears— three large, juicy watermelons, some canteloupes, sandwiches, pies, cakes, etc. No clambake, be it known, would be quite complete without green corn and melons. Some clambakes are made complete by the addition of a sort of corn-meal bread.

While waiting for the feast, we visited some little fishing shanties not far distant, and learned that the inhabitants were from the "mainland", and came there in the early spring and remained until fall to fish. A visit to a coast guard station and lighthouse was interesting, as we were shown through these buildings, kept particularly neat and clean. By the way, no trip to Cape Cod would be complete without visiting a coast guard station and government light house. We found that the life savers, especially here, lead very lonely lives. Some were taking a hard-earned two months' vacation. We were just in time to witness a boat drill, which is given generally once a week. We could hardly believe it, but the men told us that the mosquitoes are sometimes so thick there that they have to postpone their drills. The pests are very small, and it is necessary to put a double thickness of screening on all windows to keep them out.

Anyway, everybody was hungry, so we hurried back to the beach to see what progress the bake was making. The steamed clams were uncovered. We used our hands to remove them from the shells, then dipped them into some hot water to remove the sand.

After eating our fill and lounging on the beach for an hour, we were ready to pull up anchor and set sail. A moonlight sail completed the trip, "the most pleasant ever."

A hotel is to be erected on Main street in Falmouth which will be known as the Siders Pond Inn. It will be open the year 'round and will cost $125,000.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

STREET AT WELLFLEET

Death of Rev. Thomas Bickford

Rev. Thomas Bickford, founder and principal of Sea Pines school of personality for girls, died recently at Brewster, where the school is located. Mr. Bickford established the school in 1906, his idea being to provide a school for girls where they could receive every advantage of a sound education under exceptional home conditions and with much outdoor life. How well he succeeded is shown by the popularity of the institution, which has become one of the foremost schools of the kind in the country. His death came at the height of his success and in him Cape Cod has lost a man of most pleasing personality and one who will be greatly missed.

MISS MALINDA'S SUMMER BOARDERS

By GENEVA A. ELDREDGE

Miss Malinda Cummings, fair, fat and forty, lived alone in the old mansion house above Clam Hole in Sandport on the Cape. Years ago the property had been her Grandfather Cummings', a retired sea captain, whose fancy had run to low ceiled rooms with cavernous fire-places and furniture of rich mahogany. The neighbors often remarked "that it was too bad Miss Malinda had sech a mess o' truck on her hands, so everlastin' old-fashioned thet nobody would take it ez a gift."

No seeker of antiques had ever trod the streets of Sandport at that period and many a four poster bed had been split up for kindling when its successor in golden oak had crowded it out of its stronghold. But Miss Malinda loved the old house, its furnishings and its surroundings, and so she cleaned, scrubbed and polished in true Cape Cod fashion Spring and Fall, to keep the place in its old-time beauty and dignity. Of the once large estate, but little was left now except the rambling old house and a few acres of shore and woodland.

Miss Malinda was alone in the world. Poor investments had left her nearly penniless, and she faced the fact that there was almost nothing except her house and land between herself and starvation. Some women would have given up in despair, but not so Miss Malinda. She came of ancestral stock who had "gone down to the sea in ships," faced pirates on the Spanish Main, without the quiver of an eyelash, and who, in days of adversity, turned a deaf ear to the discouragement and rose valiantly to claim their own. This same spirit of self-reliance flowed in Miss Malinda's veins and she resolved to conquer by her own hands.

But, as she confided to her most intimate friend, "There wa'n't much but cranberryin' and clammin' to pick from in the way of employment around Sandport. But now wouldn't this grëat ark of a house that Gran'father Cummin's built and furnished make a grand good boardin'-house, Becky? The land knows there's stuff enough here to go right to keepin' boarders, all but the real provisions, an' that's easy to provide. Why, they's common, every-day dishes, good enough for anybody, an' a whole set of mulberry chiny, table-cloths and napkins, some of 'em Grandmother wove herself. An' the chist of drawers is full of linen sheets and pillow-slips, with sprigs of lavender laid between 'em, besides them that I alwus use. They's about everything a body wants around here except the real, hard cash, and that is very conspicuous by its absence.

"What concerns me most, Becky, is how I'm a-goin' to set these wares before the public in sech a manner that they'll swaller the bait poke hook. If I should advertise 'Summer Boarders wanted by Miss M. Cummin's, Clam Hole, Sandport,' they wouldn't be a soul come nigh me."

Mrs. Becky Tripp, whose feet scarcely touched the floor as she rocked back and forth in the pleasant kitchen, sat very erect, the little corkscrew curls on each side of her ears bobbing jerkily and her smooth cheeks flushed. Lying dormant in that trim little body was a talent Sandport had never dreamed of, one that Mrs. Becky herself hardly dared to own, and with it went a strain of sentiment and poetry, wholly lacking in Miss Malinda's practical makeup. Yet these two women whose temperaments differed so widely, had been life long friends. And so, when Mrs. Becky, in a well-modulated voice, made this suggestion, Miss Malinda took it simply as a matter of course.

"Now, Malindy, if I wuz you, I should put my wares, as you call it, before the public in this fashion. 'Boarders for the season wanted at the Colonial, Saltspray, Sandport, Cape Cod,' with 'Miss M. L. Cummings, Manager,' in small letters to one side. That would sound well when read and might be quite an inducement to city folks."

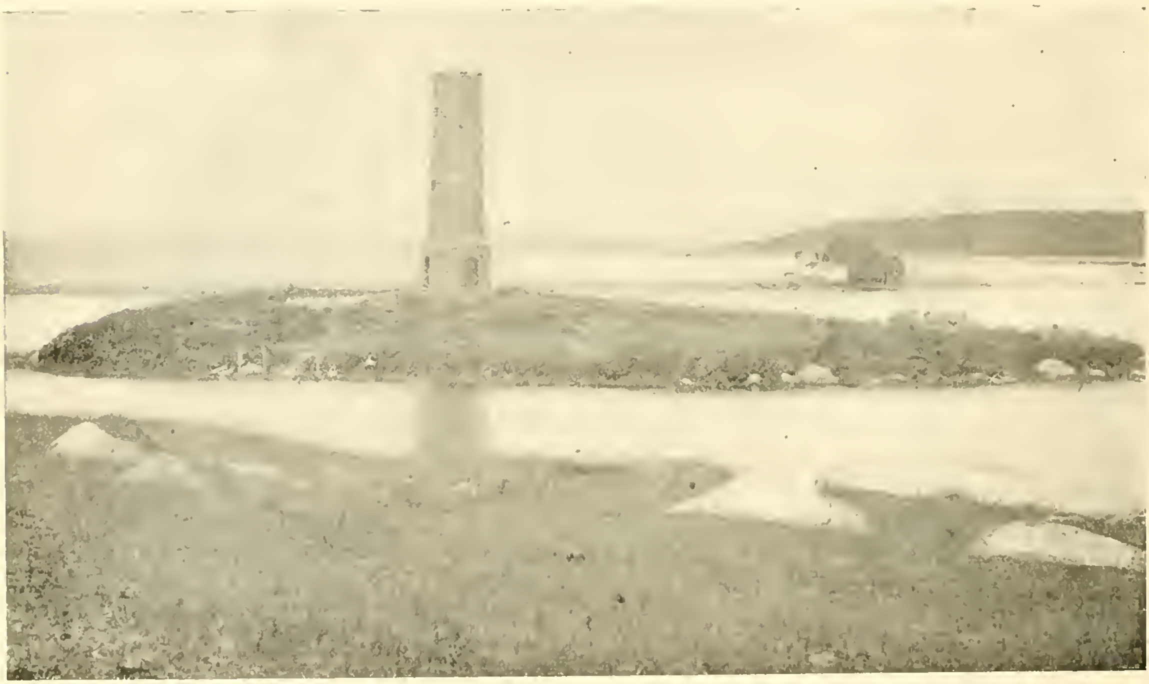
"My stars, Becky Tripp, if you don't beat all. How on earth did you ever think of that so quick? I might a scoured my brains forever an' nothin' like that you've just said would ever riz to the surface."

Mrs. Becky laughed delightedly. "There, there, Malindy, don't. I hain't half so smart as you be. I couldn't make two cents out of a boarder, but the sign that would catch him comes to me as easy as nothin'."

"Well, Becky Tripp, I'll bet them city nabobs, when they read that air advertisement will swaller it hook, line and sinker. They'll fairly feel the sea breezes a-rollin' in an' see the spray breakin' off here foamy white. That Colonial will hit 'em, too, jest ez sure ez preachin'. Oh, my good Lord! Think of this old mansion house of Gran'father's bein' The Colonial, an' the Clam Hole born anew into Salt Spray! Becky, you'll be the death of me yet," and Miss Malinda's sides shook with laughter.

"Sh-h-h, 'Lindy, don't you ever tell. Leastways, not so as it gets back to 'Lonzo an' the children. But them kind of things is alwus a-chasin' themselves around in my head. I'm a-plannin' an' re-modellin' these houses in Sandport, layin' out grounds an' carryin' on great doin's half my time. Why, ef 'Lonzo ever suspected, when he sees me a-ladlin' clam chowder outen the kittle, thet I wuz picturin' myself a great lady directin' servants and the like, he'd drop in his tracks, I know he would. He jest sees me a-movin' from the stove to the table with somethin' that smells powerful appetizin'. Further then that, he never lets his mind wander. What fills his stomach fills his soul and satisfies it. 'Tis strange, Malindy, how folks live together year in and year out, yet know so little of t'other soul's inmost workin's."

"I should say as much," breathed Miss Malinda in awe. The fact was, she had never



MONUMENT IN HONOR OF BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD AT CUTTYHUNK seen quite so deep into Becky's innermost soul before and her practical Cape Cod nature had received a severe jolt. "You are like your Grandmother Arey," she said, when she had recovered herself. "Everybody always said she was different from Sandport folks; sorter dreamy an' soft spoken, with her wits a wool-gatherin' by spells. I've often heard folks tell how she wus washed ashore from that wreck one night in a storm that swept the Cape, an' your great-grandfather pulled her out of the undertow an' hurried home with her to his wife, an' how pleased your great-grandmother was over it, not havin' no children of her own! She named her Rose Sterling; Rose for her sweetness and Sterling for her worth. They said she had on beautiful clothes an' a little gold chain 'round her neck when she wuz found, so she must have been well born.

"But there, we can't stop to hark back into the past. The present is too full. I'm a-goin' tew take up with your idee, Becky, an' advertise in a Boston paper tomorrow mornin'. But don't you mention it to a soul, an' I'll give Sandport the surprise of its life."

Soon the Colonial was the cynosure of all eyes. Guests began to arrive, gay gowns fluttered from its piazza and summer girls, attended by admiring youths, bathed in the invigorating waters of Spray Cove or lounged on the strip of sandy beach. Miss Malinda was in her glory.

One afternoon Mrs. Becky, calling in the kitchen, where Miss Malinda was busily engaged, caught a glimpse of a matron languidly moving across the lawn.

A SUMMER RESIDENCE ON BUZZARDS BAY

"Lands, Malindy, thet woman's face looks dretful familiar somehow. Where'd she land from?"

"There, Becky! I've been hopin' you'd get an eye on her for three weeks. That's Mrs. Elinor LeClare Worthington of New York, wife of Prof. Worthington of some college or other. But like enough 'twould jog your memory an' bring you to your senses quicker ef I should mention Nellie B., she thet was Ziby Russ' daughter up to Herrin' Run."

A look of amazement spread itself over Mrs. Becky's features. "I vum! 'Tis Ziby

Russ' red hair exact thet's piled up on top of her haid, hain't it? So she's boardin' here, Malindy? Well, don't Ziby Russ come by here a-peddlin' two or three times a week?"

"Yes, he does, Becky. Soon ez I set this salad to chill, I'll tell you the whole story, for I'm a-dyin' tew tell somebuddy about that high falutin' piece thet eats to my table and lets her young ones root up the earth in the meantime."

When the salad had been duly deposited, Miss Malinda seated herself in a cushioned rocker and, with lowered voice, proceeded to divulge the secret of the haughty Mrs. Worthington's past.

"Nellie B. was always a pretty girl, Becky, ef you recollect, an' kinder uppish in her ways. When she used to come over here from Herrin' Run after hog-killin' time, beggin' pork scraps for her mother, I alwus tho't she was made of a little finer grade of goods then the rest of Ziby Russ' young ones. She was quite easy to learn, the teachers said, ef her folks would only send her to school regular. But she done right well as 'twas.

"She wuz seventeen, or so, the year two college fellers come down here on a vacation to fish and gun 'round the shores. Well, to make a long story short, one of 'em wuz quite taken with Nellie, an' persuaded her to go back to the city to be a model for some artist friend of his'n. The other college feller used to shine around La-de-da Snow's daughter, over to Scrabble Holler. I lost all run of La-de-da Snow's girl till this summer.

"Nellie B.'d been gone a year or so when she an' her college feller come home on a visit. An' Ziby told me afterwards thet Nellie had got clean outside all the soundin's 'round Sandport an' couldn't seem to git her bearin's at all. Didn't rekernize the pine trees an' scrub oaks, nor the poverty grass thet she used to pull to kindle fire with, nor nothin' of the kind, she was so citified.

"'Why, Miss Malindy,' Ziby says, a-snickerin' like he always does, 'I'll be gol-darned ef she an' her college chap didn't come pokin' around in the smoke house where I had herrin's hangin' three feet deep, an' Nellie says, 'Pa. What are those little fishes with sticks stuck thru their eyes?' 'My Gosh!' I says, 'Them's herrin's, you durn fool, you've et bar'ls on 'em!''

"An' sure enough she had, Becky. Herrin's an' hasty puddin' was the chief article of diet to Ziby Russ them days, most of the time. Seem's, after their visit to Ziby's, she an' her feller got married, and her folks never heard from her again. So you can bet I was some struck up when she made her appearance at the Colonial as Mrs. Eliphlet P. Worthington, with two young ones thet's the dead spit an' image of Ziby Russ' folks. But you know, Becky, there's them in Sandport, an' specially at the Colonial, that hain't so green ez they look. An', tho' I never opened my head before nor since, she hain't fooled me a mite. An' them twins of her'n is the devil's own kin. But, to hear her talk, you'd think they was right from the angel band. She tries to bring 'em up jest so; special foods an' sich. 'Tain't no use, Becky, fur Ziby Russ' folks wuz allus a-stuffin' their inards with everything they could lay hands on from the time green apples come till grapes froze to the vines. What's bred in the bone will show itself in the flesh, an' you can't kill out some inheritances.

"Now that young Dudley Worthington will set to the table an' eat his dish of 'O-Wheat Flakes' like a lamb an' then skin around to my kitchen and clean up es good a plateful of fried doughnuts es ever his Grandfather tackled. An' Betty, the other twin, can eat steamed clams till she near busts, ef she can git behind the door of my buttery, where her mother can't see. I feed 'em once in a while, when their mother hain't around. This new fangled method of feedin' may be all right in the city, but Cape Cod air makes their stomachs crave real meat victuals. An', I vum, I like to see 'em git it once in a while.

"Ziby was here peddlin' t'other day when she an' the children went across lots to the beach, right by my back door, where he was a-standin'. An' she never noticed him, Becky, no more'n as tho' he was the dirt under her feet. No sir-ee! You'd a thought she was the first lady of the land. Ziby looked kind of bewildered like and sez, 'Kinder hard, Miss Cummin's, tew have ye own children fergit ye. I hope ef she meets my wife she won't do so, fer her mother alwuz set great store by Nellie B.'

"I wanted to tell him thet Nellie B. wouldn't heave to and hail none of the Ziby Russ fleet while she was a-sailin' 'round this course. Then he says, 'I hain't never told nobuddy, Miss Cummin's, how she an' the twins is boardin' here. But I've knowed it all along.'

"I never had so much respect for Ziby Russ before in all my born days, Becky. He's a poor-for-nothin' critter, I know, but he's got a heart, an' it cut awful deep to have Nellie B. disown him, 'fore me, specially.

"Now there's Mrs. McNorton a-boardin' over to Si Nichols's place with her two children. She's from Chicago an' when she calls on Mrs. Worthington, the goin's on would distress your vitals. Hark! There's them twins out on my piazza now. Come on into the hall, it's cool an' dark in there, an' listen to them devil's angels."

No sooner said than done. Seating themselves on the old oak settle, they listened to the twins' conversation.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. Aha, Betty, you're going to marry an Indian chief an' live in the woods with snakes and toads an' things. An' your husband, I mean the chief, will make you work like the dickens."

"I won't, I won't, I won't, Dudley Worthington!" and across the piazza flew a rage of yellow curls, blue ribbon and rompers. Straight for the hammock it went, and landing on young Dudley, tore from his grasp the daisies whose petals he was telling and flung them over the piazza railing. Then a calm fell, and Betty sniffed the air. "I smell gum, Dud. Give me some, will you? Just a teeny little bit to chew? Please."

YACHTS IN BUZZARDS BAY

"Can't. This gob's just right." Z-zit! A small mouthful of white foam settled on the porch floor. "See that, Betty? Betcher you can't spit so far."

"I don't want to, 'cause mother would scold if she saw you doing it, Dud."

"What cher s'pose I care. When I'm a man I'm goin' to have a big house, big as two of this kind, with a piazza way around it, 'n I'm goin' to spit all over it, too. 'Twon't be no gum juice, neither."

Betty's eyes were large and admiring now. "Oh, Dud, what will it be?"

"It'll be tabacca, Betty, real sticky, black tabacca, the same kind as old Thad Rounds chews."

"An' Dud, will you have old clothes like him?"

"Yup. An' go fishin' off the pier every day, too."

"I don't like him, Dud, 'cause he's awful smelly."

"Aw, girls make me tired, always turnin' up their noses at smells an' things. Maybe I'll be a pirut some day an' capture you on the high seas. An' I'll make you walk the plank an' holler 'Down with votes for wimmen!' "

"Well, I shan't, Dudley Worthington, 'cause mother says votes for wimmen is right, an' that every woman thinks so, even if she don't say so."

"Aw, well, mother's all right, 'course. But she don't know what piruts can do," and Dudley lay back in the hammock to revel in thoughts of his piratical days to come.

"Oh, Duddie, look on your pants. You've sat down on something. It's all green on that leg. Right on your spandy clean suit, too. I bet Mother'll spank you. Hark! Here she comes now!"

"Beat it, Bet, while the goin's good," cried Dudley, and two small figures disappeared around the corner of the house as Mrs. Worthington stepped up onto the porch. Miss Malinda gave Mrs. Becky's hand a squeeze as Mrs. Worthington, in her afternoon frills, appeared on the scene. Seating herself in a willow rocker, she arranged her skirts gracefully about her ankles and called softly, "Children, child-ren," with a rising inflection at the end of the word. Of course no children came forward. Their small legs were putting as great a distance as possible between their mother and themselves.

When Mrs. Worthington had satisfied herself that her offspring were not within the sound of her voice, she settled back comfortably and gave herself up to enjoying the cooling breezes from the ocean. She was soon joined, however, by Mrs. McNorton from Si Nichols', who had evidently come to spend the afternoon. Their greetings were very effusive and, after they were over, Mrs. Worthington inquired for Mrs. McNorton's children. She thereby discovered the whereabouts of her own, for Mrs. McNorton replied that they were all in the orchard playing.

"How cool and lovely it is here, and so quiet, too," her guest remarked.

"Oh, Mrs. McNorton, you have no idea how much real pleasure I am getting in studying these uncouth people and their quaint homes."

At this Miss Malinda actually snorted from the dim hall, but the ladies ensconced on her front piazza were too enraptured with the scenery to notice.

"Yes," said Mrs. McNorton. "The pines, with their healing fragrance, and the ocean, stretching away until it merges into the horizon, all present an ever charming picture to one who is city bred. Don't you find it so?"

"I do, indeed," replied Mrs. Worthington. "Of course, after moving in the best social circles of New York for most of my life, the people here seem rather—er—crude, don't you know; but they are so very interesting to one who never came in contact with such types before."

"I agree with you, my dear, and next winter we will be able to give charming and entertaining descriptions to our Chicago and New York friends of the people we met on quaint Cape Cod." And both ladies beamed upon each other radiantly with a satisfied expression, well pleased to think that they were so far above the "common herd" moving about them. Then the conversation turned to the table fare.

"Does Mrs. Cummings set a good table?" inquired Mrs. McNorton.

"Oh, yes. Very well indeed for the country. Of course she has no idea of food values. But I take every precaution to have Dudley and Betty properly fed and kept in good company. As I have often heard you say, dear, environment counts for so much, and the treasures are so very pure and innocent now. I have always taken particular pains that they should hear only the best language. I do detest slang phrases that one sometimes hears children use. Don't you? I never allow the twins to play with the other children who live in Sandport. They are so very countrified. Dudley is such a little gentleman that I would hate to take him back to the city with anything like a rural touch about him." (Another snort from Miss Malinda.) "What did you say you are feeding your children, Mrs. McNorton? Pre-digested foods with scraped raw beef? Possibly it would be a good idea to add that to the twins' diet of malted milk and 'O-Wheat Flakes.' The air is so invigorating here they seem to need something more substantial."

Just then a long wail rent the air. "Mother! Moth-er!" and both maternal parents sprang from their chairs and rushed toward the orchard, closely followed by the eavesdroppers. Cries of "Give it to him," "Swat him," and "That's a good one," grew louder, and suddenly the sight of two small boys clutched in deadly combat, with two little girls perched in an apple tree and egging them on, came into view.

Archie McNorton's white blouse was torn from collar to hem, and one bloody arm protruded from its sleeve. His nose was also bleeding profusely and altogether he was a sorry sight.

"Dudley Dayton Worthington, stop it this minute! What are you two young gentlemen fighting for?"

"'Cause," and Dudley gulped mightily as he turned his face, with one black eye, toward his mother, "I'm fightin' 'cause Archie said if I ever was a pirut he bet he could lick the daylights outer me, an' I bet him he couldn't, so we fit it out right here to see who was the best feller. An' I am, mother, 'cause I give him a bloody nose an' ripped his shirt most off!"

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"Shut up, Duddie Worthington. You're a cheat."

"Archibald Malcolm McNorton!" (This from Mrs. McNorton.) "Do not talk like that."

"Well he is, mother, 'cause he gets all the

(Continued on page 18)

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VOL. III AUGUST, 1917 No. 4

Editorial

GIVE US CIVIC CONSCIOUSNESS

TO end the European conflict and restore the world to its sanity is the paramount duty of the Allied nations, and the United States must do its full share toward that end. It must give money and men unstintedly and sacrifice every material advantage which it has had to the end that peace may come—an everlasting peace, founded upon Liberty as we have known it. Upon the United States, from now on, rests the burden of feeding, sustaining and encouraging the Allies. We are the resource to which they have turned in their dire extremity and we will not disappoint them. It cannot be doubted that right will triumph. It is impossible to believe otherwise. If, in this civilized day and age, savage brutality and ambitious force can become the dominating feature of the world, then there is no hope for Christianity, no principle of righteousness that can be relied upon. But it can't be and must not be so. However successful brute force may appear at the present time, whatever has been accomplished by the wheels of tyranny crushing the lives and bodies of the innocent, there must be and shall be an end to the triumph of the insolent and brutal power of Prussianism.

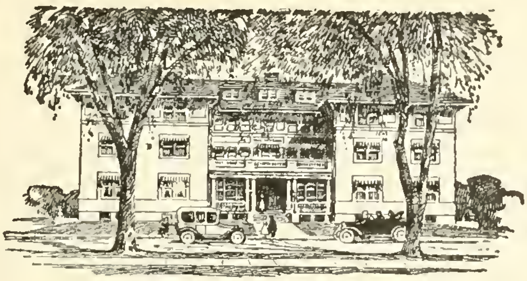
To the credit and honor of the American nation it can be said that no selfish motive actuates our course. It has been clearly stated by the president that we desire no conquest, no territory, no indemnity. We are in war on behalf of civilization, to uphold our rights upon the sea and to aid the cause of human liberty the world over. Not to be in the war would be so disgraceful as to be unthinkable. To profit by the war would be to shame our descendants for all time.

The days before us hold much that is uncertain, much sacrifice, much suffering and perhaps much humiliation, yet they also hold much that will sustain us in the thoughts that we are doing what the world expects us to do, doing it heartily and with courage.

As a nation, we have been greatly misunderstood and vilified. In France we have been known as a nation of rich profligates, scattering handfuls of money at Paris and Monte Carlo in vain amusements and adornments; in Germany we have been considered a nation of aliens, the dumping ground for the refuse of Europe, without a national standard of patriotism and wholly wanting in civic spirit; in England we have been considered a nation of burgeois shopkeepers intent upon the accumulation of money.

But already these views have changed. To the French and the Belgian an American is an angel of mercy; to the English we have shown our kinship. To us they have all turned as the one great nation in the world that can bring order out of chaos and peace out of destruction.

We are finding ourself today. We are learning our own power as we never before



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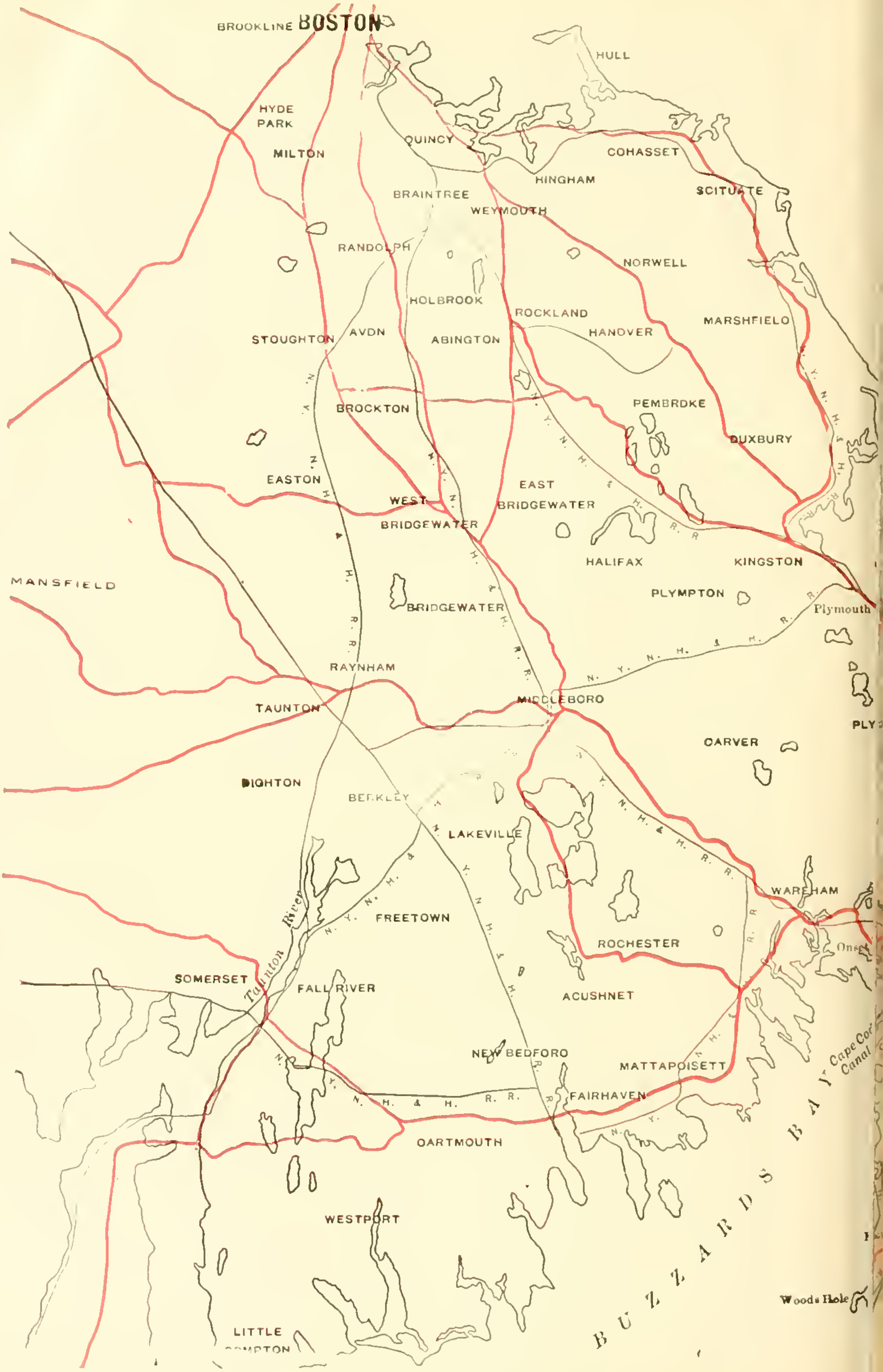
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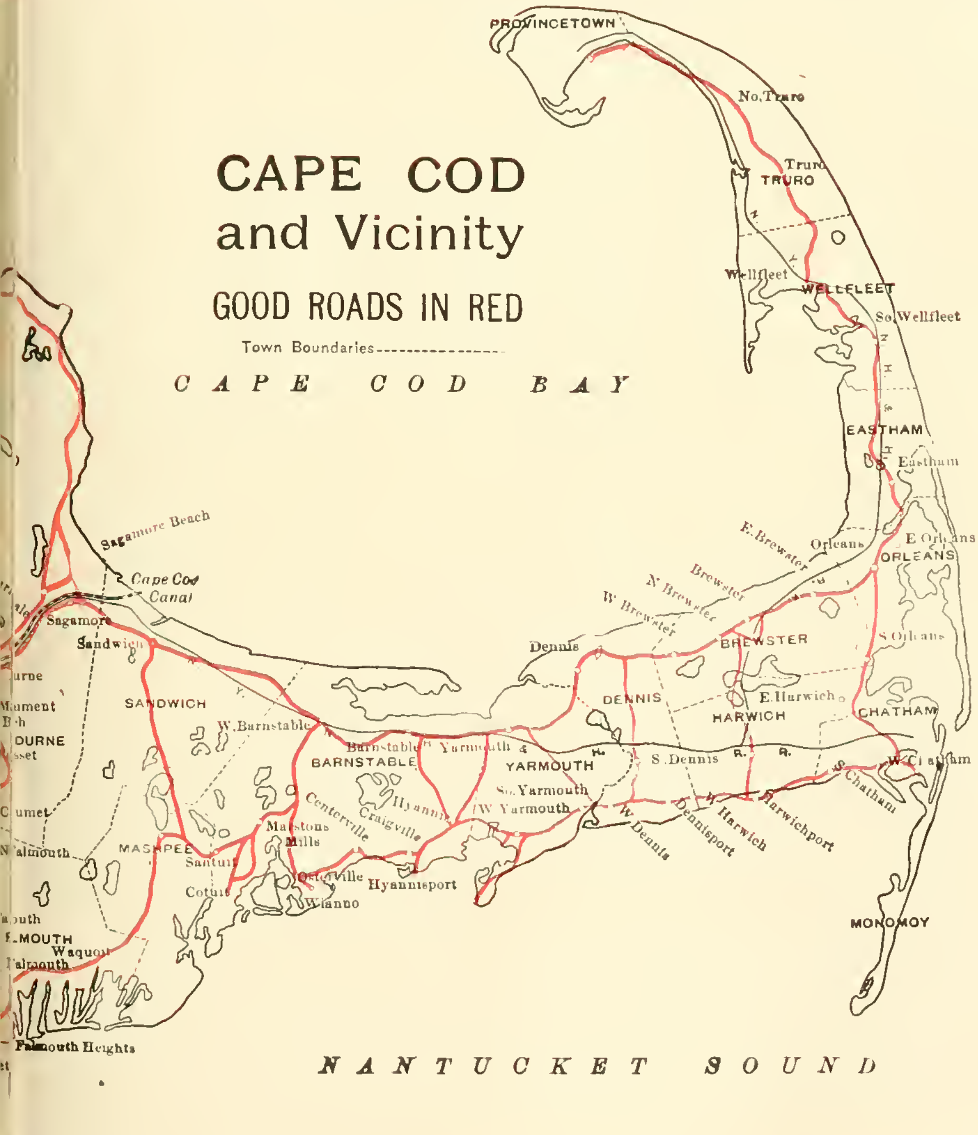

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have learned it. We are learning that we are a unified people, knitted together by the spirit of freedom wherein the foreign-born stands shoulder to shoulder with the native son. Prejudices are being swept away. Life has a deeper meaning. Liberty is becoming a definite thing. Out of it all we will emerge a stronger and greater nation, respected and beloved as the champion of the feeble and down-trodden—the exemplification of triumphant democracy tried in the fire and found sterling.

But what of us as individuals? How can we each play our part so as to merit the feeling of having done our duty? Some of us will fight upon the battle fields of bloody Europe. To such we give all honor. Some of us will labor at home to sustain our government in the task it has set for itself. But all of us will play some part. None of us can remain untouched—and none of us should want to. The burdens will fall with varying degrees of hardship—some may scarcely feel them, but never again will we be as before. Never will we go back to our unthinking habits of not considering what America means to us and what we mean to America. We shall have learned the lesson of common service, the lesson of a broader humanity, and we will more fully realize that individual and community interests are one and the same thing. We may expect to achieve a greater measure of civic virtue. From the bottom to the top we will learn that we belong to our country and our country belongs to us.

If such a realization comes to us through suffering and adversity, it will sink all the more deeply into our spirits. It may be that we have been too self-centered, too well satisfied and too selfishly absorbed in our individual activities, thinking too little of others and of the broader principles of citizenship.

War, horrible as it is, may have its compensations.

* * *

IT IS mid-summer on Cape Cod and thousands of vacationists are enjoying its hospitality at the present time. Many of them are former residents, returned for a short stay, and others, not natives, have learned to regard it as their summer home, where they enjoy the many and varied attractions which make it unique among summer resorts.

* * *

SMOOTH and hard, the splendid roads invite the motorist to "speed up", but it should be kept in mind that speed is not always safe, even on the best of roads. There have been too many accidents in the past and greater care should be exercised by drivers, especially when the roads are as crowded as they are at this season of the year.

* * *

THE Massachusetts Press Association spent a delightful week-end at Provincetown recently and the visitors returned to their homes thoroughly convinced that the attractions of the Cape have not been exaggerated.

* * *

ALREADY it is rumored that Congressman Walsh will have opposition the next time he comes up for election. If there is to be a change, why should not a Cape Cod man be considered?

* * *

IT IS too bad that those splendid steamers which ply through the canal cannot be provided with a stopping place to take on and leave passengers. Perhaps when the government takes it over such arrangements can be made.

Miss Malinda's Summer Boarders

(Continued from page 15)

apples on Miss Tripp's side of the fence an' steals her raspberries. Then he hides the apples under the bed, an' nights, when everybody is asleep, he eats 'em. An' today, that little boy who lives over to Herrin' Run, give him a gob of gum that he'd chewed all he wanted to, an' Dud's been chewin' it, an' braggin' how he could spit high's the house. An' a whole lot more I can't 'member. He's a awful boy, mother."

"Aw, can it, you mutt of an Archie! You've chewed that gum ever since you got here, an' you sweared, too. You said 'Gosh Darn' an' I heard you. An' you'll never make a good pirut, 'cause you can't fight, so now!"

"I don't care if I can't, you old New Yorker. You aren't as smart as you think you are, either. I'll bet you don't know who your grandfather is?"

Mrs. Worthington's face blanched and she reached for Dudley and covered his mouth with her hand before he could either affirm or deny. But Chicago was not to be so easily quieted, and his voice, rising to its highest pitch, screamed, "It's old Ziby Russ, over to Herrin' Run, and you look just like him, red hair and all!" Mrs. McNorton, with a haughty air, seized Archibald by the arm to beat a hasty retreat from such contamination. But the presence of Miss Malinda, who had risen in righteous wrath, put an end to any such proceedings. With blazing eyes, she took command of the situation and loosed her tongue freely to her astonished guests.

"Oh, my land o' Goshen! You two women make me sick. Anybody would think, to hear you talk and watch your goin's on thet you was first cousin to the Queen o' Sheba. But, to them thet knows, there hain't the slightest resemblance to anything among the aristocracy. Why, good Lord! I remember both of ye, when ye didn't have but one dress to your backs. And had to go to bed to wait for it to dry every time it was washed, too. You was a-sailin' mighty nigh under bare poles them days, and you didn't seem to be enjoyin' the 'crudeness of things' nothin' like what you have this summer from my piazza. When you was a-haulin' up poverty grass over on the Great Hill yonder, so as they'd be somethin' to kindle a quick fire with for supper, the scenery didn't cut no such a figger with ye as it does now a-days.

"I hain't forgot, ladies, when a hand-out from the back door of these quaint people you've been a-studyin' the past few weeks was gratefully received into your gnawin' in'ards. An' no questions asked in regard to food values, either. Anything thet stuck by the rib was all you asked. I've listened to both of ye this summer a-tellin' of the quaintness of Cape Cod an' the crudeness of the people, till my blood has fairly biled. But I says to myself, 'Press on, ladies, lie and believe it ef you want to, but pride will have a fall some day. When it falls 'twill come down with a mighty hard whack, and I hope, ef the Lord's willin', that Malindy Cummin's will be nigh enough to hear the report.'

"An' sure enough, as luck will have it, I'm right on the scene of action, so to speak. So, as I'm right in the midst of this fracas, I'm a-goin' to express myself plain and pintedly. Them two young he devils of yours can't help a-braggin' and a-fightin' no more then their grandfathers could before 'em. Environment will kill out some things, but it will take several generations before the fire of Ziby Russ' hair an' the braggin' of old 'La-de-da' Snow will die a natural death. Talk about 'crudeness' and 'countrified manners', do you s'pose they was ever anybuddy in Sandport thet could beat 'La-de-da' and Ziby? Well, ef there was, I'd gladly give my summer's work to see 'em.

"But that hain't neither here nor there. Underneath of them old clothes and crude ways, they's hearts a-beatin' with good red blood in 'em. Not the watery kind you women have got! Them two old fellers hez been hurt to the quick, now I tell ye, to have you two high-falutin' critters travelin' around with yer noses in the air ez if you never see 'em before. Many a time Ziby Russ hez walked the floor with you o' nights, Nellie B! When you was nigh unto death with the measles, you' mother worked herself to the bone so ez to buy medicine for ye. An' she alwas worked hard so you could git a little learnin' into you' brain while you was a-growin' up, too. You' father and you' mother planned great doin's for ye when you growed up, an' here you've gone an' wiped them clean off ye slate. But you can't change things, not a bit. You are flesh of their flesh an' bone of their bone.

"And you, Mercy D.," turning to Mrs. McNorton, "you've watched you' father, old 'La-de-da', all summer a-bobbin' up an' down in his dory off there in the bay rakin' quahaugs. But nary a squeak has anybody heard from you, except how well that old fisherman fitted into the surroundin's. I've been tempted to step right out before all your high-falutin' acquaintances an' tell 'em of the time you was the chief figger in that man's life. An' how he'd come to school every 'Last Day', rubber boots, sou'wester an' all, jest to hear you speak you' piece. 'Mercy D.'s a smart one,' he used to say. Oh, he was mighty proud of you, and now you've disowned him. Lord! Some folks is too narrer contracted to live. Them two old men, with all their crudeness, is wuth more then the whole kit an' boodle of their children and grandchildren, with all their city ways." And taking Mrs. Becky by the arm, Miss Malinda walked back through the orchard, saying as she went, "I want to git away from them two empty headed wind puffs, Becky, afore I tell 'em of the letter Ziby Russ wrote home to his wife the time he was aboard of a mackerel catcher. He begun it 'My dear Whiff,' an' ended 'World without end. Ziby Russ.'

"An' of the time 'La-de-da' stole the Widder Hopkins' eggs outen her hen roost an' hid 'em in his coat-tails, an' then went to evenin' meetin' an' set on 'em. Don't you remember, Becky?"

"Law, yes, Malindy. I can see him now, walkin' up front to testify, a hollerin' 'Jest as I am, I come, friends,' the yolks of them eggs a-runnin' a steady stream down the backs of his pant legs."

"Oh, Becky, them two women would a kicked the bucket sure ef I'd told them anecdotes in front of their delicate offsprings. But do come in and have a cup of tea and settle your head a few minutes. We've got lots of time before supper," and the screen door slammed as Miss Malinda, manager, entered the portal of the Colonial at Salt Spray, Cape Cod.

A CAPE COD BOOKSHELF

By LUCY E. TREAT

IN my cosy little library is a shelf well filled with thumb-worn volumes, some bound in the sober garb of the ancient town histories, some in the gay dress of the modern novel. In a small pigeon-hole at the right are certain attractive little booklets and pamphlets, each having a suggestion of the sea, either in title or picture cover. This is the shelf of books dearest to my heart, my treasure of treasures, my Cape Cod book-shelf. This is the subject which never fails to interest me, either in the long winter evenings, when the raging storms and distant roar of breakers impress me with the work of the Cape Cod life savers, or when the summer breezes whisper of the delightful beach resorts and vacation life.

Not only has Cape Cod been a play-ground, a land of rest and recreation for many a weary writer, but it has also become a literary Mecca, a land of inspiration for humorous story or touching poem, while the annals of the Cape's noble and dignified past have always appealed to the historians. Many of these writers on my shelf are native sons and daughters of Cape Cod, who have written with a deep and true insight into its life. But, come, let me introduce you to some of these tried and true friends.

This attractively bound volume, with the fine half tone illustrations and the many passages marked with pencil, is the latest edition of Thoreau's "Cape Cod". To know the Cape thoroughly, its beaches and moors, its older people, follow Thoreau in his walking tour of Cape Cod and become familiar with the kindly, humorous philosophy of this Concord writer, who could appreciate and read aright nature and life on Cape Cod, a half a century ago.

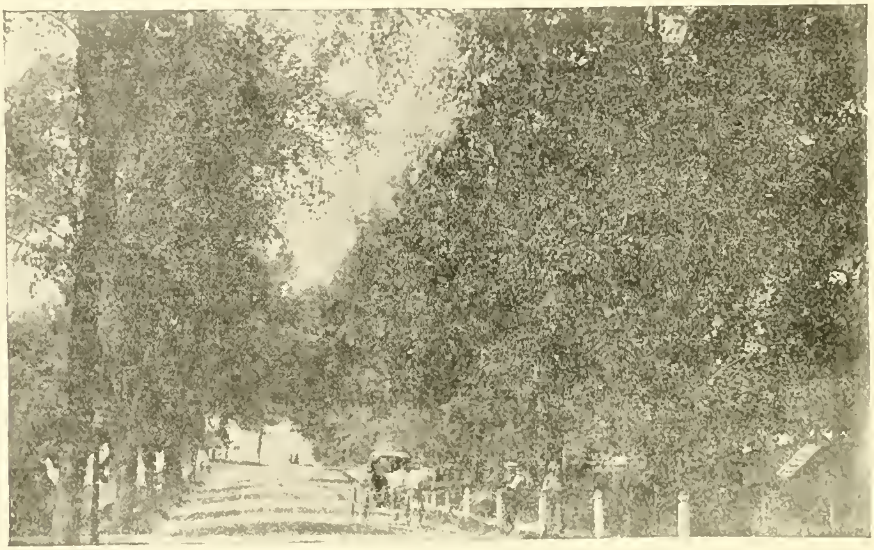
Here is a book which I especially prize, as very few copies can now be bought. It bears the title "Truro, Cape Cod; Her Land-Marks and Sea-Marks," by Shebnah Rich, a local historian, who has woven into a most interesting narrative history, the social and industrial life of Truro of the past.

These dignified looking volumes are all town histories. How I love to pore over the quaint records of Orleans and Eastham, and the life of the early Nauset Indians, as told by Rev. Enoch Pratt, in his history of Eastham and Orleans. The history of the other Cape towns I find fully recorded in Freeman's History of the Towns of Barnstable County.

This little red book is Herman A. Jenning's book on Provincetown, the only town history it can claim, at present. At the end of this book are several yarns, the most wonderful of which is the story of the sea-serpent seen by one of the residents of Provincetown.

Here is that delightful book, "Cape Cod Folks", written by a school teacher many years ago in one of the upper Cape villages, Sally Pratt McLean. With her, you will pass a most interesting winter in the village of Wallingcamp and become acquainted with that quaint, kindly old couple, Grandma and Grandpa Spicer.

One of my best beloved little companions is "Georgina of the Rainbow," a character created by Annie Fellows Johnson. With Georgina and her friend, the old town crier, we travel Provincetown's narrow streets and take into our lives the lessons of the rainbow, which Georgina found in her prisms.



A SHADY ROAD IN HARWICH

But here are my favorites, which I never tire of reading, because they are so true to all the quaintness, simplicity and splendid courageous integrity of Cape Cod sea captains and their friends, the books of Joseph Crosby Lincoln. Rich, indeed, is he who knows "Cap'n Eri", "Mr. Pratt", "Keziah Coffin" and all the inmates of the "Old Home House." How I have laughed over the humorous expressions of Cap'n Cy Whittaker or the predicaments of the Heavenly Twins on Ozone Island. Mr. Lincoln's humor leaves no sting, for he has appreciated, not ridiculed, the Cape Cod village life and characters. No poetry on Cape Cod life can equal this little volume of his Cape Cod Ballads.

Many of these deep sea captains of Joseph Lincoln's stories could be found in real life, a generation ago, in many of the Cape's prosperous towns, particularly Brewster. Of such we have an account in the little book entitled "Brewster Sea Captains," written by J. Henry Sears, who was himself a captain of the clipper ship era, and also president of the Pilgrim Monument Association. Here we have the story of the American merchant marine, as it flourished on Cape Cod, a half century ago.

This little pigeon-hole contains several favorite pamphlets, such as the "Wreck of the Somerset," published many years ago by the Provincetown Advocate, which takes us back to the stirring days of the Revolution. Here is a series of thrilling stories under the title of "Shipwrecks on Cape Cod," compiled by Isaac M. Small, the accounts of marine disasters observed by him during the last fifty years, as Marine Reporting Agent for the Boston Chamber of Commerce, at the Highland. With "The Life Savers of Cape Cod," by J. W. Dalton, I have engaged in many thrilling rescues, patrolled many lonely beaches and appreciated more deeply the splendid work of our government through the life saving service.

These are a few of the many books, written on a theme very dear to me, the varying aspects of life on Cape Cod. Much remains for the pen of genius yet to unfold about this land of increasing and unalloyed charms. Not for the most richly bound volumes in vellum would I exchange this little shelf of worn, well-thumbed books.

The government has not yet taken over the Cape Cod canal, but such action is being contemplated and may occur at any moment. The waterway is of great importance to shipping and it is felt that its usefulness would be enlarged if the government controls it.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

You Can Make Excellent Cake with Fewer Eggs

Just use an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

This applies equally well to nearly all baked foods. Try the following recipe according to the new way:

CREAM LAYER CAKE

Old Way	New Way
1 cup sugar	1 cup sugar
½ cup milk	1 cup milk
2 cups flour	2 cups flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
3 eggs	**1 egg**
½ cup shortening	2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon flavoring	1 teaspoon flavoring

Makes 1 Large 2-Layer Cake

DIRECTIONS—Cream the sugar and shortening together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and Royal Baking Powder together two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into greased layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. This cake is best baked in two layers. Put together with cream filling and spread with white icing

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

No Alum **No Phosphate**

The Legend of Orleans

By JOSEPH C. STEDMAN

Girt round with undulating hills,
The Cove in Orleans lies;
Its beauty and its placid depths,
Reflects the woods and skies,—

With lovely meadows and the trees
That skirt its winding shore,
Made Orleans the Eden spot
Of old Cape Cod of yore.

Along its shores, one summer morn,
An Indian maiden fair
Was paddling in her birch canoe,
As free and blithe as air.

She was the Chieftain's only child,
And beautiful to see;
Her soft brown eyes and raven hair
Made many a rivalry.

She was the flower of Nauset tribe,
And many a chieftain's son
Had sought to win her for his bride,—
She turned from every one.

She paddled slowly down the Cove;
She heard the sea-gulls cry;
She saw the halcyons swoop and dive,
And watched the herons fly.

She heard the Bob-white's cheery call
From hillsides, passing by:
Thus idly with the tide she moved;
No cloud was in her sky.

Down through the Narrows, floating on,
Past isle and bluffs of sand,
And never watching as she went,—
At last she sought to land.

The fierce tide caught her frail canoe;
She heard the breakers roar;
It swept her helpless o'er the bar,
Far from her native shore.

But help was near; for from his deck,
Brave Gosnold, sailing by,
Espied the terror-stricken maid;
He heard her frightened cry.

She gazed upon the great white bird
That silently drew near;
She saw some strange white men descend,
And yet she knew no fear.

Then, sailing on, at length they came
To Martha's vine-clad land;
Her gentle beauty won for her
A true heart from that band.

The summer suns—the winter snows—
The golden years passed by;
Her beauty ripened more and more,
Beneath his favoring eye.

But when she drooped and often longed
To see her childhood's land,
He, willing to content his bride,
They sought this wind-swept sand.

She led him to her chieftain sire,
Home to her Nauset shore;
He showed them how the white man lived,
They taught him Indian lore.

And so this legend woven round
The shining Orleans Cove,
A heritage of peace becomes
To all who Orleans love.

In the Foreign Trade

By T. J. MURRAY

Long years the fore and afters ringed the coast,
From Maine's cold harbors to the washing keys;
Off shore they beat, a splendid canvas host,
Their yacht bows surging in the lifting seas.

Out of the Kennebec with ice they flocked,
For ports who on their polar loads would wait;
Off Barnegat in ballast dipped and rocked,
Winging to Norfolk for a rising freight.

Northward from Tampa Bay with phosphate rock,
Often the twinkling Sand Key swooned astern;
On tidal bays they sought the grimy dock,
And rolled with anthracite where Highlands burn.

Now lured by soaring rates to foreign trade,
They brave war's menace on a far sea floor;
Beat past the Forelands on their eastern raid,
And coast the Channel, England's misty door.

The Barnstable County Agricultural Society expects the largest exhibit of farm produce this year that it has ever had.

Send us the names of your friends who you think will be interested in this magazine and we will send them a sample copy.

THE LURE OF THE ORLEANS MILL POND

By S. W. PIERCE

Three gay little boats on the old Mill
Pond waters,
Gaily riding the wavelets of heaven's
deep blue,
Woke a song, which my heart forever
is singing,
Which ne'er would have wakened for
pleasures more new.

* * * *

Sweet Edith Alger and her three jolly friends were spending a month in Orleans. On a certain Wednesday afternoon this happy group, with empty thermos bottles and smiling faces trooped a bit wearily into my summer store, sank onto boxes and exclaimed, with one accord, "We found it."

"And it surely is an ideal day," I replied, "on which to find my Mill Pond, and what of its greeting to you?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Edie replied, "It told us to ask you why there is always a caress in your voice when you speak of the Orleans Mill Pond."

"Ah! girlie, that old pond was my playmate and nurse in my childhood days," I replied.

"Tell us about it, do! We're just in a mood to enjoy a Cape Cod reminiscence."

"It isn't much of a story, though that particular subject does set my muse to working, I confess."

"Start up, muse! We're waiting," said Jane Nichols, and to my own surprise I began.

"I never shall forget the spring day, when I was about nine years old, on which my father, who was then at the Life Saving Station, brought home to me the lower half of an abandoned "life car", which he had built into a trim little row-boat, with the pleasing news that I was to learn to row.

"They launched the little craft in a nearby pond, with a broken old water-fence running through the middle, the gray, old posts of which grimly taught me that speediest learning of the art of rowing meant fewest bumps.

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Provincetown — Sagamore

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YOUR SUMMER NEEDS

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DOUBLE STRENGTH.
BEST AND GOES
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Makes white clothes whiter and colored fabrics brighter.

SAWYER CRYSTAL BLUE CO.
88 BROAD ST., BOSTON.
Sold in 5c., 10c. & 15c. Bottles.

SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE
THE BEST FOR 60 YEARS
FOR THE LAUNDRY

"When that summer vacation from school commenced, I was thin and pale, longing for the companionship of my boat and nature. but the pond, which had seemed quite big in the spring, had nearly dried away. Then my cautious father delighted me and shocked some of the neighbors—for those were not the days of athletic girls in our neighborhood—by taking my boat and me to the Mill Pond, with its deep blue waters, and with words of caution, leaving me there to row to my heart's content. Then and there I fell in love with the Mill Pond—a love which it promptly returned by changing me into a brown cheeked, healthy girl. Two other boats, the "Flash" and the "Fly", manned by my girl friends, soon joined mine.

"Then followed happy days, in which we became living proofs that the Mill Pond was being kind to its comrades.

"And how we loved it! The strands of our old mooring ropes were dear to the touch of our fingers. We loved the winding Narrows, which joined the Mill Pond proper to Little Cove. We gloried in the view from the 'Mountain' on the southwest side, which faced 'Camp Cummings' and the old Doane farm house, snuggling peacefully in the hollow. We heard sweet music in the rushing waters of the Mill dam, which, they say, long, long ago turned the wheel of an old mill, which gave the pond its name. Old stone walls marked our best fishing grounds, where, in fisherman's bliss, we often pulled in fifty or more fish in a few hours, with an occasional eel for excitement.

"Even the old "Blue Rock" seemed one of us, while it faithfully served as table, chairs or pantry at a moment's notice.

"We simply reveled in all that old Nature offered, always with the comfortable feeling that the Mill Pond belonged to us and the birds.

"Many were the years that our boats floated there, affording an abundance of pleasure, with never an accident to mar our joy. Only last Sunday, in my afternoon walk, as I came suddenly upon a glimpse of the Mill Pond, I stretched my arms to it as in childhood and was filled again with the spirit of its being

To the Cape by Boat

BOSTON

AND THE PILGRIMS' FIRST LANDING PLACE

PROVINCETOWN

AT THE TIP OF CAPE COD

The big iron steamship "Dorothy Bradford" makes the round trip daily. SCHEDULE:—leave Boston *9.00 a. m., arrive Provincetown *1.00 p. m., leave 2.30 p. m., arrive Boston *6.30 p. m. *Sundays and holidays 30 minutes later. PIERS: 400 Atlantic Avenue, Boston; and Railroad Wharf, Provincetown.

Cape Cod Steamship Co.

Longer Life To Shoes

"ALBO" cleans and whitens **Buck, Nubuck, Suéde, and Canvas Shoes.** In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE"(in liquid form with sponge) **quickly cleans** and **whitens** dirty **canvas** shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"DANDY" combination for **cleaning** and **polishing** all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. **"STAR"** size, 10c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that contains **oil.** Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes, **shines without rubbing,** 25c. **"FRENCH GLOSS"**, 10c.

Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes

There is a Difference in Polishes

all mine. Why, girls, today, if I could have the health and spare time of my girlhood and my choice of a camp, I would load a bonnie boat with fish-lines, clam-diggers, provisions, books and Victrola records and, accompanied by the rare friend, before whom it is safe to think aloud. I would paddle to a snug little cabin on the shores of the Mill Pond, in which to enjoy for a time the free life of the camper and from which, as the spirit moved, we would sometimes

> "Wander away and away,
> With Nature, the dear old nurse,
> To sing to us night and day
> The rhymes of the Universe."

An automobile party, entering the store door just then, caused the girls to leave hurriedly.

Edith Alger, however, lingered to say laughingly, "I begin to feel its lure and before we go back, we'll have a real Mill Pond party, with all the 'fixin's', and invite you to come."

SPARKS FROM THE STACK

Cape Cod woods are dry at certain seasons of the year and frequent fires result from sparks emitted from passing engines. Claim adjusters have some amusing experiences, as the two following incidents show:

Upon the upper Cape, an enterprising farmer planted young white pines upon a lot adjacent to the railroad track. Two years ago it was burned over by a fire which originated from an engine spark. The adjuster made a substantial settlement, satisfactory to the farmer, who, the next year, again planted the lot to white pines. This spring it was burned over again and another settlement was made. As the adjuster was about to take his departure, the farmer demurely inquired, "Do you think it is too late to set out white pines this year?" The adjuster exploded at this and exclaimed, "Say, what do you take us for, a permanent income? For Heaven's sake, don't set out any more pines until we have a chance to recover from the shock."

James H. French, former superintendent of the railroad upon the Cape, tells this one in a recent issue of the "Railroad Employee."

"One extensive fire covered many acres and burned grass and woodland and cord wood. . . There appeared a claim from one man for $12,000 damage. We could not see how a place that had just been bought for $2,500 could have so quickly advanced in value until the owner explained that the fire had burned all the nitrogen out of the earth. The incredulity of the railroad employee was well expressed by the remark, 'Yes, and I suppose all the oxygen was burned out of the atmosphere, too.' "

Mayflower Studio

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Good colors and color combinations for your house, barn and outhouses. Paints for particular purposes from the coating and waterproofing of concrete to the enameling of chairs. It's *all* paint that preserves and beautifies.

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WILD FLOWERS OF CAPE COD

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

THE beautiful **Jewel Weed** grows along shaded streams and in thickets above the marshes. The orange-yellow blossoms hang like jewels from a lady's ear. When touched the seed pods burst and project the seeds to some distance, which gives them the name of **Touch-me-not.**

Bouncing Betty or **Soapwort** belongs to the Pink Family. She is a stout, buxom plant, which has escaped from gardens, whither she was brought from Europe, and has run wild beyond Colonial farms and travelled over half the continent. At first she is a dainty plant, but later in the season looks like "a maiden all tattered and torn." The bruised leaves agitated in water form a soapy lather, hence the name Soapwort.

When driving through the woods in summer, one often catches sight of the tall, purple spikes of the **Fireweed** or **Great Willow Herb.** A long raceme of blossoms crowns a stem 2 to 8 feet high. Beginning at the bottom, the flowers open in slow succession upward, leaving behind the attractive seed pods. Later these pods split and send abroad the tufted, silky seeds. It is said to be more plentiful in woody places that have been burned over by forest fires—hence its name of Fireweed.

The **Partridge Pea** is a pretty, delicate plant, 8 to 12 inches high, I found growing by the edge of the road toward East Sandwich in late summer. The flower is yellow; the leaves of 10 to 12 pairs of leaflets, which close at night and are sensitive to the touch.

The lovely **Pink Sabbatia** keeps near the Atlantic coast. Its corolla is about two-inches across, and from 8 to 12 parted. It grows in salt meadows and marshes, on the borders of brackish rivers, and rarely in the sand at the edges of fresh water ponds. It may be found about Wequaquet Lake, but is much sought after by summer visitors and in danger of becoming exterminated in that locality. The root is short and fibrous and the plant is easily pulled up.

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—light—graceful comfortable—a specialty with us in years past, but this year better than ever. Never before were the designs so artistic, never the colors so varied, so exquisite, never the upholsterings so pleasing in coloring, so diversified in design—many entirely new creations.

Reed furniture, willow furniture, fibre furniture—in French grey, baronial brown, natural, Pompeian green, golden brown, and the new drift wood finish—a display rivalling that of the metropolitan stores.

Cushions, custom-made, with deep full box—in cretonnes, tapestries, etc.—of your own selection from our superb stock. To this line, in particular, though in all lines of home furnishing endeavor, in general, we invite your inspection.

THE C. F. WING CO., opp. 5c Savings Bank, 790 Purchase St.

FOR SALE

New and Second-Hand BARRELS For All Purposes

Best Cotton Wood Cranberry Barrels at bottom prices to meet the situation. Pounding Barrels. All goods delivered Free.

R. H. SMALL South Harwich

Big Aches from Little ToeCorns grow.

Are you suffering from foot troubles because your last shoes were bought to please the eye and not fit the foot? There are thousands who are fitting the foot and at the same time pleasing the eye by wearing the Jordan Hygienic Shoes. Write today for our Booklet G, on

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The dainty Sea Pink, **Sabbatia Stellata**, or **Rose of Plymouth** is not so abundant. They measure about an inch across and are usually solitary at the ends of the branches. The corolla is five-parted, with red and yellow in the center. I found it at Hathaway's Pond.

The stately ranks of the **Rose Mallow** growing among the tall sedges and cat-tails near the marshes make one exclaim at their loveliness. To reach them, one must don rubber boots, for they grow in a slippery ooze, but, strange to say, it makes itself perfectly at home under cultivation. The clear, rose-pink flowers are very large, solitary or clustered on peduncles at the summit of the stem. The stout stem is from 4 to 7 feet tall, from a perennial root. I found Rose Mallow growing below the railroad August 25.

Marsh Mallow is a smaller pink flower, one and one-half inches across. It has been naturalized from Europe and from its root the mucilage used in confectionery is obtained.

The low **Running Mallow** is a common dooryard weed, with round leaves and rose-purple flowers, in clusters along the stem. Children call the seed vessels Dutch Cheeses, and like them to eat.

SANDS OF PROVINCETOWN

By WILLIAM B. CHASE

Way down on old Cape Cod's shores,
Where the end tips in the bay,
There nestles a little village,
Kissed by the salt sea waves;
And memory, dear old memory,
I'd let it drift around
Until it rested there like old driftwood,
On the sands of Provincetown.

I have stood on those sands at daybreak,
Seen the sun rise like a ball of fire;
Seen it quiver and gleam across the waters
And on the town's church spires.
I have seen the moon at evening,
Bright with its silver rays,
Mirage the town and ships at anchor
On the waters of the bay.

I have stood on those sands in mid-winter;
Seen the ice floes twice man's height;

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Students can enter at any time

All students receive individual instruction. Send for our 1917 Catalogue

Kinyon's Commercial School
Duff Bldg., New Bedford, Mass.

Seen the harbor frozen solid,
From east end to Long Point Light.
I have heard the surf as it pounded,
Like the sound of a muffled drum,
On the outer shores of the harbor,
From Long Point Light to Race Point Run.

I have heard the wind as it whistled
Across the old sand dunes,
And it gripped my heart with the dreaded thought
Of some vessel drove to its doom;
But, when the soft breezes of summer
Blew across those same sand dunes,
It thrilled my heart like an old-time harp
With its merry, jingling tune.

I have seen the hunters in season,
With their decoys on the sands,
Shooting the wild birds as they wing their way
Across the salt marsh band.
I have seen the little sand peeps,
In flocks of fifty or more;
Seen the coots and the wild ducks,
On the sands along the shore.

And memory, dear old memories,
Recalled my boyhood days,
When I used to boat, fish and swim
Within that land-locked bay;
When I used to take a dory,
Whenever the tide was right,
And go to dig the soft shell clams
On the sands by the Wood End Light.

I have heard the sea gulls' weird cry,
As they breasted the on-coming gale;
And I must not forget to mention the fog,
That enshrouded the ships like a veil;
For, maybe some old-time boyhood chum
Will read this bit of verse,
Recalling to him his boyhood days,
And the place that gave him birth.

And the same moon smiles down
On the harbor and the bay;
The same sun warms those dear old sands,
As in my boyhood days;
And though many old land marks have gone,
It's just the same dear bit of ground
As when I played in '76
On the sands of Provincetown.

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See or
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1 BAG MAKES 2 CUPS
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Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings are worth all we ask for the property. Will sell property as a whole, or any part to suit purchaser. Also beach property. Telephone connections.
John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

"DOG DAYS"

By MARIAN A. CROCKER

"EVERY dog has his day" says the old adage, but it really seemed that the little, white, fluffy affair of Annie Love's had more than his day. At least, that was what many a lad in Annie's town thought.

"Romeo", as his fond mistress called him, was one of those little balls of fur with a dog inside, just the kind a girl likes to cuddle in her arms and waste perfectly good kisses on. Yes, there was no denying the fact that Annie preferred her four legged Romeo to the two legged kind.

What fellow wouldn't be disgusted if, after spending two dollars for a box of Huyler's chocolates, and presenting them to the "only girl", she proceeded to feed them to a dog?

"Something's going to happen to that blamed poodle," growled Charlie Darling one evening, as he lolled comfortably in an arm chair. "I'm getting 'mad', to say nothing of being a little angry. I think it's about time Romeo departed this vale of tears. I wonder what kind of candy I'll get his majesty next?"

Alas and alack! Only too true proved Charlie's words. Perhaps the careless maid forgot to put on Romeo's coat when taking him for his daily stroll, perhaps his sweet tooth proved his undoing. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Romeo's soul ascended —or is it descended—to the place where all good doggies go.

Tears and mourning on Annie's part. "Oh," she sobbed, resting her head on Charlie's shoulder, "I'm simply heart-broken. "Oh," she sobbed, "I'm simply heart-broken. Do you think the little dear is happy now?"

Charlie put his arm about her—just to comfort her, of course— winked solemnly at the ceiling, and replied, "I know that he is, dear."

"I'm so glad you think so," murmured Annie, snuggling up closer.

About a week later Charlie received a

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The Oldest Practical Cleaners in the City

Clothes do not make the man,
But the man or woman who have their clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired, altered, etc., by us, will make the other fellow sit up and take notice.

Say! If you could only walk down the street behind yourself, and see the spots and wrinkles In That Suit, you would ring us up right away.

Bell-3790. Auto-1344. Over 32 years at 47 William St.
WE PAY PARCEL POST ONE WAY

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Brewster, Mass.
Special Sunday Dinners
Open all the Year
T. P. CONSODINE, Prop.

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Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.
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small, delicately scented letter, written in a fine, girlish hand.

"Dear Charlie,

"Now that Romeo is dead, I must have another dog. So I've decided to marry the man who sends me the best one. Thought you might be interested.

Annie Love."

Charlie looked musingly at the letter for a few moments, then gave a low chuckle.

"Hm-m" was all he said.

"Gr-r-r!" "Woof-woof!" "Yip!" A stranger might have thought that a dog show was taking place in Annie's parlor the next day. Glaring ferociously at each other were large dogs with long tails, small dogs with short tails, but every one adorned with a huge ribbon bow, a la late Romeo. In the center of her canine subjects sat Annie, looking helplessly at one and then another.

"Oh," she sighed, "this is awful. I don't want any of them. What shall I do?"

As if in answer to her question, the door bell rang. Grinning widely, the maid led in another dog. Shuffling awkwardly along and emitting the most terrifying growls, the dog ambled into the room and dropped a letter from his mouth.

Half frightened, Annie opened it and read: "Idol of My Dreams,

I hope you will choose in favor of this dog. I assure you that he is an intelligent pup, and just full of cunning little tricks. If you train him rightly, he will make a first rate companion for you. His name is Charlie Darling."

Needless to say, announcements of the coming Darling-Love wedding were soon sent out.

"He's a lucky dog," was the verdict of the whole town.

If you are not already a subscriber to "Cape Cod," won't you become one at once? We want 10,000 subscribers before the year ends—be one of them.

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The wedding of Lieutenant Walter O. Luscombe, Jr., son of Hon. and Mrs. Walter O. Luscombe of Woods Hole, and Miss Louise Workman Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Turner of Woods Hole, formerly residents of Chicago, took place at noon on Thursday, July 19, in the Church of the Messiah, Woods Hole. The reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Crane, aunt and uncle of the bride.

The sixth annual convention of The Edward Bangs Descendants was held at Brewster, July 28 and 29. Captain Jonathan Bangs was one of the earliest settlers of that part of the Cape now known as Brewster, he having settled there, according to some writers, as early as 1674, and remained until his death in 1728, at the age of 88.

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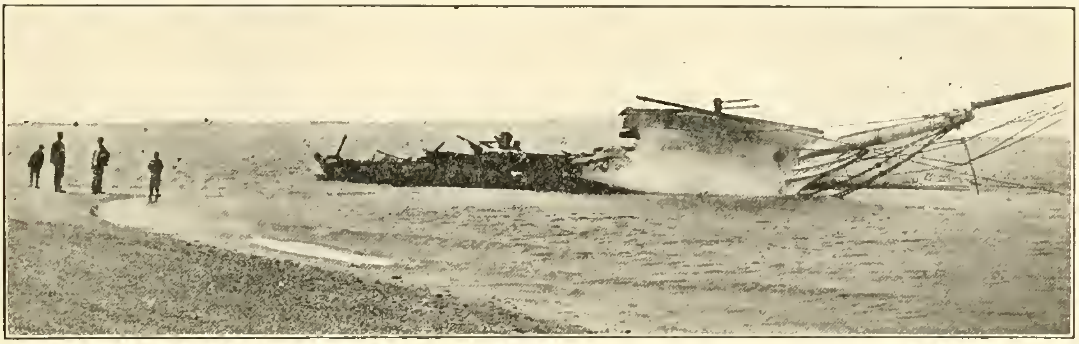

CAPE COD

September, 1917

Vol. III No. 5

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Lemuel C. Hall, Editor

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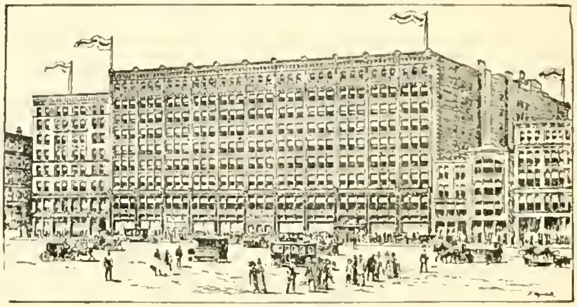

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Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. III September, 1917 No. 5

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

From the Publisher's Desk

THE world is divided into two camps and in Heaven it may be that Michael and his angels are fighting the forces of the dragon, too. Not that all the good is on one side and all the bad on the other side, but that great human principles are involved, and the evil is being purged away and new and true manhood is coming to its own. It would seem damnable to think that all the fighting, all the cruelty, all the destruction which is going on, will not, in the end, lead to better and brighter things. When it is all over and we begin again, there will be a great Renaissance. It will be what the word implies—a veritable New Birth. Redemption is on the way. It is coming like the sunrise over the ocean, it presages things which no man ever saw, but which the New Man will see when the New Birth is complete. Meanwhile, there is the turmoil of turmoils, the titanic struggle of all struggles. Although it is the darkness of deepest night, it was never in the scheme of things for darkness to remain permanent. Life is not a blind impulse, working blindly. All things bring progress and through suffering and pain the greatest things come about. So we shall see, when the smoke of battle shall have cleared away, a dawn more glorious than was ever seen before. Freedom and democracy, hand in hand, will emerge triumphantly and encircle all mankind with their benign influence and inspiration. So let us not despair. Let us do our part with courage, believing that we are playing our part in the evolution of a universe—a part predestined for us, in order that future generations may be the beneficiaries.

NOW let us turn to a more cheerful subject. The summer season upon Cape Cod is rapidly drawing to a close, yet two months of the best weather of the year remain in which to live the out-of-door life. September and October are the most delightful months of all the year in which to enjoy the pleasures of Cape Cod life and it is hoped that many tourists will take advantage of the opportunity afforded them to see this region at its best. The air is clear and invigorating and the coloring is most wonderful. It is the season of the year when artists and nature lovers find conditions most to their liking, and more and more people every year remain to enjoy what has been provided for their entertainment.

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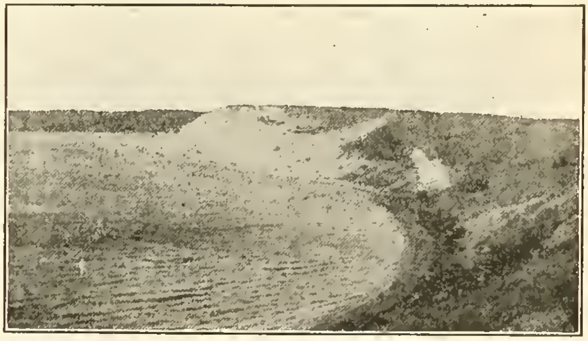
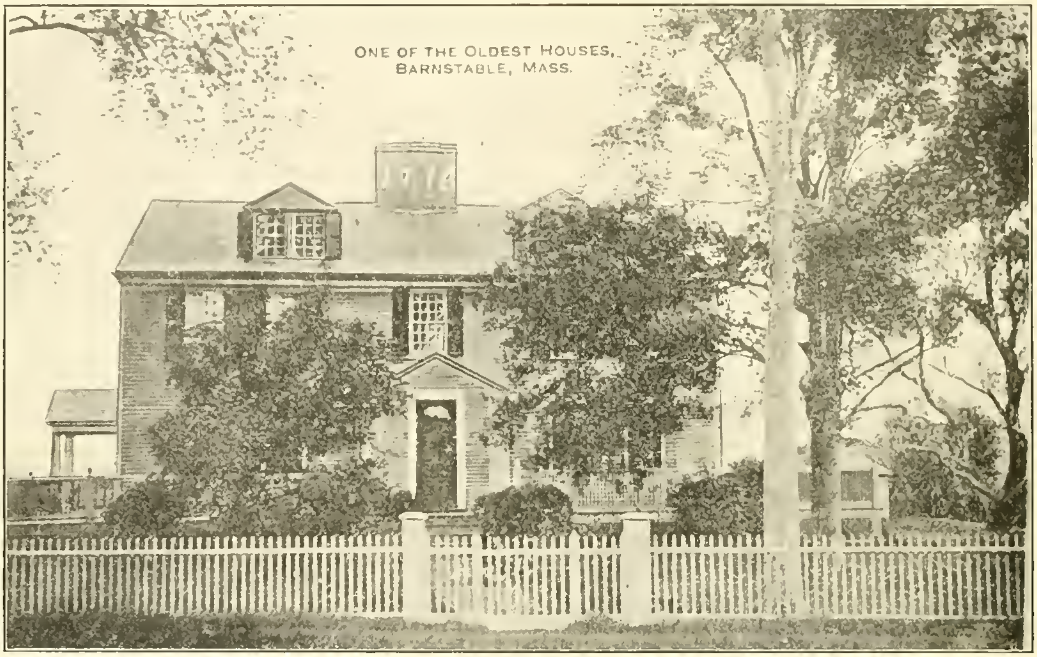
A CHARMING VISTA



A CAPE COD POND



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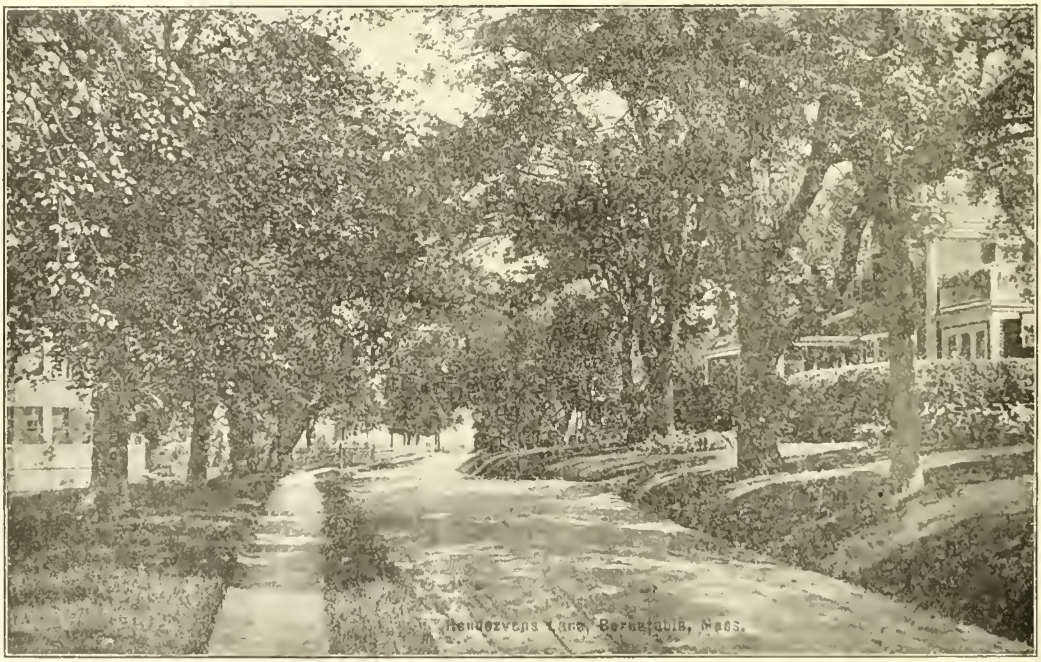


Rendezvous Lane, Barnstable, Mass.

AT THE FAIR

By L. C. HALL

ON the way down to Barnstable we pass and are passed by automobiles too numerous to count. Every seat in every car is filled and some cars have more passengers than their makers intended them to carry. We, and they, have the same destination in view, the County Fair.

As we approach the fair grounds, the traffic thickens, the cars move more slowly, and people on foot and in carriages obstruct the way. There comes to our ears a murmur, which at first is subdued and then becomes louder and louder, until the shouts of the barkers upon the midway burst with full force upon our ears. At the gate we are delayed while one of the party alights to purchase the necessary tickets at the entrance booth, then we move slowly onward to the parking place, a spacious field, with room for all. But, indeed, it needs to be spacious. Hundreds of automobiles are already there before us and more are coming every minute.

We leave the car and enter the fair grounds. Everywhere is color. Red and white and blue toy balloons float above the heads of the crowd as it moves aimlessly onwood. The gay dresses of the ladies add to the brightness of the scene, the merry-go-round is grinding out its lively tune and the flying equestrians shout and giggle with glee; whang! goes the bell; some young giant has wielded the sledge and the ball has gone to the top and he gets a cigar. "A cane you ring and a cane you win". "Come try your luck? Be a sport, bo! There are no blanks; everybody wins and nobody looses, so why worry?" The barkers are barking, the shouters are shouting, the troubadours are singing, the bugle is blowing, the band is playing. Noise, noise, noise, everywhere—but joyful noise.

There is a sea of people, surging this way and that. Some stop to greet friends; some stop to buy things they do not want—there is a continual clink of money as it changes hands. We come to the open space in front of the exhibition hall, where the politicians hold out their glad hands. They are all there, the congressman, the sheriff, the senator, the representative, and all their backers and henchmen. They smile as they greet you and don't let on that they don't know you from Adam. Their part is to be agreeable to all comers—and not miss a voter.

We pass on into the hall and there see the handiwork of the Cape Cod women, the fancy work they have made, the preserves they have "put up", the flowers they have grown. Look at the lace, the quilts, the embroidery, the shining bottles and jars, and listen to the comments of the people as they appraise their respective merits. Some have won blue ribbons, some red, some white, some yellow, and nearby is the proud woman who will cherish them as among her choicest relics.

There are the fruits, the vegetables, the apples, the pears, the corn and the cranberries—and potatoes, potatoes everywhere. Here are the choicest products of Cape Cod placed on view. Who will say now that the sandy Cape is unproductive? Who will charge that the men and women, yes, and the children, too, are not doing their "bit" to save the nation in its hour of tribulation?

But we cannot linger forever among these triumphs of civilization. There are other things to see. We must see the cattle, the horses, the swine, the sheep, the hens, the pigeons, the turkeys, the ducks, the geese, and all, et cetera.

We wander and wander, and still wander. It is early yet. Out in the enclosure there is a ball game going on and a multitude of fans are cheering their respective teams. They are sitting on the bleachers in the hot sun, oblivious of all except the flying sphere, as it passes from hand to hand, the decisions of the umpire, which are warmly disputed, and the breathless excitement of a close decision.

Over beyond is the horse show, where

equine beauty is displayed in all its proud gloriousness. Here and there are the high hats of the gentleman drivers—some of them have red coats and varnished boots—and the ladies in riding breeches, carelessly flicking their shoes with a riding crop. The horses dance and prance, as proud as their owners of the appearance they are making.

The reserved seats and boxes are filling. It is time for the races to begin. See Charlie Clark, wearing his white stove pipe is in the judge's stand as usual, and Bill Stetson is there leaning against the fence with his yellow gloves. Two ardent horsemen, these, and known to everyone. Ding, ding, ding! There sounds the starter's bell, and blanketed horses leave their paddocks, each led by a groom and accompanied by the jockies in their gaily colored jackets. A half dozen of them emerge upon the track and the grooms remove the blankets while the jockies mount their sulkies. They jog up the track and, with a quick turn, come straggling to the wire. Ding! Ding! Ding! It's a false start. They try it over. "Here, you on the outside, don't come ahead of the pole horse! Take back, take back there! **Take back!**" Ding! Ding! Ding!

Here they come again. It's a go this time, sure. "Come on, you pole horse. What you holding back for? Come on, 6; take back, 2. GO!"

The starter has sent them off at last. There they go. The judges follow their flight with their field glasses, the crowd shouts encouragement, they're at the quarter, the half, three-quarters, they're under the wire. The heat is over.

The racing continues throughout the day and into the dusk. There are many arguments, much cheering, and a few scraps. Protests are made to the judges, who make their decisions with promptness. The horses sweat and the grooms swab out their mouths with their sponges and walk them up and down between heats. Horse racing has been called the sport of kings, but the crowds enjoy it, too.

Hark! There is a hush over by the grand stand. The band has stopped playing. Yes, the man in the white suit is Tom Thacher, president of the association and leader in almost everything on Cape Cod. He is going to speak. We can't hear what he is saying, but we cheer just the same. Who is he introducing? The Governor! Three cheers for the governor. Hip, hip, hurray!

The governor speaks and the congressman and the would be congressman and all the other office holders and would-bes. They all get a cheer, democrats and republicans alike. The crowd is impartial in its favors today.

The ceremonies are ending. The Governor is escorted to his carriage. He doffs his hat as he passes along amid waves of cheers. The boys in khaki? Yes, those are the State Guards, doing escort duty and being seen and admired. The fair has quite a military air this year. Uniforms are to be seen among the crowd, soldiers and sailors, and boy scouts—and girl scouts, too.

There was some talk of not holding the Barnstable fair this year. But, shucks! The Cape must have her fair, even if it is war times. It encourages agriculture, too, and we all know that the farmer is just as necessary as soldiers. And there is more to exhibit this year than ever. The old Cape has done herself proud.

The study of human nature at the fair is interesting. Every type is represented. The summer folks are there in full force, in all kinds of fashionable costumes, eating peanuts and nibbling ice cream cones just like other people. They enter into the spirit of the occasion and chatter and laugh. If you want to see the typical "rube" that the funny papers tell about, you won't find him here to any appreciable extent. Here and there a specimen, perhaps, though. "Rubes" are not the exclusive property of the country, either. There are queer people in the cities, too. But it is interesting just to watch the crowd, to pick out the peculiarities of individuals in it and to laugh at the funny things one sees at the fair. That's what a fair is for. If the only exhibits were those in the hall and in the pens, it wouldn't be worth going to.

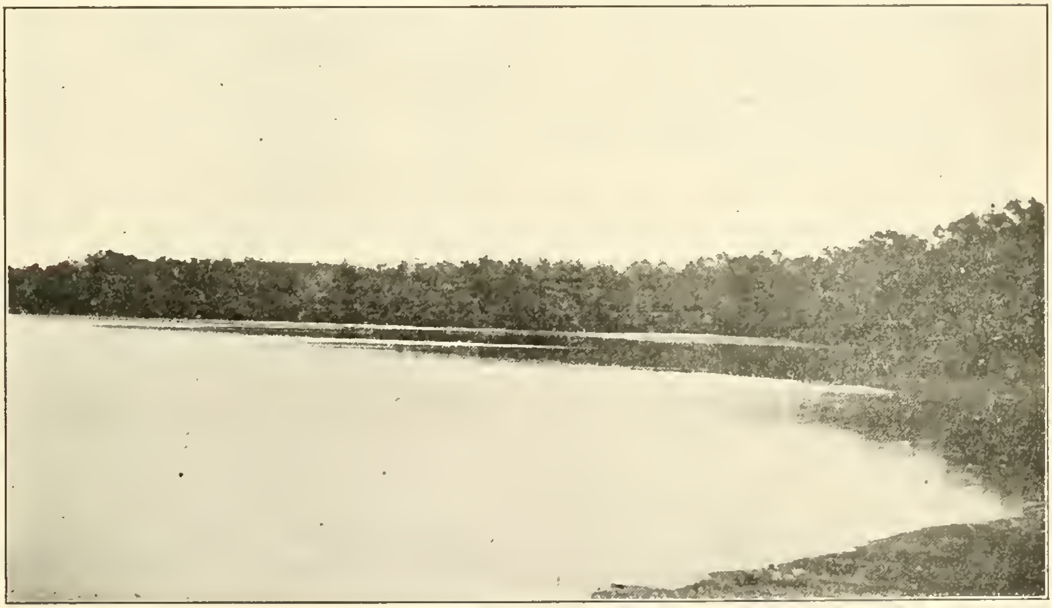
Good nature, yes. Everybody is happy un-

Continued on page 28

CAPE COD PONDS

By WILLIAM GOULD VINAL

IT is unfortunate that so many see Cape Cod from the main ways only. They know its narrow bounds, but cannot truly appreciate its beauties. Not until one has walked along some of the by-paths, and peeped between bowers of "silver oak" or over plum-crest bluffs does he realize how the scene grows in grandeur. Every cross road leads to a sand-fringed pond. In early July their shores are fragrant with the honeysuckle and in September the sweet pepperbush flecks their margin. What a pity that most of our visitors should miss their ever changing beauty!



A TYPICAL CAPE COD POND

Origin

There are practically four ways in which Cape Cod ponds originated:

(1) All along the coast there are water bodies which have been or are being shut in by beach formations. The material for the new deposits is brought by wave action from the adjoining cliffs. Such cliffs are found on the east side of the Cape from Chatham to Highland Life Saving Station. Probably the Provincetown region was once an island. The cliffs on both sides of the Cape at Truro, contributed building material for the beaches which connect Provincetown with the mainland. These two beaches enclose Moon Pond. The cliffs at Pilgrim Heights, which adjoin Moon Pond, therefore, are old sea-cliffs. They have been shut off from the pounding waves of the ocean long enough to become covered with vegetation. The North Truro area, also once an island, was joined to the mainland in the same way, but at an earlier date. The stronger current of Pamet River has prevented the formation of a lagoon which would correspond to Moon Pond.

(2) On the south side of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket there is a series of ponds

which were once bays. Some of these ponds still maintain an outlet to the ocean. In the case of Tisbury Great Pond this is probably due to the inflow from the northward. The water of the other ponds probably reaches the sea by filtering through the beaches. Katama Bay is passing through the same process of development that led to the formation of Moon Pond. Cape Poge Bay and Sengekontacket Pond have not quite been shut off from the ocean. It is customary to build jetties in some harbors to prevent its becoming enclosed. The Powder Hole at Monomoy Point is a notable case of a old harbor which formerly sheltered many vessels and is now entirely landlocked. The spiles of the old store remain as a monument to the busy life of the former harbor.

(3) A third type of coastal pond is the cuspate lagoon. This is formed by two sand spits running together. There is a whole series of this sort of ponds on the south side of Coatue Beach, Nantucket.

(4) Most of the ponds of the Cape are of glacial origin. The melting of the ancient blocks of ice left hollows in the gravel deposits and these "kettle holes" form catch-basins for the water. These ponds usually have no outlet. In the summer they are considerably lowered by evaporation and have wide sand beaches. The land material is slowly creeping in and shelves are forming around the margin. Gull Pond, Wellfleet, and Cliff Pond, Brewster, are good examples.

The transparency of a pond is an important factor. This is found by lowering a disc of bright tin and recording the depth at which it passes out of sight. Moon Pond is the most turbid of Cape Ponds and Long Pond, Wellfleet, is one of the clearest. The turbidity of Moon Pond is probably due to its shallowness, to its exposure, and to its inhabitants. Its exposure enables high winds to stir up the mud from the bottom. German carp nose around on the bottom and cause mud islands to be detached. Floating islands, with cat-tail sails, are sometimes seen floating across the pond. A large population of minute organisms, suspended near the surface, also contribute to its dense color. A second class of dark colored ponds is the swamp type, such as Fresh Pond, South Dennis, and Cobb's Pond, Brewster. Such ponds drain swamps and usually possess a small outlet. The tea color is due to the steeping of the neighboring peat bogs. Most ponds of the Cape, however, are clear and crystal-like. Their pure waters are filtered through vast depths of sand and the lack of streams causes an absence of factories, which might pollute them. One need not carry a canteen on Cape Cod, for there are always clear pools from which he may safely quench his thirst.

Physical Characteristics

A Few Statistics of Ponds Along the Cape

Name	Location	Acres (Estimated)	Greatest Depth Found
Moon	Provincetown		3 feet
Long	Wellfleet	34	44 feet
Great	Eastham	112	32 feet
Little Cliff	S. Orleans	20	54 feet
Cliff	E. Brewster	141	81 feet
Baker's	E. Brewster	88	63 feet
Cobb's	Brewster	21	11 feet
Mill	Brewster	110	9 feet
Long	Harwich	778	66 feet
White	Chatham	35	55 feet
Fresh	S. Dennis	25	9 feet
Scargo Lake	Dennis	60	48 feet
Long	Centreville	69	23 feet
Peter's	Sandwich	176	48 feet
Spectacle	Sandwich	151	39 feet
Mashpee	Mashpee	395	68 feet

The depth of a pond has an economic significance. There are three classes of Cape ponds, according to their depth.

(1) The shallow, muddy-bottomed, swamp type varies from 10 feet to a few feet and has a mid-summer temperature which is usually above 70 degrees, Fahrenheit.

(2) The majority of ponds are less than fifty feet in depth. They are shallow enough for the circulation of the water and thereby keep the temperature between 65 and 75 degrees during the months of July and August.

(3) Ponds of the third class are over fifty feet in depth and maintain, during the summer, a bottom reservoir of quiet water whose temperature is about 53 degrees.

Nearly every town has a so-called "no-bottom" pond, accompanied by all sorts of stories concerning vain attempts to find the bottom. This class of ponds may be limited to story books. The greater the variation in depth of a pond, the greater the variation in its plant and animal production. The first type of pond is suited to horned pout and muskrats, whereas in the second class we usually find perch, pickerel, sunfish—called "Pumpkin Seed" on the lower Cape, "Kiver" around Sandwich, and "Roach" at Scituate—and occasionally bass. The deep, cool ponds have all of these fish and are well adapted for stocking with salmon. The relation of the depth to the plant population is worthy of study in detail.

Life History

A long pond is usually made up of many small bays. At the entrances to these coves are shallow points making out on both sides. These sand spits will build beaches in time, and thus change the bays to small ponds. It is in this fashion that the Cape ponds are tending to become round ponds. The offspring of the original pond is shallower and less turbulent than the parent pond and thus forms a suitable place for the earliest plant waders. After a long period of time, the plant waders accumulate mud and ultimately weave a meadow.

A detailed study of Long Pond, Harwich, will serve to illustrate the life history of Cape Cod ponds. The story of this pond and its descendents may well be applied to Long Pond, South Yarmouth, or, in fact, to any long pond in this region. As nearly every town in Barnstable County has a long pond, the readers can easily adapt the description to their vicinity.

Beginning with Long Pond, Harwich, there is a distinct line of development of ponds to the east. Greenland Pond is clearer of vegetation than Small's, Small's clearer than the Mill Pond, and east of this is the Bushy Beach Pond, and finally we come to a meadow on the remote end. Here are five successive offsprings of Long Pond, the meadow being the oldest child, and so on.

Bushy Beach Pond suggests a beach of many beaches, more bushes that the ordinary pond, but the name might just as well be applied to other ponds of this vicinity. The pond is, however, a galaxy of vegetation, containing nearly all the pond flora of the Cape. The bottom of the pond is entirely covered with vegetation, a fact that might surprise some when they notice that the top is not overgrown. The floral rulers of the bottom are the bladderworts, the following species being identified: Utricularia vulgaris var. americana, U. purpurea, and U. inflata. The large leaves of the yellow cow lily (Nymphæa advena) represent the advance guard of plant life, which is slowly, but surely creeping over the surface. This is followed by the water-shield (Bræsenia Schreberi), which is recognized in the distance by its reddish leaves. The sweet-scented water-lily (Castalia odorata) comes next as one looks toward the shore and is the most abundant floating plant. Floating heart (Nymphoides lacunosum) has a small, heart-shaped leaf and possibly, on account of its size, is one of the first aquatic plants to invade a pond. It is now giving way to the white water-lily, which is the present master of the surface. There are many plants which are more timid than the floating-leaf varieties and they hug closer to the shore. These are: Water pennywort (Hydrocotyle americana, water lobelia (Lobelia Dortmanna), loosestrife (Lysimachia terrestris), hedge hyssop (Gratiola aurea, pickerel weed (Pontederia cordata, and yellow bladderwort (U. Cornuta). This last plant occurs where it is boggy on the northeast and west shores. The whole shore is fringed with rushes (Scirpus americana), which is an early settler in the line of vegetal conquest, and the water lobelia is a common mixer. There were windrows of sedges and rushes along the beach which had been washed up during the winter and remained to testify that these plants were abundant the year before. In the pond were floating islands of mud and roots, which had been torn from the bottom. The scars remaining were black holes, which are often supposed to have no bottom. As a matter of fact, they are only as much deeper than the general bottom as the island of debris is thick, which is usually about one foot. The plants which were abundant along the shore were: Red-root (Lachnanthes tinctoria), sabbatia (Sabatia dodecandra), water goldenrod (Solidago tenuifolia), and on the southern and western ends were the sundews (Drosera filiformis). The animal life of Bushy Beach Pond has a direct bearing to the plant life, as they depend upon them for sustenance. The pond has an abundance of fish, turtles, frogs and snakes.

Typical Stages

Each individual pond reproduces, to a greater or less extent, the stages which occur in the development from a pond to a meadow. The stages in the history of the process are represented by existing ponds. The earliest stage would be that in which there are no aquatic plants in the pond. These bodies of water, such as Peter's Pond—the favorite pond of Grover Cleveland and of Joseph Jefferson—Sandwich, and Scargo Lake, Dennis, are apt to be deep and clear. Their exposure to the strong winds, as well as great depth, is a hindrance to plant growth. Ponds of this nature usually have wide sand beaches. The zonal distribution of plants along the wide, bay head beaches is an interesting study. The barren zone next to the water's edge—about three feet in width—is the result of waves washing upon the beach, and the width of this zone is an indicator of the exposure and strength of the winds. That part of the shore presenting the widest area of clear sand at the water's edge tells the direction of the prevailing summer winds, and the windrows of gravel piled higher on the beach tell the story of tempestuous waves in the winter. The first zone of beach plants, such as tickweed and water goldenrod, are apt to require a moderate amount of water. Then comes a second barren zone of about twelve feet in width, where the sand is dried and eroded by the wind. The next band of plants are drought endurers, such as "poverty grass" (Hudsonia ericoides and H. tomentosa) and Juncus Greenei, which grow on sandy, barren soil. Some deep rooted plants or shrubs are apt to gain a foothold on the outer margin of these beaches. In this case, however, they were probably there before the beach, the sand having been dried and blown up around them. The outer limit of such a beach does not, therefore, indicate the highest stage of water. The inhabitants of this zone are such as bayberry, beach plum and beach grass.

The first plants to wade into the Cape ponds are water lobelia and the common rush. Great Pond, Wellfleet; Walker's Pond, Harwich Centre; Flax Pond, South Yarmouth, and White Pond, South Dennis, are just being colonized by these early settlers. These plants do not appear until the lagoons have formed and then only in the most sheltered bays and along the shallow bars. The rushes spread by means of their running rootstocks and in a short time form a green band around the pond. Any gaps in the zone mean either an uneven depth or the recent entrance of the plant. In time, the rushes choke out the lobelia. Floating heart is the first aquatic with floating leaves. It usually signifies a clear, deep pond, with a sandy bottom. Flat Pond, East Brewster; John Josie's Pond, Harwich, and Eagle Pond, South Dennis, are in the floating heart stage.

The smaller ponds inherit the same kind of soil, but are shallower and hence in a later stage of vegetation than the parent pond Aquatic plants usually abound in these smaller ponds and stand ready to seed the main pond whenever its waters become shallow and quiet enough. The sand barrier separating these two bodies of water has a less number of plants on the side toward the ancestral pond, due to its greater exposure to the waves and the wind.

The next floating leaf plant to venture into the pond is the white water lily. Its presence indicates shallow water—about five feet—and a slight accumulation of mud. The large rootstocks of this aquatic bind the mud and the large leaves tend to make the surface calm. This plant has succeeded in making entree in the southwest bay of Spectacle Pond, Sandwich. The cow lily follows closely upon the heels of the white water lily, as is the case in Walker's Pond, Harwich, and Big Sandy Pond at West Yarmouth.

About this time the pickerel weed sends in its cohorts. The shore now offers a good place for fishing, as pickerel hide in the shade of these weeds. The cow lily is soon choked out of the shallow areas by the severe struggle with the waders. The rate of vegetable conquest now accelerates in speed. The floaters reach out their leaves to calm the surface and their roots bind the soil on the bottom. In time they cover the whole surface, as in Isreal's Pond, Yarmouth; Great Pond, Provincetown; Robbin's Pond, Harwich, and Shallow Pond, Barnstable. Behind the floaters come the wading plants, knitting the warp and woof of the meadow. The early colonists are destroyed by later arrivals. As the floaters were the first to arrive, so, also, they are the first to depart. The last to mix in the fray are the cat-tails. In this way the pond is filled and dried and passes into a meadow.

Beaches

A wide encircling beach indicates that the pond has no outlet except by evaporation. The winter rains fill the pond to the high water mark and the summer winds again bring it to a low stage. Ponds with an outlet are rather few on the Cape, whereas North of Plymouth there is a preponderance of outlet ponds. Outlet ponds, as Fresh Pond, South Dennis, maintain their depth at a uniform level and enable bushes to overhang the water's edge, thus effacing all traces of a beach. (This fact was first spoken of by Professor Edmund Sinnott of Storr's Agricultural College.)

If one looks from the water toward the hills he will discover that there are zones of vegetation on the land. The first zone on wide beaches is made up of small plants. Then come the coarse stemmed plants, and last of all, the shrubs and trees. This simple key is an aid to the uninitiated, but one who wishes to study it further should refer to Gray's Botanical Key. This list includes a few of the more common forms.

(a) Small, tender plants at the water's edge. Yellow flower—Leaves without stems, Hedge Hyssop; leaves rarely seen, spur on flower, Utricularia Cornuta. White flower—Leaves spreading at base, Pipewort; leaves shield-shaped, Water Pennywort.

(b) Coarse herbs on the beach. White flower—Square stemmed, Water Horehound. Yellow flower—Goldenrod-like blossom, Water Goldenrod, (S. tenuifolia); leaves dotted, Loosestrife; wooly flowers, (Centreville Ponds), Red-root; pea-like blossom, (Spectacle Pond), Rattlebox. Pink flower—Daisy-like blossom, Tickseed, (C. Rosea); yellow centre (not below Eastham), Sabbatia, stems with joints, Water Smartweed; opposite, dotted leaves, Marsh St. Johnswort; four petals, square stemmed, Meadow Beauty.

(c) Bog plants. Soft texture, light gray, pink tops, Sphagnum Moss; tough, dark green, creeping, Club Moss; glittering leaves, purple flower, Thread-leaved Sun-dew; glittering leaves, white flower, Long-leaved Sun-dew.

(d) Shrubs. Catkins—3-5 feet high, fragrant leaves, Sweet Gale; 10 feet high, leaves double toothed, Alder. White flower—Nodding white bells, blue berry, High Blueberry; large white spheres of blossoms, Buttonbush; large white funnels, fragrant, Honeysuckle, Swamp; small white bells, evergreen, Leather Leaf; tiny white globes, evergreen, Rosemary, Wild; loose, white petals, ½ inch or more, Shad Bush; Long, white spikes, fragrant, Sweet Pepperbush; purple flower and leaves in a whorl, Water Willow.

A Cape Cod Pond is the choicest of master paintings. Its framework of sand, with dunes and cliffs, indicate the period of its formation. The canvass is the pond itself, with ever changing blues and grays. The depth of the picture reaches far beyond the crystal clearness of the water. From all borders come aquatic plants, carefully arranged l tinted. Like a whirl pool which keeps its form, but with ever changing molecules, this larger scene preserves its general form, but is always adding touches here and there. Let us visit the art gallery of the Cape to study her ponds.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Editor of "Cape Cod":

I was very delighted today to discover your "Cape Cod" which I did not know existed. It surely brings a breeze straight from the shore, and justly claims a place upon the map of periodical literature. Many times have I longed to see the name brought out in public print. The very word, cape, I think, paints its own landscape, and to those who claim an early home there, its beckoning finger is always seen and its friendly message heard. Hemmed in by land, slopes and valleys, no matter how picturesque, there is the natural human craving to reach a cape, to traverse its whole extent, with elbow space to spare, and, standing at its point, leave "all America behind," is this not so?

I have but glanced at your magazine, but am very much impressed with its worth, and would be pleased to become a subscriber. I am enclosing herewith one dollar for a year's subscription, beginning with July, or, if preferred, it would be quite satisfactory, if you have the numbers, to begin with the January issue.

I am interested particularly with the article in the August number entitled "A Cape Cod Bookshelf", by Lucy E. Treat, and I have been planning such a shelf myself, if in a smaller way. Our Cape is historical ground, and we know its people are said to penetrate and be found in almost every corner of the globe. I too enjoy the book on Eastham, Wellfleet and Orleans, by Mr. Pratt. In a little book I have, without a title page to give the author, entitled "The Spy Unmasked", I learn that the hero of Cooper's novel, originally published under the same name, in 1828, was a native of our Harwich by the name of Enoch Crosby. But I now notice in a note this book is a copy, a reproduction of Cooper's first edition, being "Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch," without the added appendix. I would like to ascertain the name of the author of a little volume I have, entitled "Up from the Cape," the little story being "A Plea for Republican Simplicity." Also may I refer to "Sand 'n Bushes", by Maria Louise Pool, published in 1899, where one little woman residing on the outskirts of Provincetown who "didn't s'pose folks who hadn't watched 'em knew how interestin' 'twas to see the bayb'ry bushes 'n the beach plums, 'n' the golden-rod come for'ards in the spring . . . . . . I tell you what 'tis, me 'n' all these bushes 'n' things, 'n' bits of beach grass are jest as intimate's can be. I can't bear to have any of that bayb'ry broken off. Sometimes boys come down here, 'n' they go hustling through the bushes, and then I'll miss a stalk here 'n' there; 'n' it seem's if it hurt 'em to be broke off. I d'know why plants shouldn't have their feelin's, do you?" Perhaps many on our Cape have upon their shelves this little book. In busy moments I have but glanced over the pages here and there. Now I see as she describes away out on the outermost verge by the ocean, a life-saving station, and the platform and bench on a sand elevation. "Here is solitude —desolation—and wind from heaven and from the sea. There is nothing in this continent like the scene from the top of the dune, where the bench is placed, and where the sand is already caught and held by the roots of the coarse grass. That rolling sea of shining sand, blinding the eyes, and beyond it the glittering, heaving line of the ocean. It is all desolate, all fascinating. It is absolutely different from any 'resort'."

As the stranger from Boston has been known by the bit of its Common which he has been said to always carry in his pocket, so can one from the Cape be known by a bit of its bayberry. I never want to leave without taking away a spray. It is trying in a humble way to lend its flickering candle light among its sister luminaries.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor and artist of eminent name, built his "Crow's Nest" at Buzzards Bay, where the sea air was, in his estimation, the rarest in the whole world. Gathered is he now to his fathers—and to us!

Justice Baldwin of California, many years ago, referring to the patriotism of a Virginian, said: "It makes no odds where he goes, he carries Virginia with him; not in the entirety always—but the little spot he came from is Virginia. ...... He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia." Is not that what we all from the Cape are proud to do?

I am writing a long letter, but my enthusiasm is almost irrepressible. I would be glad to know if one of your numbers contains an account of the proceedings in connection with the unveiling of the tablet erected in West Barnstable in memory of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, which took place last August 4. If so, I would like to purchase three copies. I have the pamphlet of the "Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the First Congregational Church in London" with order of exercises, and have been promised by our Chief Justice here a copy of the proceedings. The portrait of Chief Justice Shaw surely and with feelings of pride, is a favorite with the bench and bar.

In West Barnstable the Reverend Theodore Parker began his noted career, and his life, by John Weiss, the clergyman of magnetic power, connected with ties in Worcester, a former pastor at New Bedford, is naturally one of our treasures. I have several scrap books and books which he left.

I have a poem, "A Whaling Song," by John Osborn, which I would be pleased, a little later, to copy and send to anyone desiring it. The little sketch of his life describes him as a native of Sandwich, born in 1713, son of a Scotch schoolmaster who settled in the ministry at Eastham, the latter dividing his time to ply his pen in his study and spade in the field, teaching his flock the art of preparing peat for fuel. The son, his pupil, with poetic taste, would be "busy one week with his Latin and Greek, and the next in the clam and cod fishery; revelling today among the treasures of classic lore, and storing up the wealth of mighty minds, and digging tomorrow in a sand-bank for the shelly prey that was to be his sustenance during the ensuing winter. In his aquatic excursions, he imbibed those ideas which he has thrown into his celebrated whaling song—once on the tongue of every Cape Cod sailor." Perhaps this is not anything new to you, but after his term at Harvard College, he went to his father's home at Eastham. The levity of his disposition precluded him from following in the foot-steps of his father. It seems he turned to medicine and married a Miss Doane of Chatham. His life at forty closed, soon after writing to a sister from his home in Middletown, Ct., in poor health, being weak, lame and uneasy, with his family of six children. He gave, it was thought, but two poems to the world.

I will do all I can to extend the circulation of "Cape Cod." I do not find it at our Public Library, and will be pleased to take the August number for the inspection of the Librarian, Mr. Shaw. Every public library in our State should subscribe for it, I think, appreciating the name of "Cape Cod", the name that Gosnold preferred to "Shoal Hope", which we were first called upon his arrival. No matter how much Prince Charles may have desired to change the appellation to "Cape James", in honor of his father, that is forgotten, and "Cape Cod" is ours forever.

Awaiting with pleasant anticipation the arrival of your magazine each month,

I remain

Very faithfully yours,

MARY MORTON PARK.

Mrs. Frank A. Rose of Truro has six sons between 21 and 30 years of age who are registered for the selective draft.

The codfish has the reputation of being the goat of the sea. It will eat anything and there are many records of it having performed some marvelous feats of swallowing.

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Cape Cod Interests
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Editorial

WHEN THE WAR COMES TO US

THE WAR has not come to us yet. We are in the war, but not yet of it. War, to us, is merely a theory, something to argue about, something to think about—but not to understand. We are in a speculative mood. We know that a state of war exists and that we must play our part in it. We know that our country is preparing for it—but it is not here yet. Nearly everyone knows some one who expects to engage in the war, either voluntarily or otherwise. Boys from our town have gone or are going into the training camps and we have a faint feeling that our lives are somehow going to see a change. At the present time the war means to us merely increased taxes, increased cost of living, and knitting sweaters.

War! War! What do we know about war? We read that there has been a battle "somewhere in France" and that thousands of lives have been lost and that men have been wounded or taken prisoners. It means little to us. It is too far off. We shudder at the atrocities inflicted upon the Belgians, the suffering of the French peasants, the massacre of the Armenians. But it is all far off, remote from our daily lives. We are told that the war will come to us, that we must prepare for sacrifice, that we must be patriotic and "stand behind" President Wilson. We rise to the strains of our National anthem and cheer our soldier boys going into camp.

When will the war come to us? When will we fully realize that we are in the war? Will it be this fall, next spring or the following summer? When will the war touch us and make us realize that civilization is tottering on its throne and that our daily lives are undergoing a change that we cannot realize the full extent of.

We can tell you. We can specifically point out the time when the event will occur. It will be when the first casuality list is published. Some morning the papers will tell us that there has been a great battle in which American soldiers were engaged. We are pretty sure to be told that our soldiers stood the ordeal of fire nobly, that they fought bravely, and stood their ground well. We will shout, and cheer, and pat ourselves on the back. But—some days later there will come a list of those killed and wounded or taken prisoners. Anxiously we will run down the column with trembling fingers to see if any names are included that are familiar to us. Yes, there is Sam, our neighbor's boy, scarcely out of the high school, his father's pride and his mother's joy. Dead! Do you realize it? Dead! And John and Joe and Frank—and—and, yes, Tom, our own noble lad, who has just written us to tell that he is alive and well and "somewhere in France."

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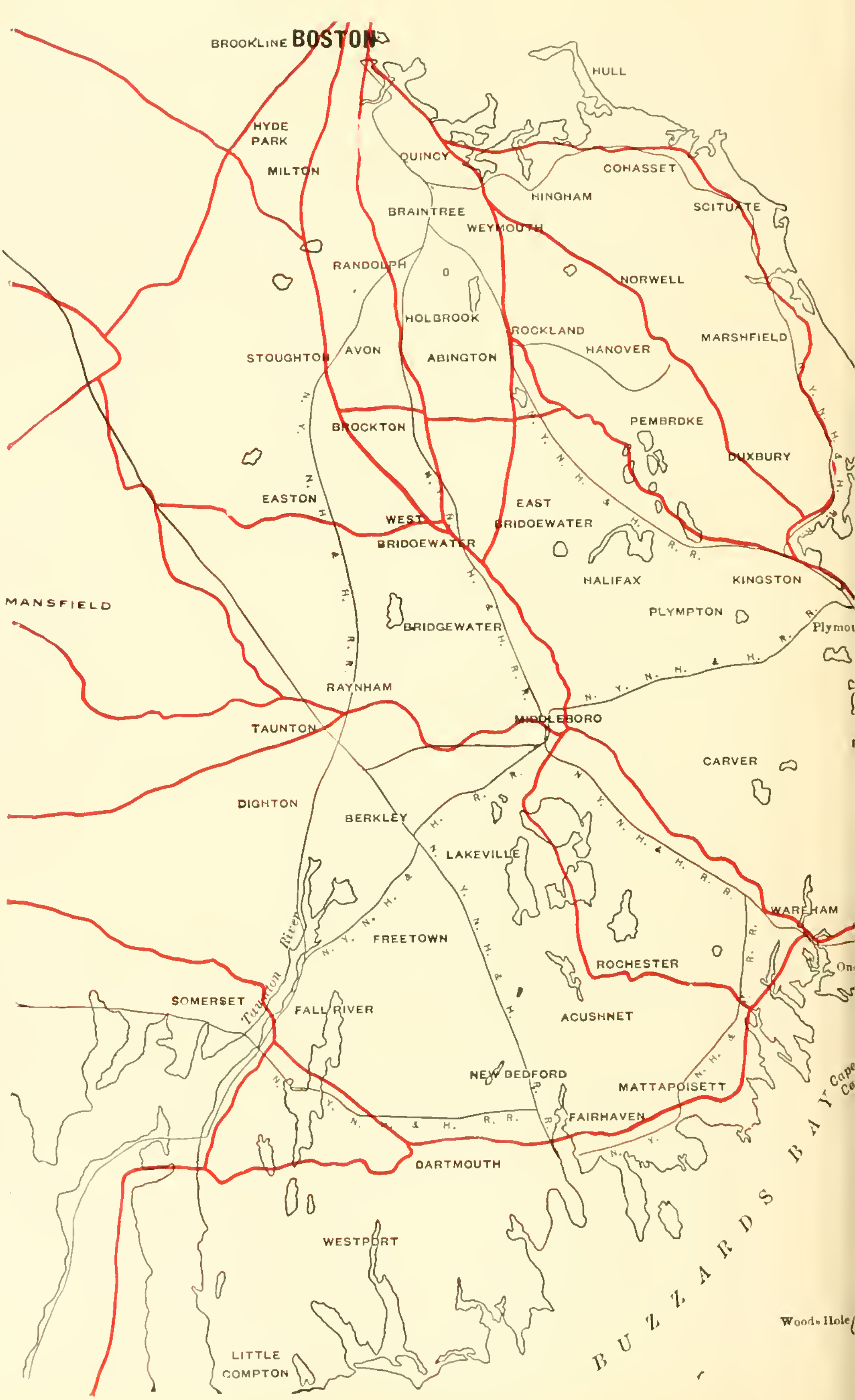
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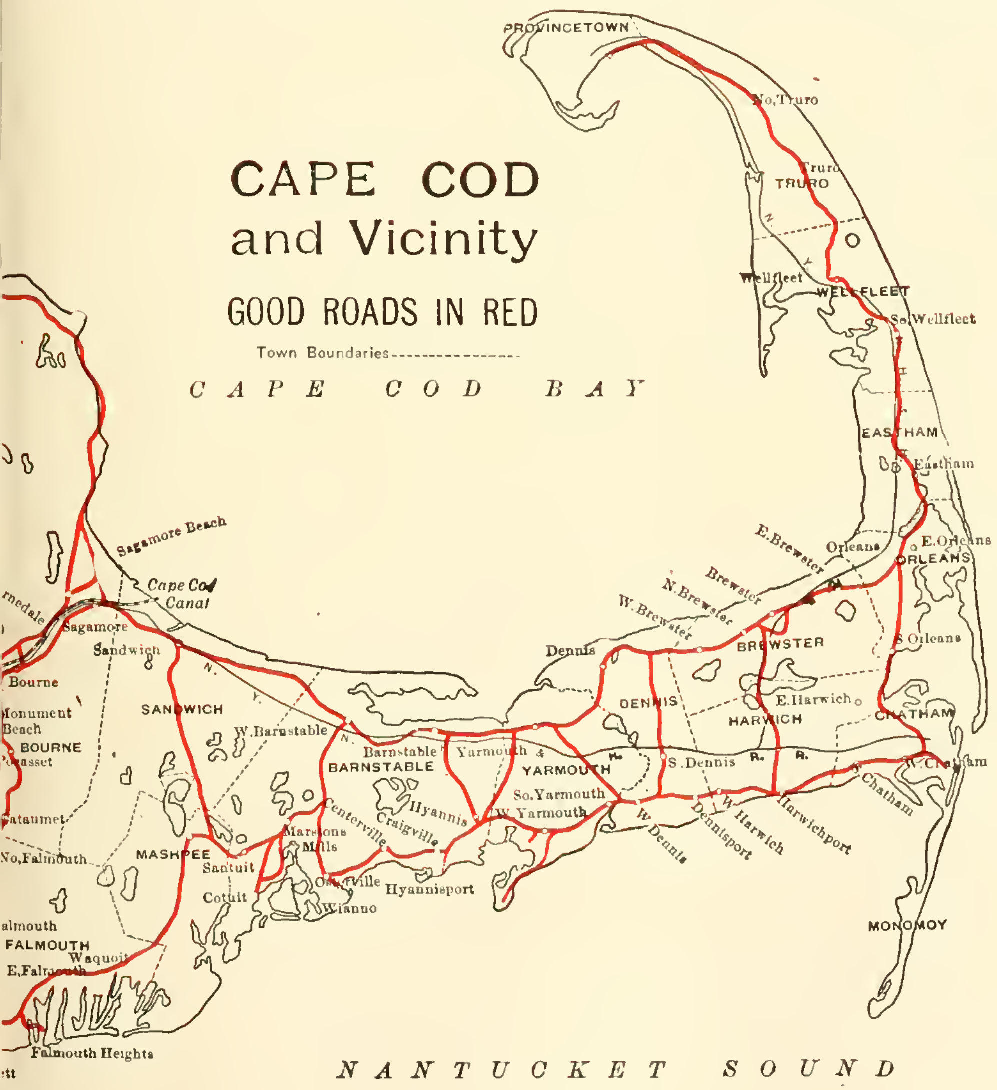

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Yes, we are in the war. The war has come to us. The demon, Death, is sitting in the corner grinning at us. Good God! Can this be true?

That is the way the war will come to us. That is the way we shall come to realize that things cannot go on as they have been going. After sorrow will come madness. Madness at the damnable system that has taken our boys from us. We will be mad, fighting mad. We will stop growling at the government, stop our carping criticism, our fault-finding, and shake our fists toward the eastern sky and shout, "Damn militarism! Damn the Kaiser!" We will bestir ourselves. We will forget the calm and peaceful lives we have lived and bend every energy to the one inevitable end—that the lives of our boys shall not go unavenged.

That is the way the war came to England. That is the way the war came to Canada. That is the way it will come to us.

* * *

THE most notable event of the summer season has been the coming of Chautauqua to Cape Cod, and so great has been the appreciation of the people of this, to us, new form of entertainment and instruction, that contracts have been quickly signed for another year, and the permanency of the institution of Chautauqua upon the Cape has been firmly established. We are immeasurably better off for the coming of this great organization, and the public spirited guarantors, who made it possible, are deserving of a public vote of thanks.

* * *

CRANBERRY time is close at hand. The gathering of the cranberry harvest is a picturesque sight and one which no summer visitor should miss seeing.

DON'T fail to give "Our Boys" a rousing send-off when they entrain to take up camp life in the National Army.

* * *

HERE, on Cape Cod, we will not find ourselves untouched by the war. Business cannot go on as usual, for in unusual times nothing is as usual. If the war continues through another summer, the Cape must be prepared to see its summer business even more curtailed than it was this year. As the Cape is not an industrial community, it will not benefit directly from increased activity in manufacturing lines. As its salable agricultural products are small, its revenue from the increased price of food stuffs will be light. Cape Cod people will have to readjust themselves to the changed conditions, as well as elsewhere, and be prepared to accept with resignation such measure of prosperity as comes.

* * *

THE BELL-BUOY

By J. J. CALLAHAN

O'er the waters, on the swell,
Softly sounds a mournful bell,
O'er each billow's rise and fall
Comes that bell-buoy's plaintive call.

Wind blows from the old northeast,
Breakers roar like jungle beast,
Wildly rings with ceaseless knell
Like a siren's call, that bell.

Calling me from far away,
Back to shores of sunlit bay,
Where those sea birds rise and screech
O'er some stretch of sandy beach.

In some idle, dreamy spell
Fancy sounds that mournful bell,
O'er the miles of land and sea,
Drifts that bell-buoy's call to me.

FOREST FIRE PROBLEM

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

Cape Cod's forest fire problem is, indeed. a serious one. Men, women and children are sometimes called out to fight threatening blazes which sweep down upon the little villages—through brush swamps, scrub oak land and grassy fields—with a wild roar, ready to lay waste to the country homesteads if their progress is not checked.

However, the entire forest land of Cape Cod, "the right arm of Massachusetts", is watched over carefully by three pairs of eyes during the spring and summer months. For the State has seen the necessity of saving what little is left of the Cape woodland, and within recent years has placed three efficient forest fire observers in watch towers scattered throughout the Cape—one on Shoot Flying Hill, in Barnstable, one in the cupola of the Cape's largest building at Harwich, and a third in a 40-foot steel tower at Bourne.

Although the Cape is only about 75 miles in length, from Buzzards Bay to the tip end at Provincetown, and averages not more than two or three miles in width, its pine and oak woodland presents a very serious problem for the State and town fire officials to combat, on account of the fact that the Cape soil is of a light, sandy nature and dries up within a very few hours after the heaviest rain storm. The greater part of the fires on Cape Cod, it must be admitted, are set by sparks emitted from the smoke-stacks of passing railroad locomotives. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence for a poor engine to set a score of fires within a distance of 10 or 12 miles. In extremely dry weather, several blazes have been started between stations only two or three miles apart. With little or no help available, many of them have been fanned into conflagrations of considerable proportions, and, carried on by heavy winds, swept on unchecked until they have either burned themselves out or reached wide public highways.

These Cape Cod forest blazes in past years have meant something to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, the only railway system running along the Cape, and have cut into the profits of this division considerably. In a period of five years, previous to 1914, more than $30,000 was paid out by this railroad to owners of property that had been devastated by fires set by its engines. Coal burning engines are used wholly on this division; sparks thrown out alight and kindle in dry grass and leaves a few feet from the track, and a fire is under way. Fires of this kind have sometimes burned for several days and volunteer fire fighters have been known to be on duty for 48 hours or longer without rest and with but very little food. In cases of this kind, food is supplied the firemen by the selectmen of the town in which the fire is raging.

For many years, Cape Cod has been swept over annually by damaging woodland fires, ranging in size from 10 to 25,000 acres. After about five years, however, the ground is covered with another growth of underbrush (generally "scrub oaks" from three to five feet in height) so that conditions are favorable for another blaze in the same region.

Each forest fire watchman in Massachusetts has under his control approximately 400,000 acres of woodland. On the Cape the three observers do not have as large a territory to cover. Efficient watchmen, equipped with powerful field glasses, have done much in the last four or five years to save the Cape forests. Each observatory, besides being equipped with a telephone, has a chart, lists of fire wardens and books. The chart is arranged with a shifting, brass rod, by which the operator is able to locate, within a mile or less, fires in his immediate district. The observatories are connected by telephone with the offices of the local forest wardens, who are called when any smoke is sighted. The chief fire warden learns the exact location of the fire, then hastens there, calls aid and commands the work of extinguishing the blaze. Each town has its fire warden, and each village its deputy. Most of these have telephones and are called as soon as a fire is seen by the watchman in a certain zone.

The hours of work of the observers are from 8 to 5 o'clock. They are supposed to be on duty every day in the week, except when it rains or the ground is wet. They are hired by the State, generally for a period of four months, from April to August, at a salary of $60 per month.

In 1913, the State maintained but one watch tower on the Cape, the old wooden observatory in Barnstable. The following year two more were added, so that now the Cape territory is thoroughly covered. Hundreds of fires have been prevented by the watchmen, who keep a record of each blaze and make a report every week to the State forester. It is almost impossible to make any estimate as to the value of property that has been saved, but it would mount up into the thousands, it is certain. At any rate, the monetary loss has not been one-third as large as it was before the watchmen were put on guard.

Further than this, the railroad company has been doing its share toward checking the number of forest conflagrations. For several seasons, during the spring months, the railroad has had gangs of workmen clearing up all brush, leaves and grass along both sides of its track in the Cape Cod timber zone. In extremely dry and windy weather, it has had "a fire patrol", a section hand who follows up all trains in his section on a motor velocipede. The dry brush has not been cleared up in this way for many years, until recently. It is believed that this will do much toward reducing the number of fires. The Cape Cod railroad track is constructed with innumerable curves and grades, making it necessary for the engines to emit great quantities of live sparks. An experiment was made some years ago by the railroad with an oil-burning locomotive, but it is stated that the experiment did not prove a success.

One of the best known fire wardens on the Cape is Joseph N. Atkins, of Pleasant Lake. Mr. Atkins is 73 years of age and is still in active service. Although he has been fighting forest and brush fires since he was a boy in his 'teens, he says they are always new and exciting to him. During the greater part of his life he has held the office of fire warden. He is one of the Cape's prominent cranberry growers.

This veteran fire warden, by the way, does not use a shovel and sand in subduing fires, as do most forest firemen, but merely a common iron-toothed rake. He declares that raking the leaves away from a broad path before the oncoming fire will let the blaze burn out as quickly as will a hard-dug trench with ramparts of sand. Although he has more than once fought a dangerous forest fire for two or three days and nights without either much rest or food, Mr. Atkins asserts his health has never suffered, because the excitement acts as a stimulant.

Sometimes, when there is only a light breeze blowing, the fires are checked effectively by the "back-firing" method. This consists of building small fires ahead of the original one, and allowing them to burn in and meet the head fire. This cannot be done with much safety except where there is a road or wide path. In other cases, it is necessary to allow them to go on and burn out to some public road.

NIGHTFALL

By HYDE BUXTON MERRICK

The stifling fog clings close to the dripping hills.
The silver-rutted road is lost in the narrowing night.
Beneath the steaming thatch a cricket trills.
An age-cracked shutter sifts a spindled light
Through crowding darkness on the jeweled leaves,
Where time's slow fragments, in the ringing hush,
The dropping diamonds tell—and from the eaves
A dreamy bird-cry, answered from the brush.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

Squaw Island

By LOUISE PHINNEY

Back in the early days, the Cape was inhabited by several tribes of Indians, one of them being called Mashpee tribe later in its history. When the settlers commenced to crowd the Indians for room all but a few were concentrated in a village in the southeastern part of the Cape, where they built a village which still goes by the name of the tribe and where a few direct descendents of the original Indians are still to be found.

A few, who separated from the main band, settled on a small island of about 100 acres on the south side of the Cape, where they lived happy lives and molested nobody. One by one they died until only one squaw remained, who lived alone on the island for a long time.

In her last sickness, she called in the selectmen of the town of Barnstable and told them that after her death she wanted the island to belong to the town, as the people had always been kind to her race. Her only request was that she should be buried on the highest part of the island, overlooking the water and that a large stone should be placed over her grave.

At her death, the selectmen did as requested and added the island to the town's public property. It was impossible to get anyone to live there except a few fishermen. Stories were started of ghosts around the rock that marked the old squaw's grave.

The school fund of Barnstable finally ran low and the selectmen decided to sell the island. The sum of $300 was offered by some men from Boston and it was sold to them. The new owners could not find purchasers for it and it was handed down from one generation to another. Around 1905 it was sold for $8,000 to a man who built a road to it at great expense, and he, and a few of his western friends, built some very fine summer cottages there. Five were built by 1907 and now there are quite a number more.

The large boulder that marks the squaw's grave still stands where it was put 160 years ago and as long as the present owners have the island the monument will probably not be disturbed. The island is said to be worth $125,000 today.

An Ideal Summer Home

WHEN a hotel man sets out to build a home for himself, he draws upon his fund of experience gained in catering to the wants of others and the result is apt to be something that is pretty near the ideal. Such was the case with John Howard Lacy, proprietor of the Copley Square Hotel in Boston, when he came to Cape Cod for the purpose of locating his summer resting place. Upon the shore of Bass River he found the spot that he had been dreaming of and set out to transform wildness into orderly beauty. He not only set out to accomplish something comfortable in the way of a summer residence, but he succeeded in doing it, for a finer location and a more harmonious house cannot be found upon Cape Cod than the one he built upon the east bank of Bass River at West Dennis.

The house sits upon a bluff overlooking the river and the land runs down to a boat landing below. It glistens in the sunlight, being pure white, and forms a pleasing contrast to the green of the trees and the lawn. It is built for comfort and not for show, and coolness is a quality which it possesses above all others. The breeze from the water is constant and invigorating, even upon the hottest day. It has a fine veranda facing the river with cosy corners inviting rest. No attempt has been made to imitate old fashioned styles either in the architecture of the house or in its interior furnishings. There is nothing pretentious about it, but it bespeaks an appreciation of appropriateness and convenience in its every detail.

The summer home of Mr. Lacy is only one of the many which are scattered about the Cape, where the summer hours are whiled away while rest and recreation help to invigorate and restore the tired nerves of active business men.

Too Late

By CAROLINE R. PULSIFER

On a sunny slope stretching down to the green marshes and the blue ocean beyond, was the churchyard where the forefathers of the little Cape Cod village lay in their last, long sleep. The pine trees shed their needles as a brown blanket over many a forgotten grave. The blackberry vines and hog cranberry, with bright red fruit, covered the neglected mounds, making them brilliant with color in the summer and in the autumn, when the leaves turned scarlet. Robins built their nests in the branches of the evergreens and chipmunks ran along the old stone-wall which bounded the cemetery. Between the uneven rows of sombre gray stones were rambling paths worn by the boys and girls living on the near-by farms, who used the ancient burying ground as a short cut to the small town. Except on a bright Sunday, the quiet spot remained, usually, undisturbed.

One June day a fair young girl stood weeping before a new-made grave.

Every pleasant day she came, keeping the grassy mound smooth and even; bringing in spring the earliest blossoms; in summer, the most fragrant flowers; in autumn, golden leaves and red berries. Even in winter a wreath of holly or of ground pine rested on the cherished spot. Year after year she came. Her fresh, rosy cheeks lost their bloom and became wrinkled and worn; her soft brown hair was silvery white; her erect form grew crippled and bent; her elastic step was tottering and feeble. But still she came, leaning on a stick, or on the arm of some village maiden, who often let her stop to breathe and rest her frail form. Ever the little bunch of old-fashioned flowers brightened the lowly grave.

At last she came no more. A new mound and a white stone showed that she was finally at rest beside the grave she had tended so fondly through long, weary years. The two tablets, side by side, seemed like two kindred spirits whispering each other sad tales of life and love.

One windy day in November a stooping old man, with white hair and cheeks bronzed by the sun, came with the sexton to the graveyard. They stopped before the two stones.

"Here she lies," said the sexton to the old man.

He read: "Mary Searle, Born 1840, Died 1914."

"But what is this?" asked the stranger, reading the inscription on the older stone: "Jonathan Hawes, Killed by Pirates in the China Seas in the 24th year of his age. 1860."

"That is the stone which she erected in memory of her lover," replied his guide.

The aged man leaned more heavily on his cane and sighed deeply.

"Poor Mary! I would have come long ago if I had only known. How happy we might have been these many years. But now, it is too late. Ah, well! Soon I shall sleep beside you beneath the stone you raised for me."

And the autumn wind blew fiercely through the pines, seizing in its frenzy the fallen leaves as it voiced the sad song of the death of summer.

NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE

Samuel J. Elder, who boasts of six generations of Cape Cod ancestry, tells the following story to illustrate the advantages of nautical knowledge:

"Down in Wellfleet, years ago, two always hungry boys discovered a toothsome pie set out to cool on a back stoop. One of them immediately annexed said pie and with his comrade set sail up the cape before a full breeze, with the enemy in close pursuit. Discovering that the wide skirts and ample proportions of the pursuer were working to their disadvantage, and being themselves under bare poles, one shouted to the other, 'Let's try her on the wind, Jimmie, let's try her on the wind!' Jimmie's nautical knowledge enabled him to quickly grasp the advantage of such a course and he immediately 'came about' on the port tack and stood off up the coast. The maneuver was successful. Before the pursuing frigate could shorten sail, the buccaneers made a safe harbor and enjoyed the fruits of their piratical venture."

Cranberry Association

The annual meeting of the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers' association was held on August 21, at the State Bog at East Wareham, and the following officers were elected:

Pres.—James T. Hennessy, Wareham.
1st V. P.—George R. Briggs, Bournedale.
2nd V. P.—F. F. Marsh, Wareham.
Treas.—Z. H. Jenkins, W. Barnstable.
Sec.—Lemuel C. Hall, Wareham.

Samuel B. Corr, formerly manager of "Cape Cod", has been commissioned as a second lieutenant in the National Army.

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An Impression of Old Cape Cod From a Motor Car

By EVA MACEY WATSON

The lazy, sleepy Cape
  Basking in the sun,
Curving like a snake
  All along the run.

Light and fleecy clouds
  Shadowing the pines,
Often in their shrouds
  Fogs around them twine.

Mists of Old Cape Cod
  Sweep across the sands,
Changing every rod
  Of yellow in the strands

To grays of ghostly hue,
  When Cape Cod lonely weeps;
But when the sky is blue
  The breeze around her creeps,

Then seaward blow the fogs,
  And drying in the the sun
The dunes and cranberry bogs
  Sleep on, till day is done.

So still, so quaint, so old,
  The quiet hamlets doze.
A light house, white and bold;
  A wind mill turns and blows.

Around this strong right arm
  The fishing schooners lay.
A land of peace and balm,
  And cod fish 'round her play.

The spell of Old Cape Cod
  Is strong when once it calls.
Unique expression of thy God,
  A boon on whom it falls.

Ephraim N. Eames, probably the oldest man on Cape Cod, died August 10, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Daniel H. Kendrick, in Pocasset, aged 99 years, 27 days.

The government has negotiated with the Cape Cod Steamship Co. for the purchase of the steamer Dorothy Bradford.

To the Cape by Boat

BOSTON

AND THE PILGRIMS' FIRST
LANDING PLACE

PROVINCETOWN

AT THE TIP OF CAPE COD

The big iron steamship "Dorothy Bradford" makes the round trip daily. SCHEDULE:—leave Boston *9.00 a. m., arrive Provincetown *1.00 p. m., leave 2.30 p. m., arrive Boston *6.30 p. m. *Sundays and holidays 30 minutes later. PIERS: 400 Atlantic Avenue, Boston; and Railroad Wharf, Provincetown.

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"ALBO" cleans and whitens **Buck, Nubuck, Suéde, and Canvas Shoes.** In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) **quickly cleans and whitens** dirty **canvas** shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"DANDY" combination for **cleaning** and **polishing** all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "STAR" size, 10c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that contains **oil.** Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS", 10c.

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ANIMATED TOMBSTONES

Walking in our woods or adjacent fields, one frequently finds a black and yellow box, with a head, four claws and a tail protruding from the lower edges. As you approach, these are withdrawn, and when you turn the box over, you find it completely closed by a shell base, hinged to make a trap door. The Box Turtle has gone into his house, and apparently does not welcome you.

For many years it has been a habit with certain persons, when calling on the Box Turtle, to leave their cards by carving their initials, with the date, on this bottom shell, and the turtle shows his appreciation by keeping them with him as long as he lives.

I recently met (in 1917) a turtle which carried two cards of my great-great-grandfather, Jabez Nye, one given in 1821 and the other in 1823. The next call was made by my grandfather, Oliver Bassett, in 1830, and then another by Howard Chipman in 1856, and still another, name unknown, in 1867. The turtle then had a lonely life for 35 years, when he received a call from William C. Fish in 1902. Mr. Fish remembers his call, and, from what he tells me, I learn that the turtle has travelled at least two miles in the last 15 years.

I carved my own initials and said good-bye, thanking the old veteran for the memories he brought me, and wishing that he might carry them on to my grandchildren.

Several buildings of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole have been offered to the Navy Department for the accommodation of the men of the Naval Reserve who are to be stationed at Woods Hole for the winter; the Bureau of Fisheries buildings will also be occupied by the same.

Fairhaven is to become a naval base. The government has leased the old tack factory property and headquarters for the coast patrol will be established there. It is understood all the boats of the coast patrol fleet will make this their headquarters.

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whose business this season it has been our pleasure to enjoy, we extend our hearty thanks, with wishes for renewed acquaintance in the season to come

AND THOSE

whose good fortune it is to live on the Cape year round, we are ready to continue to serve in the same whole-hearted fashion as heretofore.

The golden days of harvesting are with us soon to be followed by the cool brisk days of fall. Then things of warmth and comfort will suggest themselves: warm Beacon blankets, no finer cotton blankets made; all wool blankets; Maish laminated bed comforts as warm as toast; yet as light and airy as eiderdown—the laminated process makes them so; Glenwood ranges, no better bakers; Glenwood parlor heaters (how they do heat).

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EARLY INDIAN HISTORY

From an Address by William T. Rich at the Dedication of Francis A. Nye Memorial Park at Megansett

LAYING aside, for the moment, reference to the world-wide war, let us hark back to the early history of Cape Cod, with special reference to the historical Indian. In casting about for a flame at which to light my torch for this occasion, an ample supply was found in an historical address by the pioneer exponent of higher education at this end of Cape Cod, Mr. Sidney Brooks of Harwich. Mr. Brooks, in his historical address, says: "It is the glory of Cape Cod that, instead of waging with the Indians a war of extermination, the settlers made early efforts for their instruction and conversion to Christianity. While the apostle Eliot had at Natick and the other towns eleven hundred praying Indians. and the Mayhews had their fifteen hundred at Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard, and Richard Bourne his large flock on the mainland, Samuel Sweat of Nauset gathered his parish of five hundred Indians, who regularly attended his meeting for worship. Existing documents give the exact number in the Indian villages of the Cape at this time. 'There were', says the account of Bourne and Cotton, of praying Indians, 'at Neeshame (Provincetown and Truro) men and women, fifty-one; young men and maidens, twenty-one; total, seventy-two, of whom twenty-five can read Indian and sixteen can write it. At Pottanumaquet (East Harwich) men and women, twenty-four; young men and maids, twenty; total, forty-four, of whom seven can read Indian and two can write it. At Monomoy (Chatham) men and women, forty-two; young men and maids, twenty-nine; total, seventy-one, of whom twenty can read Indian and fifteen can write it.' Twenty Indian villages on the Cape are thus described, and the names of several native preachers given. 'Such was the result of these efforts,' says Mr. Otis, 'that on the breaking out of the Indian War of 1675, King

You Can Make Excellent Cake with Fewer Eggs

Just use an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

This applies equally well to nearly all baked foods. Try the following recipe according to the new way:

CREAM LAYER CAKE

Old Way	New Way
1 cup sugar	1 cup sugar
½ cup milk	1 cup milk
2 cups flour	2 cups flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
3 eggs	**1 egg**
½ cup shortening	2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon flavoring	1 teaspoon flavoring

Makes 1 Large 2-Layer Cake

DIRECTIONS—Cream the sugar and shortening together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and Royal Baking Powder together two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into greased layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes. This cake is best baked in two layers. Put together with cream filling and spread with white icing

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

No Alum **No Phosphate**

Phillip could not induce the Indians of Cape Cod to join him, otherwise the total destruction of the Colony was imminent'."

Has not open curiosity often been excited as to the origin of the word Megansett? It caught Mr. Nye's fancy as he noted how many parcels of land were bounded on the one side by the Megansett Way. But who or what was Megansett? Those of us (new comers, it is true) who have learned to love the spot for its beauty of surroundings, its picturesque waters and woods, its restful and healthful conditions; we have wished we might know and place the wreath of homage on the totem of this chief who first lived and loved here. Experts of the Bureau of Ethnology investigated with meagre results. The Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution reported: "I am greatly surprised at the lack of information regarding the Indians formerly occupying the Falmouth region, as I had always supposed that the tribes living in that part of the country had been well known and recorded in history." The first guess of the expert is that the word may mean, "Little Point Town." But another interpretation might be "Wolf (or Little Wolf) Place". This expert on Indian language concludes: "I know of no record of a Megansett, Negansett or Ma-in-gas-set tribe, and think it more probable that the name is not a tribe name, but merely that of a local settlement or village, probably of the Mohigan or Mohican tribe, possibly of the Pequot. Certainly these tribes occupied the region about the present Falmouth, and certainly there were no tribes hereabouts that did not belong to the great Algonquin family."

We are very close to an Indian burying ground. Mr. Nye used to tell how his father pointed out to him the spot where the last Indian was buried. The poet doubtless included him in his thought when he wrote:

"They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
The storm that sweeps the winter sky

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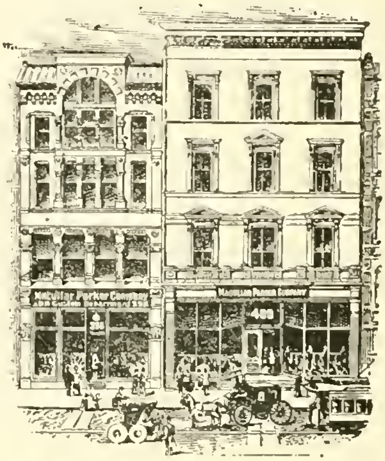

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Duff Bldg., New Bedford, Mass.

No more disturbs their calm repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

Let us hope that in the near future those having this Park in charge will clear away the growth which now conceals some of the stones that mark the last resting place of these aborigines.

Tradition says that about the year 1000 of the Christian era, the Norsemen, by way of Iceland and Greenland, came to Cape Cod and gave to its extensive and monotonous shore the name of Wondershand. Another name given by them was Keep Cape. But five hundred years elapsed before Columbus discovered America. The ships of John and Sebastian Cabot passed by our coast in sailing from Newfoundland southwest. A quarter of a century later, a French man-of-war, the Dauphin, came in sight of Monomoy. She hove to only long enough to get a view of the land, which Captain Verrazani named Cape Avenas or Sandy Cape. But it was in 1602 that commonly dates the discovery of Cape Cod, "for its soil was then for the first time trodden by an Anglo-Saxon." The commander of the vessel was our old friend, Captain Gosnold. After making his great haul of codfish, he gave the name which has stuck, Cape Cod. With four of his men, he landed in the month of May. He discovered Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands and entered Buzzards Bay. In July, 1605, came two vessels, one of which bore Sieur de Monts, and his captain was Champlain, who gave his name to the lake and who founded Quebec. The company spent fifteen days and took formal possession for the French King. But the historian says the reason we are not Frenchmen, but English, is the bad Cape Cod harbors. In 1609 Hendrick Hudson visited Cape Cod shores. In 1614 the infamous Captain Hunt carried off twenty-eight Indians and sold them into slavery in Spain. But in 1616 a French vessel having grounded below Chatham, was boarded by the Indians and all on board killed or taken captives. Then came the Mayflower. The events which cluster about her are too well known to need repetition.

In closing, I desire to express the gratitude of the summer residents to the generous donors of this beautiful tract of land, which will henceforth be known as The Francis A. Nye Memorial Park. In the spirit of their honored father, the heirs of Francis A. Nye have given to the Town of Falmouth for a park, this extensive tract of land.

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AT THE FAIR

Continued from page 8

less it is the poor little kiddy that has temporarily lost her folks and is digging her knuckles into her eyes and calling for mamma. But see the smiles just cover her face as she finds that mamma is close by, after all and that she has never been out of her sight. One of the finest features of the whole thing is the fun the kids get out of it. And there is no limit to the ages of the "kids". The old kids are having their good time, too. Look at that old codjer with the Teddy bear in his arms! Don't he look funny? He's going to lug it all the way home to the little grandchild that couldn't come. He's got a balloon, too. Let's hope it won't burst before he gets it home.

Where did the people all come from, you ask? Why, just "up-along and down-along!" How did they get here? Well, some of them came in automobiles, some came on the train, some drove over with the old mare—and some came with shank's mare. They just came, that's all. A lot of the same ones will be here tomorrow, too.

DOES ADVERTISING IN THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE PAY?

The summer day was fair and bright. Offshore, a light wind stirred the treetops and rippled the waters of lake and pond, as the morning train from Boston neared Buzzards Bay, Capeward. Here the sea breeze swept in, delightful and refreshing. A lady passenger from the middle West was enjoying the coolness, likewise the latest copy of the Cape Cod Magazine, when her glance fell on a modest notice announcing an old-time six octave melodeon for sale. Arriving at her destination, she was not slow in hunting up the instrument and making the purchase.

There was no dickering on price. She willingly paid the sum first mentioned, which was not exorbitant or unreasonable, and the melodeon, one of the oldest musical instruments in the town, was shipped to its new home, fifteen hundred miles away, to the land of Laughing Water. A pipe organ, a grand piano and an upright piano awaited it. The former owner was glad to know that the fine-toned melodeon of other days was to mingle in such good company, and all due to advertising in the Cape Cod Magazine. Did it pay? It surely did.

L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE

The new "No Leather Ground Gripper" Shoe will be made on the same patented last as the leather "Ground Gripper," giving to the new shoe all the medical features of this last, with increasing flexibility, softness and inimitable comfort. **Price $4.50**

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"URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have **Rheumatism** or **Neuritis**, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition, write today for my **FREE BOOK** on **"RHEUMATISM--Its Cause and Cure"**. Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp –it's ***Absolutely Free.***

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WILD FLOWERS OF CAPE COD

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

September was appropriately called our golden month by an English traveller, who saw, for the first time, the yellows in our Autumn foliage, the surging seas of goldenrods, the tall, showy sunflowers, the golden rudbeckias and others which brighten the somber face of the dying year.

Laughing from every corner are the **Black-Eyed Susans** or **Cone Flowers.** They have a glory beside which the glitter of gold fades to nothingness. The flower heads consist of ten to twenty orange-yellow ray flowers, around a conical, dark purplish brown disk of tiny, closely packed flowerets. Although now so common, it came to us with clover seed from the West, and is mostly at home in blazing hot, sunny fields.

The **Golden Rods** transform whole acres into "fields of the cloth of gold." One of the most common is the **Wreath Golden Rod.** It has an unbranched stem, studded with tiny, golden florets, nearly its entire length. Growing in the same range is a white variety called **Silver Rod.** The **Showy Golden Rod** has its florets arranged in large, compound, branching, terminal clusters. The **Marsh Golden Rod** has a heavy head on a stem four or five feet tall. There are over fifty varieties, and they belong to the great Compositae Family.

The **Tansy** is a conspicuous feature along many a roadside leading to colonial homes. It has strong scented tufts of deeply cut leaves on stems one to three feet high, topped with bright yellow buttons. The plant has been used in medicine since middle ages and is gathered now for tansy wine or tansy tea.

But we have no flower that can vie in rich coloring with the **Cardinal Flower.** In late summer it gleams in wet or low grounds and beside streams and ditches. The flower is a rich vermilion, one to one and one-half inches long, growing in a terminal, green-bracted raceme. Because its vivid beauty can not be hid, it is rapidly being exterminated. It is a true Lobelia and, as well as the blue vari-

More Live Poultry Wanted

Broilers, Roasters, Fowl, Ducks, Guineas, Etc., Eggs and Veal

Highest prices paid and we'll take all you can send. Daily cash returns; no commission taken off. We are the largest handlers of live poultry in New England.

Write for weekly price sheet, shipping tags and free directions for making model poultry shipping coops.

Paid up capital of $400,000. Reference: Fourth-Atlantic National Bank of Boston.

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An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.

H. Coleman Pulsifer
Graduate Nurse
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Show this Magazine to a friend.

A STORE ON CAPE COD with a complete line of Wearing Apparel for Men, Women and Children. Where SUMMER RESIDENTS, as well as those fortunate enough to live here all-the-year-round, can find the right merchandise at the right prices.

SERVICE FIRST ALWAYS

Orent's Dept. Store, Inc.
The People's Store SAGAMORE

Complete Outfits for Golfers

eties, might be easily cultivated from seed.

The **Gentian** is an elusive plant, seldom appearing in the same place year after year. It is perpetuated by seed which are wafted by the winds. The flower itself is two inches high, at the end of a long footstalk. The corolla is funnel-form, having four lobes, fringed at the ends. The stem is one to three feet high, usually unbranched, with opposite leaves. Because it is so rarely beautiful, few people can resist picking it, and it is becoming sadly rare. I found it in a low, moist meadow at West Barnstable, and a few feet farther, along a little stream, I found the golden blossoms of the **Brook Sunflower** or **Bur Marigold**. The plant varies in height from six inches to two feet. Their effect is very pleasing and the moist ditches look as if sown with gold. It is next of kin to the golden coreopsis.

> "The year grows rich as it groweth old,
> And life's latest sands are its sands of gold."

CAPE COD PILGRIM MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association was held recently at Provincetown, with President William B. Lawrence of Medford presiding.

The following out of town directors were present. William B. Lawrence, Everett I. Nye, Thomas C. Thacher, Henry H. Sears, Edward B. Atwood, together with Jonathan F. Snow of Provincetown.

The treasurer's report showed that the financial condition of the organization was excellent, and this after the payment of more than $600 for improvements about the monument.

Mr. Thacher, of the tercentenary celebration committee of last year's appointing, made report, and offered the following resolution, which was accepted:

"We, members of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, believe that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should make a suitable appropriation for a commemoration at Provincetown, in 1920, of the 300th anni-

FLOWERS

Seeds, Plants,
Trees, Shrubs

H. V. LAWRENCE
Falmouth, Mass.

CAPE COD

Home-Made Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Sweet Pickles and Marmalades.

Ellen F. Crocker
Barnstable, - Cape Cod, Mass

A. M. BUSH & CO.
47 WILLIAM ST., NEW BEDFORD

The Oldest Practical Cleaners in the City

Clothes do not make the man,

But the man or woman who have their clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired, altered, etc., by us, will make the other fellow sit up and take notice.

Say! If you could only walk down the street behind yourself, and see the spots and wrinkles In That Suit, you would ring us up right away.

Bell-3790. Auto-1344. Over 32 years at 47 William St.

WE PAY PARCEL POST ONE WAY

CONSODINE HOUSE
Brewster, Mass.

Special Sunday Dinners
Open all the Year

T. P. CONSODINE, Prop.

The fact that you are reading this proves that others will do so, too. Get the idea?

S. A. PUTNAM
Portrait and Landscape Photographer
HYANNIS, MASS.

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Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.
Studio in Rear of First National Bank

versary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and that a committee of three be appointed at this meeting with full powers to represent the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association on all matters and occasions needful in regard to said commemoration."

President Lawrence appointed as the committee, Messrs. Thomas C. Thacher, Jonathan F. Snow, Everett I. Nye.

Officers of last year were re-elected, except that Mrs. Roland C. Nickerson, Sr., was elected a vice-president to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Addie N. Parker.

WANTS INFORMATION

To the Editor:

In the January, 1917, number of this magazine there appeared an excellent article on the Cape Cod Indians. I wish the author, or someone else would come again on the same topic.

Don't let us forget them.

Is there any record of the inter-marriage of the whites with the Indians in the early times?

How would one interested find out about this?

Will not some reader answer?

L. M. MOOERS,
Takoma Park Station,
Washington, D. C.

At North Dennis there exists one of the oldest family burying grounds to be found upon the Cape. John Hall, who was the founder of the Hall family in America, came over with Gov. Winthrop in 1630. He settled in what is now known as Dennis and he was buried upon his farm there. The exact spot is not known, as his grave is unmarked, but it is probably beside that of his son, which is marked by an ancient stone bearing the date of 1696. The burying ground contains a score or more of stones, all bearing names of descendents of John Hall. The grave yard is in the midst of a field and is enclosed by a wooden fence. Many of the graves are sunken in and the stones partially buried. It would be interesting to know whether there are any burying grounds upon the Cape which antedate this.

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Raymond's Pectoral Plaster
The modern Remedy for
Whooping Cough, Croup, Coughs and Colds
Will do the work without taking internal remedies.
PRICE 25 CENTS
Raymond Pectoral Plaster Co., Inc., 291 Broadway, New York City

For Sale—25-Acre Farm
Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings are worth all we ask for the property. Will sell property as a whole, or any part to suit purchaser. Also beach property. Telephone connections.
John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

"THE IDLEHOUR"
MOTION PICTURES HYANNIS
Matinee at 2.30 Wednesdays, Saturdays
and Holidays
All pictures are clean, instructive and entertaining
Coolest theatre on the Cape

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Falmouth Plumbing
and Hardware Co.
Opp. Public Library Falmouth
PLUMBING AND HEATING
in all its branches
Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils and Varnishes
As a specialty we carry a complete line of
Kitchen Furnishings

Classified Advertisement Department

Advertisements under this head cost only 2 cents a word for each insertion. They are cheap and effective. Cash payment should accompany order. Why not give it a trial?

FOR SALE

MOTOR BOAT, "Nereid", 22½ feet long, whaleboat type, 7½ h. p. Essex engine; may be seen at Ben Berry boat yards, Falmouth. For particulars address W. N. Bates, 220 St. Mark's Square, Philadelphia.

Two first-class professional photographic view outfits, 5x7 and 7x9 sizes, practically new. High priced goods, but will sell at 60 p. c. discount. Lock Box 238, Harwichport, Mass.

HOUSE BOAT "REKLOOS"—$1,000 buys the house boat "Rekloos", completely equipped, all ready for use, including bedding, dishes, table ware, in fact practically everything but food. Would cost $1,500 to build. Will be shown by Mr. Jenkins at Cohasset Yacht Club. E. A. Thacher, 159 Devonshire St., Boston.

FOR SALE—An old old-fashioned "star work" bed quilt. Inquire of Miss L. E. Eldridge, South Chatham, Mass.

FOR SALE—At Falmouth, motor boat, 22½ feet long, 7½ h. p. Essex engine. For particulars, address W. N. Bates, Box 145, Southwest Harbor, Me.

INSURANCE

INSURANCE is as necessary on Cape Cod as anywhere else. Place your insurance of every description—fire, life, automobile, yacht, accident, etc.—with Hollis Burgess, Agent for every line of insurance, 15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

REAL ESTATE

AN ESTATE in Cataumet, Mass., consisting of large, eight-room house, two stories, steam heat, with stable and garage; also building suitable for servants' quarters. Good orchard in bearing; apple, pear, plum and mulberry trees. About 12 acres of land, extending from County road to shore. Apply for price and terms to H. D. Handy, M. D., Harwich, Mass.

AUTOMOBILES

INSURE your automobile with Hollis Burgess, agent for insurance of every description—fire, marine, accident, life, liability, etc.—15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

STAMPS, COINS, ETC.

YE OLD RESIDENTS—I want your old coins, stamps, paper money, 100 gold dollars wanted; premium list, quoting prices, paid 10 cents. F. R. Kimball, Room 124, 18 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

WANTED

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—This magazine wants a representative in every town on the Cape, to solicit subscriptions, collect on renewals and look after sales. It is a good chance for a live young man or woman to utilize spare time to good advantage. Exclusive rights given. If interested, write at once to Cape Cod Pub. Co., Wareham.

Highest price paid for old junk. Drop me a card and I will call. L. D. Hamblin, P. O. Box 72, Sandwich.

PHOTOGRAPHS

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN of anything—anywhere on the Cape. Views, copies and enlargements a specialty. Phone or write your wants to Robbins' Studio Shop, Harwich, Mass.

SEND US A QUARTER with your next film. We will develop, and make six sample prints from the best negatives. Robbins' Studio Shop, Harwich, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

USED SHOE BOXES. Apply to Isaac S. Burgess, Plymouth, Mass.

IF YOU are reading this, it is a proof that classified ads attract attention of readers. Why not try one next month, if you have a "want" which our 10,000 readers can fill?

JULIAN'S BAIT for everything wearing fins, in both fresh and salt waters. The only prize winning Liquid Lure in the world, and the best bait for fishing since fishing first began, whether casting, trolling or still fishing. Price, one dollar per bottle. George W. Julian, 89 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

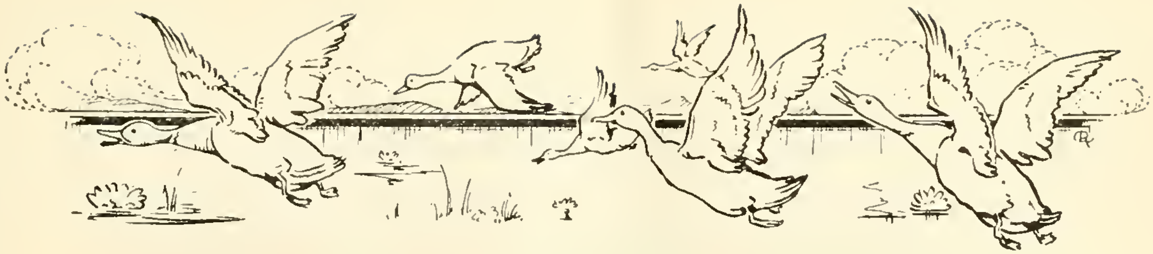
ORCHESTRA

IF you desire music for Concert, Dance, or any occasion, phone Orleans, 14-5, or drop a postal to Chas. H. Fenn, Orleans, for terms. Fenn's Orchestra.

TRY a Classified Advertisement on this page. It will bring results cheaply.

A CAPE COD EXCHANGE

This department is intended to give facilities for exchange and sale to our readers at a low cost. Copy should be received by the 15th of the month and should be sent to THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO., Wareham, Mass.



CAPE COD

October, 1917

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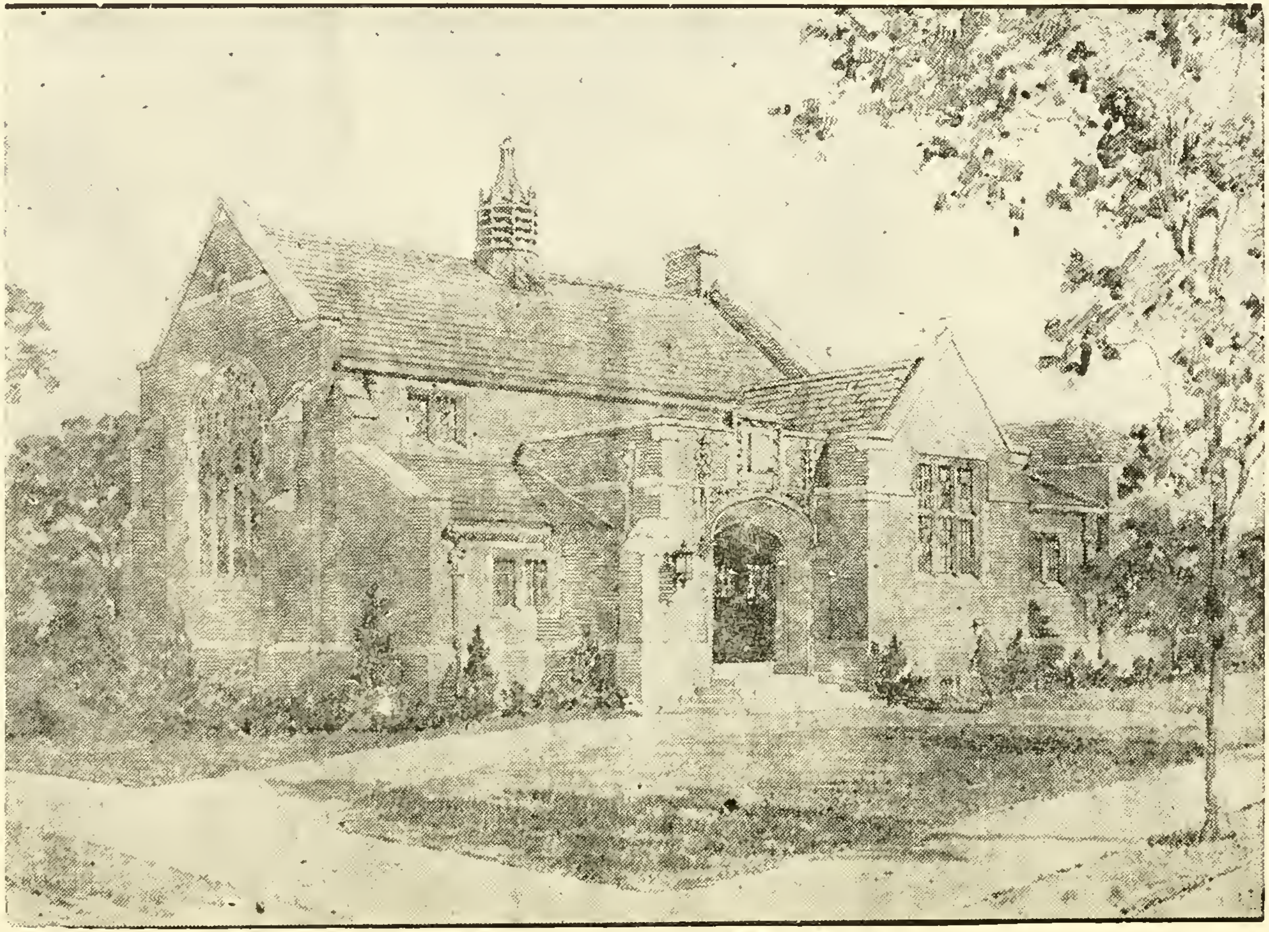
Lemuel C. Hall, Editor

**Published Monthly by The Cape Cod Publishing Company
at Wareham, Massachusetts**



NEW TOBEY MEMORIAL LIBRARY
BEING ERECTED AT WAREHAM

Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. III October, 1917 No. 6

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

From the Publisher's Desk

SINCE our last issue the war has "come home" to Cape Cod. The choicest of our young men have been taken from their homes, their work, their friends and families, and called to the colors at Camp Devens. It is true that many Cape Cod men had previously enlisted in their country's service but up to this time there had been no such wholesale departure of "our boys" off to the war. It is to the credit of the Cape that the selection was made with so little difficulty and that so little injustice was done in obtaining the quota. The local exemption board was not as arbitrary as many boards. In the main the men who have gone are those who are unmarried or who have no dependent children. The human equation was allowed full scope in the selection of these men and all circumstances were carefully considered. Of course there has been criticism. But when it is considered that the task was exceedingly difficult, with many hampering aspects, it must be conceded that the board acted as fairly as was possible.

The boys from Cape Cod went off amid an outburst of patriotism—mingled with sorrow. It was both a proud and a sad day for parents and friends. It could not have been otherwise.

Now that the boys of Cape Cod have gone it is the duty of the people at home to see that their lot is made as tolerable as possible. They will lack many things with which they should be supplied and they should have a sizeable company fund to draw upon for necessities and luxuries not furnished by the government. Not a week should go by that these lonesome boys in their new surroundings do not receive visible evidence that they have not been forgotten. It is a burden that the community should assume. Friends and relatives can be relied upon to do their part, but some are more fortunate in this respect than others and the lack should be supplied in such a way that every boy shall receive consideration.

The best way to show our boys that they have the support of the people back home is to see that their company fund does not get depleted. It is all well enough to contribute to the Red Cross and Special Aid societies but there is nothing like first hand support, directly given.

The Cranberry Harvest on Cape Cod

The above illustration shows cranberry pickers at work upon one of the large bogs. They are down upon their knees wielding the long-toothed scoops with which the cranberries are detached from the vines and deposited in the picking boxes. Picking began this year about two weeks later than usual, but is about completed now. After the berries are taken from the vines they are carried to the packing house where they are stored in boxes until they are ready to prepare for shipping. This preparation consists of separating the chaff and decayed berries from the sound ones and packing them in barrels. The winnowing and the culling out of the unsound berries is done by a machine called a "separator". It consists of a hopper into which the berries are poured, from which the berries drop step by step. A blower takes out the chaff and the dropping of the berries down something like a flight of stairs culls out the unsound fruit. The sound berries have a greater bouncing capacity than the soft ones and the principle of the machine is founded upon that fact. Not all of the poor berries can be taken out by machinery, however, and a final process of hand-screening is resorted to before the fruit is finally ready for market. The cranberry crop this year was very nearly a failure. Normally the Cape region raises from 300,000 to 450,000 barrels of cranberries. This year it is extremely doubtful if 100,000 barrels of sound fruit is marketed. The cranberries for your Thanksgiving dinner will cost more than usual this year, but even at that, they will not be exorbitant in price.

The Old Colony Regiment

By LEMUEL C. HALL

THE people of Cape Cod will feel an especial interest in the 302nd regiment at Camp Devens, Ayer. This regiment contains a large percentage of the men from Southeastern Massachusetts, including those from the Cape. The writer has proposed that this regiment be popularly known as the "Old Colony Regiment", a cognomen which seems particularly fitting and apt, although Major Barlow has stated that he hopes the regiment will be called "the devil's own" by the Germans.

The main contingent of Cape Cod men, consisting of 40% of the quota, left Hyannis for Ayer on Friday morning, September 21. They arrived at their destination at about two o'clock in the afternoon and were immediately assigned to the 302nd infantry, the barracks of which are upon "Infantry Hill", near the center of the big camp. It is generally conceded that the men from the Cape were a fine lot of embryo soldiers and that they will be a credit to the section from which they come. At Ayer they found everything strange, of course, but they quickly adjusted themselves to their new surroundings and are taking to the training with great gusto.

When the Cape Codders arrived at Ayer they found the railroad station piled high with freight and supplies. As they stepped from the train they were lined up in squad formation and loaded upon trucks for their final journey to the camp. There they were assigned to their companies, given their mess kits, blankets, and other equipments and were soon enjoying their first camp supper.

They found the barracks to be comfortable two story buildings which will be heated by steam as soon as the weather gets cold. In the barracks the lower floor is divided into a mess hall and kitchen and a large assembly room. The sleeping quarters are upon the second floor and each man has an iron cot upon which is a straw bed sack and heavy woolen blankets.

In the rear of the main company building is the sanitary building with its shower bath and toilet facilities, and troughs of running water where the rookie will wash his face and hands, his dishes and his clothes.

The second 40% quota will be called to camp during the first week in October, and these men will find that those who have preceded them have been transformed into soldiers and they will be amazed at the progress evidenced in so short a time.

We will now suppose that John Smith, from "Somewhere on the Cape" has been called to the colors, and we will try to give an idea of how he will begin his army life, and relate what he will have to learn.

When John arrives he will wait patiently until he is sent to the particular company barracks which he is to occupy. He will give his measurements to one of the regulars and in a short time will be handed a complete uniform. The army cooks will be waiting and tables will be laid in the mess houses for his first army meal. He will find a nice, clean, iron-framed bed, with new blankets. His civilian clothes will be stowed away.

Soon he will answer his first roll call. This will be at retreat. When his name is called, he will answer "here", and then wait until the band plays "To the Colors", while Old Glory is gently lowered. John will sleep that night for the first time in barracks. It will be a new experience for him. If he always had a room to himself he may find it a little hard to get to sleep, but he will probably be tired enough to forget his unusual surroundings and sleep soundly until awakened by the bugle in the morning.

Then comes the second day and his initiation into things military. John may find it a little hard at first to accustom himself to salute Charlie Jones whenever he meets him, instead of slapping him on the back with a "Hello, Charlie." But it won't do to forget. Charlie, who went to school with him back home, is an officer now; he has been to Plattsburg and has risen a step above him. Discipline requires that his rank be respected.

It will be particularly hard for John to show the proper respect for the young officer above him and obey his orders promptly; but he must remember that it isn't the man that is to be obeyed as an individual, but as a representative of Uncle Sam, who has power to order him to do his duty and to punish him if he does not do it. The sooner the rookie learns to respect the authority of those above him, the better soldier he will make. His chances of promotion will depend upon the amount of application he puts into his work, his intelligence and his ability to handle other men. Many of the men who are "rookies" now will have bars on their shoulders before a year has passed.

As a private he will be paid $30 per month, as a first-class private he will get $33 a month. When he gets to be a corporal, he will receive $40.20 per month, and as a sergeant, $44, or as a sergeant in some departments requiring a special skill, $51.20. He may become a battalion sergeant and get $56, or a regimental sergeant and get $60. Certain men, because of special qualifications in some particular line, may draw additional monthly pay beyond the regular enlistment rate, varying from $2 to $9 per month, according to the service. As an enlisted man, he will be provided free with all necessary clothing and equipment, and if he goes abroad, he will receive an advance of 20% in his regular pay.

One of the first things that John will have to learn is the insignia worn by the various branches and by officers. First comes the hat cords which for enlisted men in the infantry is blue; cavalry, yellow; artillery, scarlet; medical department, maroon; quartermaster's department, buff; engineers, scarlet and white; ordinance department, black and scarlet; signal corps, orange and white. For the general officers, the hat cord is gold; for all other officers, black and gold.

Collar insignia—Infantry, crossed rifles; field artillery, crossed cannon; cavalry, crossed swords.

Officers' Shoulder Insignia — General, coat of arms of U. S. and two silver stars; Lieutenant-General, one large silver star and two small silver stars; Major-General, two silver stars; Brigadier-General, one silver star; Colonel, silver spread eagle; Lieutenant-Colonel, a silver leaf; Major, a gold leaf; Captain, two silver bars; First Lieutenant, one silver bar; Second Lieutenant, no insignia; Chaplain, Latin cross.

Chevrons—First Sergeant, three stripes and enclosed diamond; Sergeant, three stripes; Corporal, two stripes; Private, first-class, insignia of color of arm of service. There are various other distinguishing marks worn by men in other departments which cannot be readily described, but which will soon become familiar to all.

John Smith will soon become familiar with many strange things and learn to take things as they come without question. He will learn the proper attitude for a soldier: how to stand at attention; how and when to salute; how to march; how to care for his equipment; and he will drill, drill, drill, until his bones become weary and he can hardly stand. As time goes on, he will become a seasoned soldier, fit for any task. His eyes will brighten, his skin become clear and brown, his carriage erect; and when Johnnie comes marching home, his friends will say, "what a changed man he is, he looks 100% better than when he went away."

And if Johnnie goes to France—but that's another story.

It will be the province of this magazine to follow the military life of the Cape Cod boys through their training days, detailing their joys and sorrows, their pleasures and pains, keeping the anxious ones "back home" fully informed concerning his life and daily routine. Such an army as this was never before contemplated in any country and it has been well named, National Army. It is an experiment in democracy and will prove that patriotism is not a thing of sentiment but consists in a readiness on the part of every man to do his full duty and to give up his private life and interests when his country calls and hasten to the defense of the cause of liberty. President Wilson has aptly said that the purpose of our entrance into the war is to make democracy safe and for this purpose our young men, the flower of our communities, have been selected from among their fellows and charged with the task of bringing it about.

The writer expects to visit Camp Devens frequently, carrying such messages as may be sent to "our boys" from their friends at home, seeing that such comforts as are permissible reach them promptly, and acting as custodian for such funds as may be placed in his hands for their benefit. Anyone desiring to make contributions to the regimental fund is invited to act promptly and liberally. Don't let it be said that Cape Cod has been neglectful of its duty in providing for these selected men who are to represent us in the great world war.

The Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole is an institution of great note in the scientific world. It is housed in a splendid building and investigations are being prosecuted there by noted scientists which may result in discoveries of great value to the world.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw has been appointed chairman of the Woman's Committee of National Defense by President Wilson. Dr. Shaw is the foremost woman preacher of the country and began her public career as pastor of the church at North Dennis.

INTERESTING CLIPPINGS

Clippings from old newspapers are always interesting, especially if more than half a century intervenes since their publication. It is hard to conceive the lower end of the Cape without a railroad to reach it with, but in 1853, according to correspondence in the Yarmouth Register, there actually was opposition to such an extension being made on the grounds of injury to vested interests. The correspondent to the Register wrote as follows:

> "You are aware that the citizens of this place have generally stood aloof from the extension of the railroad to Yarmouth. The reasons were well known. Provincetown placed a steamboat upon the Cape route to Boston, but the Cape Cod railroad took nearly all the passengers on the south side, whispering in their ears, it is said, the unsafe condition of the boat, (while a safe and better boat never need be asked for.) The owners of the boat, many of them mechanics, widows, and persons of limited means, were compelled in about three years to sell the Naushon at an enormous sacrifice. Indeed many have hardly received a dollar for all they paid. Others, as a desperate push, purchased the boat and placed her upon the route again, but the railroad it is evident had the advantage and crushed the boat. These things were galling the minds of the people here. Could it therefore be expected that they would subscribe for the stock of the road, that had sunk about twenty thousand dollars for them in less than four years?
>
> "But now the road is to come to Yarmouth, travel will be turned to it from this place. When, too, the day comes to extend the road still further this way, you will not find Provincetown asleep in the matter. Yet it is unfortunate, that the road should it be extended beyond Yarmouth, must become a branch. The past losses to this place must be overlooked and forgotten in the advantages of the extension. Let it have as hearty sympathy as it demands. And it is evident that it does demand the warm sympathy of the remotest son of the Cape. It is a great public improvement. The certainty and speed of travel and communication, the rapid transfer of the mails, and the necessary life and enterprise it awakens to all the interests within its reach, demand more than cold wishes for its success.
>
> X. Y. Z., Jr."

CAPT. CHARLES L. BARRY

WHEN war was declared between the United States and Germany one of the first men on Cape Cod to tender his services to the government was Capt. Charles Lawrence Barry of Craigville. Capt. Barry is a retired naval officer and a live wire generally. He was appointed a member of the Massachusetts Public Safety Committee and was put in charge of recruiting in Barnstable, Dukes and Nantucket counties. For months he has devoted his entire time to the work, travelling from place to place in this extended territory. It would be interesting to know how many patriotic speeches he has made—speeches with a punch to them which put patriotism up to the individual. He avoids generalities in his talks and gets right down to the level of his audience, driving his facts home in few, but forceful words.

Captain Barry was appointed chairman of the Exemption Board of District 43, which includes the counties mentioned, and since the work of examining the men for service began he has made his headquarters in the Barnstable Court House and labored almost continuously in his efforts to be ready with Cape Cod's quota for the National Army.

It is safe to say that no man has worked harder for his country, during the past months, than Capt. Charles Lawrence Barry, that no exemption board has been fairer than the one over which he has presided and that no quota of men reached Ayer in better shape than the men that his board selected for service.

Capt. Barry is a Cape Codder only by adoption but he is one of the most prominent figures of the day upon the Cape and the service which he has freely rendered is recognized as being of the utmost value. He has given all the energy he possesses to the work; and when it comes to energy the Captain is "chuck full on't".

OLD CAPE HOUSES OF 1800

"Dr. Dwight, who travelled through the whole length of the peninsula of Cape Cod, thus described what he says, 'may be called with propriety, Cape Cod houses.' These have one story and four rooms on the lower floor; and are covered on the sides as well as on the roofs, with pine shingles eighteen inches in length. The chimney is in the middle, immediately behind the front door, and on each side of the door are two windows. The roof is straight; under it are two chambers; and there are two larger and two smaller windows in the gable end. This is the general structure and appearance of the great body of houses from Yarmouth to Race Point. There are, however, several varieties, but of too little importance to be described. A great proportion of them are in good repair. Generally they exhibit a tidy, neat aspect in themselves and in their appendages, and furnish proofs of comfortable living, by which I was at once disappointed and gratified. The barns are usually neat, but always small."—Barber's Historical Collection.

WHEN CARRIAGES WERE A CURIOSITY

In these days of autos speeding over our splendid roads, does it seem possible there ever was a time when even a carriage was a curiosity? The following account taken from Barber's Historical Collection, forms a marked contrast with our day and generation of high-powered, luxurious cars bowling along over our streets:

"So rarely are wheel carriages seen in the place that they are a matter of some curiosity to the younger part of the community. A lad, who understood navigating the ocean much better than land carriage, on seeing a man driving a wagon in the place, expressed his surprise at his being able to drive so straight without the assistance of a rudder."

The Tinker's Son

A CAPE COD ROMANCE

By EARL LEO BROWNSON

PRELUDE

A little village, stretched along one street,
Where land and sea in curving crescent meet,
Lies snug behind the crescent's outer reach—
Pine woods behind—in front, the sloping beach.

The square old houses, weather-worn and gray,
Look staunchly out upon the quiet bay,
As picturesque as those seafaring men
Who builded here and housed their families when
Our flag, at ship-mast, floated on the breeze,
A common sight upon the seven seas:—
When Yankee commerce reached to every land,
And Yankee captains—Yankee sailors manned
The clipper ships, so famous in their day,
Ere Yankee commerce dwindled to decay:—
When whaling ships by hundreds ventured forth,
From Cape Cod ports, to rich fields in the North.

The clipper ships and whalers are no more;
But men who sailed them, now their labors o'er,
Have ported here, secluded and content
With blessings, that to them, seem heaven-sent—
Good health, good homes, good friends and wealth to be
A guard against old age in poverty.

It is a place that hath a certain look
Of something pictured—something in a book;
Yet it is real, though its past glories flown,
And has, I've learned, a romance all its own;
And if you care to scan these pages through
I will relate the romance, friend, to you.

* * * * * *

PART I

Some years ago, the first of coming June,
Unheralded, late in the afternoon,
There came a stranger down the village street
With searching glances as one who would meet
Some friend of old, but doubtful of the place
Where long ago a cheerful, smiling face
Was wont to greet him from some cottage door.

Distinguished looking was he, and he wore
The air of one the master of his will—
An air, withal, that did not fit him ill.
There was a something in his handsome face
That hinted of a life not commonplace—
A sadness in the depths of his keen eye
That told of memories that would not die—
And in his every motion—every glance
That lurked the subtle essence of romance.

Half down the street, a-smoking at his gate,
Stood Silas Small, with features stern as Fate
Till he beheld the stranger, then a smile
Lit up his face; for he was without guile,
And loved to match his wits with strangers that
Would sometimes stop to have a friendly chat.

"Howdy, stranger" said he, cap in hand,
"Lookin' for someone 'long this stretch of sand?"
The stranger paused and looked him up and down:—
"I'm looking for a lady in this town,"
He said, "perhaps you know her—Mary Brown?"

"Know her? Well, I rather guess I do,
And know her as a lady good and true—
That white-walled cottage, moored there by the street,
For forty years has been the snug retreat
Of Mary Brown, who was the village belle.

"The oldest residents will sometimes tell
Of long ago when she was fair and young—
Her beauty toasted and her goodness sung
By village sons who sought her, hope aglow,
Only to bow before her quiet 'No——'
Of city youths who passed her cottage door
And looking at her, looked but to adore—
Of hoary wealth that came with gold to buy,
But only got the scorn of her bright eye.

"Deaf was she unto all, who court would pay,
And sent them on their disappointed way,
Excepting one—a lad of scant repute—
She smiled upon and listened to his suit.

"The village tinker's only son was he—

As trim a hulk as one might wish to see—
His face was chisled like a Grecian god—
His form erect, not like one born to plod—
Keen witted, skilled—or half skilled, some contend—

"A stubborn will that few might hope to bend—
And wayward secretly, was he, some knew,
Yet good of heart, to give the lad his due—
True as a friend—a champion of the weak—
Not self important nor yet was he meek;
Withal a lad whom nature made to win
High station or to sink in secret sin.

"He loved his mother well, and when she died
No loving hand was at the helm to guide
At that young age when character is formed,
Else to the sea his heart had early warmed;
For his maternal line was famed of old,
In war and peace as seamen brave and bold:
But woods and fields called strongly to the child,
And to maturity he ran as wild
As fox or rabbit, free as they from care,
And grew up hardy in the open air.

"Thus from the village folk he dwelt apart,
Locking his moods and fancies in his heart:
And it is true, when all is said and done,
His fault was being just a tinker's son—
Full fault enough to simple village folk;
But he felt wronged and fretted neath the yoke.
When he grew up and sought companionship
He found his name a byword on each lip.

"I will not say they justly cried him down,
But gossips did berate him in the town;
And some good souls spoke well of him and still
Are most reluctant to believe the ill
That gossips find the time to conjure o'er
And keep alive to swell the village lore.

"Be chance or fate at foot for what befell,
There is but one important thing to tell:
He courted Mary—won her heart and then,
More shunned than ever by his fellow men,
Aboard a clipper ship he sailed away
And never has been heard of since that day.

"What doom awaited in the vessel's track
None know,—for neither she nor crew came back:
And Mary—spinster—still is waiting here,
Her faith unshaken as year follows year—
Content to wait the day when heart shall stir
With youth anew when he comes back to her;
For come he will, she has not any doubt,
To blot the patient years of waiting out."

Old Silas paused and scratched his grizzled head
To waken memory—the stranger said:

"You've told so much of him, now more of her,
For there is more—your talk would so infer?
I'm interested—tell me more, my friend—
I want to hear your story to the end."

"You say you're interested? That is well;
Sit here beside me and the rest I'll tell.

"The village people all love Mary Brown
For what she is as much as for the crown
Of patience she has worn for all these years
Without once manifesting doubts or fears.

"The poor have found in her a helpful friend—
The dying, comfort to a peaceful end—
The young have played about her cottage door—
The sorrowing have come to her to pour
Their troubles out, and she has comforted—
The mendicant, in pity, she has fed.

"Young lovers have been helped by her advice;
But scheming busybodies never twice
Give tongue to gossip in her domicile:
She is herself without the curse of guile
And will not tolerate a guileful dame
Who seeks to shine by smearing some good name.

"Of him she never speaks, but in her heart
He is enshrined, a memory apart,
And lives as young and godlike fair of form
As when they parted and his breath came warm
And passionate upon her cheek, and eye
Shone love eternal, when he said goodby.

"A locket, wrought of pure gold, they say
Lies next her bosom, ever, night and day—
A lock of hair, a likeness in it set. Of him,
Perchance these tokens be, and yet
None so can say, for none have ever seen
The locket open, nor e'er will, I we'en,
Till death shall claim her; then, I have no doubt,
Some prying dame will have the secret out.

"All men have reverence for Mary Brown,
And none amongst us ever cry her down;
For none there are but know, or understand,
That they have had some blessing from her hand.

"The village preacher, who at first admired,
Soon learned her worth and then, in turn desired
Her helping hand and mind his work to share
And so to lighten ministerial care.
She gladly helped but would not share his lot—
Without love's sanctity wed she would not;
For loveless wedlock she holds to be sin:
And man and woman who will enter in—
To such a contract, forfeit the respect
Of those who will not God's good laws neglect:
And so for thirty years, with highest aim,

They've worked together in the Savior's name;
And more have they accomplished, thus, for good
Than they, in wedlock working, ever could.
To put it all into a simpler phrase—
She is a saint who works in human ways."

"She is a saint!" the stranger echoed low.
"Her soul, as long ago is white as snow."

Old Silas turned a wondering eye on him
And scanned his features in the twilight dim.
Around them glowed a light that seemed divine,
As halos round the heads of angels shine,
And speechless Silas sat with growing awe,
For face like this, before, he never saw—
The gaze was fixed as though some vision fair
Was pictured in the empty evening air,

And thus they sat, like figures in a dream,
While round about them silence reigned supreme;
And from the heavens' high, star-vaulted wall
Celestial hands let sable curtains fall;
And slowly o'er the eastern treetops came
The new full moon—a disc of ruddy flame.

The waters lisped upon the sandy beach
As if the waves had found the art of speech
And fain would tell the secrets of the deep.

The woods lay like some Titan fast asleep,
And wierdly from their depths the whip-poor-will
Sent forth his call incessantly—and shrill
The screech owl's note came quivering from afar—
And faintly, from the harbor's outer bar,
Some homing fisher's song was wafted in
Upon the breeze in snatches vague and thin.

Then, one by one, the village windows gleamed
With evening lights that into darkness beamed
A little way, and in the softened glow
The snow-white moths went flitting to and fro,
And hungry bats, with zigzag flight about,
Ta catch their prey, went winging in and out.

A muffled rumble, as a train drew near,
Swelled on the air, and then there came a clear
Shrill whistle blast that brought the two upright
And put their dreamy reveries to flight.
The spell was broken, that had held them dumb,
And let again the flow of language come.

The stranger turned to Silas, smiled and said:—
"The story you have told to me has fed
My memory with visions of the one
Who sailed away—I knew the Tinker's son."

"You knew him?" questioned Silas, "When and where?
Is he still living? Tell me, does he care
No whit for her who waits so faithfully?
Will he come back to prove his constancy?"

"Be not excited so," the stranger said.
He would have come to her though he were dead,
If come he could. But listen—I will tell,
As he told me, what to his ship befell.

"He sailed from Boston in a clipper ship
For India, and on the homeward trip
They struck a gale that swept her to the deck
And wrecked her timbers till she was a wreck.
Her boats were crushed and all were swept to sea,
And none of all the crew survived but he:
And clinging to a piece of broken spar,
With hope still left, he drifted long and far,
Until, at last, when life was nearly gone,
By rare good fortune, he was cast upon
A tropic island, far from lanes of trade,
And crawled and slept for hours in the shade
Where beach and forest met beside a stream.

"To his numbed senses all seemed like a dream
When he awoke—Someone was bending near
And singing softly in a voice clear
And sweet, but in a tongue unknown.
He moved and pain drew forth a groan
That brought the figure closer to his side,
And, glancing upward—eyes now open wide—
He saw a shapely maiden, young and fair
To look upon, with mass of raven hair
That fell about her, like the wings of night,
Half screening her nude figure from his sight.
Soft fingers deftly soothed the pain away
And smoothed the seaweed bed on which he lay.

"A cooling draught she brought in cup of shell,
And meats to eat and choice fruits as well;
And fed and nursed him as a mother might
An infant babe until his strength was quite
Restored to him. Within a sylvan dell
He builded them a hut in which to dwell
Until some ship should chance to pass the isle
And rescue him.—And so with her, the while,
He set about to beautify the place
Where he and she seemed all of the human race.

Their hut of poles they thatched with bark and grass,
All wove together in a skillful mass
That never drop of rain could trickle through.
And from the door, before them, stretched a view
Of vale and wood and river and the sea
As fair as any in that place could be.

"The hut was paved with white sand from the beach;
And at the sides a couch was placed for each,
Of fragrant herbs and mosses soft and cool—

A table, in the center, and a stool
For each was placed on sticks set in the ground.
Upon the wall were hanging all around
The skins of deer and plumes of birds so rare,
In gorgeousness, the hut took on an air
Of royal splendor in so wild a place.
And there, instead of sinking to the base
Unchristian thing, that might have been his lot,
He never in the slightest way forgot
The white man's code, and taught her, who was sent
To bide with him, what Christian living meant.

"He early taught her how to speak his tongue,
And found her apt at learning, being young
And ever eager to do what he bade.
From skins of deer, with untaught skill, she made
Them clothes sufficient for the tempered clime—
And thus they lived—contented for a time;
And then he learned, with sorrow, she was not
Contented longer, thus, to share his lot,
And so he led her to an altar made
Of rubble stones, within a sheltered glade,
And kneeling there together, hand in hand,
They said the words that forged the sacred band
Of wedlock on them—it was better so
Than they apart in loneliness should go.

"Ten years went by—in happiness for her—
For him—existance, for his heart would stir
With longings that made life no more to him.
And day by day the light of hope grew dim
Until despair would settle darkly down
And even sunny nature seemed to frown.

"At such times he would go, alone, and kneel
Before his altar and pour forth appeal
For strength that would sustain him to the end
Whatever fortune Fate should to him send.
And always strength was given him to bear
His cross with fortitude that conquered care
So that his mate thought he was quite content,
And never knew the feelings in him pent.

"Ten uneventful years again passed by
And left but smouldering fires in his eye;
For Hope was dying, slowly, day by day,
And mind, long cramped, was threatened with decay.
The thought of home came less and less to him,
And mem'ry's pictures faded into dim
And ghostly dreams that haunted him at night
And vanished quite forgotten when 'twas light.
He even sensed a pleasure in his mate,
And if she left him for a time he'd wait
With eager ear for her sweet voice to swell
In gladsome greeting, down the quiet dell.

"They fished together in the shaded stream,
Or steered their long canoe to sea when gleam
Of rising sun turned all the waves to gold.
When tempests swept their island home and rolled
The angry waves high up the sandy shore
And flung the spray into their very door,
They'd climb the highest crag and face the storm
As Eve and Adam might have faced the warm
Wind-driven rains in Eden, and as lone.

"At first he watched for some stray vessel blown
From chartered course; but now he reveled in
The lightning's vivid flash, the thunder's din—
The long-flung line of seething surf as far
As eye could reach along the shallow bar.
A primal man and woman seemed they there—
He brown as she from life in open air.

"His beard had lengthened nearly to his waist—
His hair, unshorn and heavy, might have graced
The head of Samson—And his muscles lay
In massive welts upon him, and their play—
Beneath the straining under heavy load—
Were like some gladiator's under goad.

"And thus they lived securely alone—
There was no habitation but their own;
She knew and told him, when she learned to speak
That it was hopeless for them there to seek
For band or tribe of people—she alone
Was there marooned, to perish and atone
For daring to defy a tribal law
That looked on heathen gods with fear and awe.
Her father was the king, but he agreed
That she must die, and so he had decreed.

"Adrift they set her in an open boat
That, in a calm, would scarcely keep afloat;
But fortune favored her, and, after awhile
Her frail canoe was cast upon the isle:
And for a year, before he had been thrown
Upon her shore, she'd lived there all alone.
And she had searched the isle from end to end
And side to side for human foe or friend;
But never trace of habitation found,
Nor other land the whole horizon round.
And then, to turn her bitter cup to sweet,
Kind chance had cast him at her very feet
And made an Eden (so it seemed to her)
Where solitude and desolation were.

Part II

The stranger sat in silence for awhile
And then resumed his story of the isle.

" 'Tis natural for male and female thrown
Together as they were, and quite alone,
To come, in time, to hold each other dear—
If not to love, to thrill with feelings near

To that sweet passion; and with them 'twas far
More sacred than some strict church unions are.
If she had been of coarser mould than he—
Dull-witted, black of skin, then there might be
Denunciation; but her wits were keen,
And fairer mould than hers may not be seen
In any land; and scarcely whiter he—
Sun-tanned to bronze—than rosy cheeked was she.
A better mate, for that sun-torrid place,
Could not be found in any whiter race:
And if in her, in time, he lost the thought
Of other ties, environment had wrought
The metamorphosis on heart and brain;
And so, environment might work again—
Else man would never rise to higher state,
But stand, bovine, behind some lower gate.

"Time passed them by with ever rapid flight
Of sunny day and alternating night—
The day full of adventure, night-time blest
With peaceful sleep that brings the body rest.
The morning plunge into the salt sea wave
Imparted vigor, and in turn to lave,
In limpid waters of the forest stream,
Gave cleanliness and made the body gleam
With healthy clearness in the morning light—
And then the games of strength they played at night
Beneath the moon, gave them the exercise
That kept their muscles firm and clear their eyes
For snaring fish and chasing game to bay
To fill their larder for their needs each day.
And, to their credit, never did they kill
For sake of killing, as some hunters will;
And fish they never took beyond their need,
And that was never on the verge of greed.

"Nor did they fail, on every seventh day,
To rest from toil and their accustomed play—
He, from the Christian teachings of his youth—
She, from his teachings of the sacred Truth:
And when the sun rose from the eastern sea,
Upon their lookout hill on bended knee,
The two would bow in silent, thankful prayer
For all the blessings that had been their share.
And through mid-day they rested in the shade
Of low-boughed palms within a sylvan glade
Where ripening fruits, and flowers e'er in bloom,
Made beauty reign where else had been but gloom.

"Thus ten years more went by without event
To bring less joy or more of discontent.
Their minds were dulled, as human minds become
When all the world is shut away and dumb,
And books and papers, absent, have no part
In daily stimulating mind and heart.
The world, beyond their isle, to her was blank—
To him, a memory from which he drank
With eager thirst that quaffs and ever begs
For sweets, and only gets the bitter dregs
Of dead ambitions—far beyond his ken
Were those prized sweets, perchance, that might have been.

"One morn they woke to view a world of change—
O'er sea and sky and land had come a strange
Unearthly glow, portentious of some great
Calamity.—It seemed a ponderous weight
Upon them rested, stifling nigh to death,
And noxious fumes made labored every breath.
All living things, in terror, widely rushed
From cover—and all Nature, strangely hushed,
Seemed bow'd and waiting for the hand of doom
To grasp and crush her into shapeless gloom.
Wild beasts and reptiles, gathered near the pair,
Made harmless by the warning in the air,
And closely crowding, in their common fright,
They watched the world grow dark with awful night.
Then from beneath them rumbled forth a sound
So deep and mighty that the solid ground
Rose like some monster, underneath their feet,
And cracked asunder, pouring forth a heat
So scorching that the leaves curled up and fell,
And all seemed doomed in that outpouring hell.
Then from above a million bolts shot strong,
And thunder rolled tumultuously and long—
And then the tempest broke with wind and rain
To sweep the island—wood and hill and plain,
Till vegetation lay a flattened mass
As if to let the rampant furies pass—
And down, down their island sank until
They stood at bay upon their lookout hill—
The angry waters breaking at their feet,
And Nature's cataclysm was complete.

"With water to his waist he held his mate,
Unconscious, from the grasping hand of Fate
Until her form grew rigid in his hold
And to his touch her pallid lips were cold;
Then, with a moan, he sank beneath the wave,
With her still clasped, to find a wat'ry grave:
But destiny had marked a course to be
By him pursued and would not set him free.

"He woke to consciousness beneath a sky
Of cloudless blue, and riding, cool and high,
A new full moon upon him softly shone,
Afloat upon an endless sea—alone.
Upon a mass of driftwood long he lay—
Benumbed by night—sun-tortured through the day:
No food, no water to revive his strength,
He could but hope, stretched helplessly at length.
Then Hope departed and stark madness came
To set his hunger tortured brain aflame.
To his crazed eye the sea to slime had turned
And lurid jets of flame about him burned:
Blue, red, and green and purple hued were they,

(Continued on page 23)

FISH FREEZING PLANTS

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

The fishing industry is to the New England states, as it was for centuries, one of its chief sources of income. Fish to the value of $3,702,365, representing more than 98,000,000 pounds, were landed in Boston by the fishing fleet of New England during the year 1916, according to a recent report of the Bureau of Fisheries.

Cape Cod fishing schooners brought in their full share of this great amount. Prices have been rather high. Years ago, Cape Cod was the very nursery of the world's finest seamen. But it is not so today, sad to relate, owing to the fact that its former flourishing fishing industry has declined and the young men of today are not following the call of the sea. The cod fleets from Barnstable county took 18,134,539 pounds of fish in 1885 according to the state census of that year.

As early as 1620, the Pilgrims observed the many advantages which Provincetown offered for fishing. In 1666, the court of Plymouth levied upon the Cape Cod fisheries a duty, and the proceeds were used toward building a public school room. The Cape Cod fishing industry was indeed a veritable fountain of wealth.

But gradually the industry declined until finally the Cape big fishing fleet was a thing of the past. The scene of activity in this line moved across Massachusetts bay to the port of Gloucester.

But now Cape Cod may have its industry revived by the establishment of cold storage and fish freezing plants. There are now a dozen or more expensive cold storage houses of this kind, all built within recent years and all, according to the promoters, as well as stockholders, paying big dividends. There is a story told of a certain Provincetown freezing plant paying 100 per cent. in dividends one year not long ago. It is true that cold storage and fish freezing plants are capitalists' propositions. Nevertheless every inhabitant of Cape Cod, without exception, is glad that these fine brick, four or five story plants are springing up here and there, always on the seashore, near some big wharf or fish pier. For be it known it is the fish weirs which extend along the Cape Cod shore that the plants all depend upon to a great extent. There are a few plants on the Cape which have been in operation for 25 years or more. But they did not do such an extensive business as the plants do today.

Among the varieties of fish frozen and bought by the Cape freezing plants are mackerel, herring, bluebacks, whiting, butter-fish, pollock, cod, flounders, shad, albicore and squid. All fish known in Massachusetts waters are frozen.

Most of these cold storage houses are in operation practically the entire year, although some of the plants were originally intended for herring and other bait, during a season of about five or six months. Engineers, firemen and superintendents are engaged by the year and the other laborers work when they are needed for operation of the plant. The fish are frozen at a temperature ranging from three to five degrees below zero. They are placed in small pans which rest upon shelves.

The freezing process consists of ammonia evaporating systems. The fish are shipped to all parts of the United States, some even going across to the state of Washington on the Pacific coast. Some of the largest plants have special refrigerating cars of their own, in which they ship their various products. One of the largest shippers is the Consolidated Weir Company of Provincetown, and there are others. The freezing plants depend to a great extent for their revenue upon the selling of herring and other bait to fishing schooners.

The plants are equipped on the harbor side with "runs," or slides, by which they receive fish direct from the vessels, or in case the water is too shallow, in little cars running upon a railroad. The North Truro Cold Storage Company has made a record of which it is justly proud.

Their original plant at North Truro, on the lower Cape was built 1893, and the company was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts for $15,000. In 1914, it was totally destroyed by fire, but during the following winter a plant twice as large as the former one was constructed, and the stock was increased to $75,000.

The machinery is the York-absorption style, and the insulation of the building itself is of cork. An electric operator is in operation, and the plant is thoroughly equipped throughout with electric appliances.

Another fine plant is that located at Barnstable, and owned and operated by the Cape Cod Fish Freezing and Packing Company, incorporated in 1912; for the seasons of 1912 and 1914 it operated fish traps in Barnstable Bay. In 1915 a storage plant was erected.

The freezer building is of mill-type construction throughout and it has the distinction of being one of the best constructed plants on the Cape. This plant cost approximately $100,000.

Another progressive fish plant, although not exactly a cold storage house, is the oyster packing house at Wellfleet, operated by the Cape Cod Oyster Farms Company. The industry comprises over 600 acres of fine oyster grounds in Wellfleet Bay, planted with 150,000 bushels of oysters. It does a large business in barreling oysters exclusively. The packing house is 110 by 46 feet, and has a daily capacity of 250 bushels of oysters.

So it may be seen that all interest is not lost in the fisheries of Cape Cod.

Half of all the fish products of this country were furnished by the state of Massachusetts in 1840. Today more than $1,500,000 is invested in the Cape freezing plants alone, and the industry seems as yet to be in its infancy. The modern fish weir, first used in 1848, near Chatham, marked an important period in Atlantic shore fishing.

The Cape fish freezing plants are its neatest appearing structures. Although hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in them, there is no danger of residents losing their money.

Years ago one of the Cape's best paying plants was located at East Dennis, but six or eight years ago it was destroyed by fire. It is said that the owners contemplated reconstructing it, but have taken no steps in that direction before this season. A large amount of capital has already been raised, and the plant is nearing completion. There seems to be practically no danger of there being too many of the freezers. The plants at the lower Cape are unable to freeze and store all the fish caught in the weirs, and as a result this summer thousands of pounds of edible fish were thrown overboard by the fishermen attending the traps. The fish drifted ashore on the beaches, where they rotted in such great quantities that they became a nuisance to the summer residents having cottages in the vicinity. The weir owners (who are in reality the owners of the fish freezing plants) saved only mackerel and such expensive fish, throwing away whiting and other fish, which was so cheap that the owners of the plants did not wish to use their valuable space for it.

Some of the most up-to-date plants are located in Chatham, Yarmouth, Barnstable, Sandwich, Provincetown and Truro. The construction of such plants forecasts thrift and prosperity for the towns in which they are located. Some of the Cape's oldest inhabitants—retired sea captains and fishermen—declare that there is a great future ahead for the owners of these plants, and predict prosperous times for their promoters and stockholders.

Business is booming at Chatham, where a big aviation camp is in process of construction.

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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Editorial

AGRICULTURAL SOLDIERS

THOSE who heeded the call to plant this spring are seeing the fruits of their industry in the form of cellars full of vegetables and other products of the soil. As a war measure the planting was very effective and hundreds of acres of land that had previously lain idle have been cultivated and made productive. The wealth of the nation has been increased by this procedure, and the wealth of the nation is what will win the war. The awakening that has resulted will be beneficial in more ways than one, and the effect will be felt in years to come. We have too long been dependent upon the West for our produce, which should have been produced at home. The decline of agriculture in New England has been a big factor in raising the cost of living. Upon Cape Cod movements are on foot to raise more of the food that we eat. Large tracts of virgin soil are being broken up and modern farming operations are in progress and another year will see a great increase in the amount of land under cultivation. The high cost of grain has forced many to dispose of their hens, yet there is an opportunity to engage in the poultry business upon the Cape, with good chances for profit. Corn is a native product of this region and was cultivated by the Indians when the Pilgrims came. Given the same cultivation, as many bushels of corn per acre can be raised upon our land as is possible in the west. With a supply of home-raised feed, the cost of producing eggs can be reduced to the same level of years ago when eggs sold for a cent apiece. Eggs will bring a dollar a dozen before spring. The same situation is true in regard to pork. At present prices, hogs are worth 25 cents a pound by the whole carcass. Hog-raising has been growing less and less, because of the high price of feed, yet hogs can be pastured out during the summer and grow fat and when fall comes can be fed upon home-raised corn on the ear and beets, which can be raised at very little cost. This summer milk has sold at prices ranging from 12 to 25 cents per quart upon the Cape, and the farmers are continuing to dispose of their cows, claiming that there is no money in keeping them. There isn't, if the old method of buying all feed from the west is continued, but milk can be produced at a profit when the cows are fed home-raised feed. If our people would be willing to work as hard as did our ancestors to make their land give them a living, they would not only get a living, but could make handsome profits. The truth is that our native people have lost their appetite for work. They have been weaned away from manual labor by having had easier ways in which to get a living. Farming, as a business, has gone out of fashion. It is easier to let the other fellow produce the stuff and pay him his price for doing it, getting the money to buy it from some more genteel form of business. In this way, the whole of New England has become parasitical—non-productive so far as the essentials of living are concerned. Our efforts have been turned to catering to the luxury and pleasures of others—we live, to a great extent, upon the results of the labors of others, doing as little as possible in return for what we get. War always brings changes and it is our belief that war will do much to restore our pioneer spirit and make us more self-supporting and independent citizens. Our natural resources are being used as pleasure producers, our country has been made a playground. Our investments have been made in far off places instead of at home, where the community will receive the benefit. Instead of using our money to produce for ourselves, we have given it to others to be used in building railroads, developing mines—buying stocks in ventures which we know little about and care less, so long as dividends come regularly. We have bought patches of blue sky in Kansas and paid for it with our gold. We have sent our money west to be used in producing things which we have had to buy at dear prices. It is time to stop being consumers and for us to become producers. Our agricultural soldiers should be honored as much as we honor our military heroes. The war will be won on the farms of the United States, instead of in the trenches in France, and Cape Cod can play its part in the result just as well as any other locality.

* * *

OCTOBER

WHEN the air is clear and bracing, with warm days and cool nights, there is an invigoration to the body and spirit which makes a man fit for his bit as at no other time. October is the month of clear skies. Looking off over land or sea, distance seems indefinite, the horizon is rolled backward and the vault of heaven removed. The autumn colorings are most vivid. Across the salt marshes, with the blue of the sea beyond, a vista is opened up that is nowhere so beautiful as upon Cape Cod. Then is the time to get out into the open, to fish and play golf, to ride and to walk. The trees upon the hillsides are resplendent in red and gold, the sky is blue, the water is also blue, and where they meet is an indefinite line, so completely do they merge together. Upon the Cape all is peace and serenity —yet across the water to the east, men are butchering each other; under the water, men are drowning; beyond, women and children are starving; a horrible conflict is going on, yet how can we realize it when our lives are cast in such pleasant places?

* * *

UPON the ninth and eleventh of September, President and Mrs. Wilson passed "through" Cape Cod. Although no stop was made, many had the opportunity to see them as their yacht steamed slowly through the passageway. Upon either side they were greeted with cheers and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, as Cape Cod extended its hearty welcome. From the bridge the president smilingly acknowledged the greetings. Perhaps, after this trip, the canal will be more appreciated by the government and the day hastened when it will become the property of Uncle Sam.

* * *

THE frost which damaged the cranberry crop early in September was a severe blow to the prosperity of the upper Cape towns, where it was most severe. It is estimated that the loss to Plymouth and Barnstable counties will exceed a half-million dollars.

THE STAGE

By MARY O. SPARROW

DID I ever ride in the stage? Well, I guess! Yes, siree! when it went from Provincetown to Yarmouth.

The Black Maria, the early stage was called. Not the gaudy one of yellow paint and black leather; that went later in the day. Two o'clock in the morning it used to start from Wellfleet, the Black Maria.

That was in the days of Sam Knowles, and Sim Higgins came in somewhere there. He was located at Orleans, and a prince was he among livery men. There was a younger man, Kendrick, too. I think he may be living now.

Orleans was where we changed horses and ate our lunch, which we had carried with us. Was there a grand old wrought iron fence in front of the hotel? It looked grand to us then.

And the cars! Oh, my! To us who had never seen them, wasn't the red plush gorgeous?

A story was told of a lady from Eastham. She went into the depot at Yarmouth and thought she was in the train. Some time after the cars were on their way to Boston, she asked the depot master when the train was going to start.

I remember one woman who went to Boston when we did. She expressed her amazement and satisfaction at various points along the way.

In the old days, on our arrival at Boston, the hack drivers used to swarm around. "Have a hack? Have a hack?" A perfect bedlam of sound. "Yes, when I get my trunk. Yes, when I get my trunk", she told each one sweetly. Half a dozen were following her hopefully. We saw her several days afterwards, so she must have survived it.

Many a joke with strangers the stage drivers enjoyed. One is told of a flippant young drummer and Sam Knowles. Some of his remarks, pertinent and impertinent, had aroused Sam's ire. Finally, as night came on and they were passing through Truro, he expressed a desire to be left at the most thickly settled part of the village. Sam left him at the cemetery.

Early birds, we had to be, to catch that early stage, and to be ready for it. My father prided himself on being able to wake at any time on which he set his mind. Many a Yankee sea captain did that. Five people were visiting at our house, a man, a woman and three boys. The first we any of us knew in the morning was the rumble of the stage coming up the street. The man, woman and two of the boys were going on that stage. My father put his head out of the window and stopped the stage. My mother struck a light and called to the visitors and in five minutes they were in the stage and on their way. When all was calm, my father went into the room where the three boys had been sleeping, to see if we had sent off the right boys.

We don't have snow storms now as we used to then. I remember when, for twenty-four hours, no stage could get through, and when it came, we could, from our front window, just see the top of the stage over the drifted piles. I took the Youth's Companion and mourned the fact that, on account of the storm, its arrival was delayed. Our nearest neighbor, a sea captain's wife, bemoaned the fact that her husband's arrival home from a voyage at sea was delayed, he having reached Boston the day before the storm. She told me that I wasn't half as anxious to see my Youth's Companion as she was to see hers.

My recollection goes to another visitor who left our house in a stage. She had spent happy days in our family. Finally a letter came from her husband, who was a sea captain, to meet him in Boston and go with him on a trip to a southern port. "Good-bye", she said, as she took the early morning stage. "What a pleasant visit and what a good time we have had. Who knows what will happen before we meet again?" Dear soul! The vessel was wrecked on that voyage and she was drowned, though the captain and some of the crew were saved.

The stage drivers were our express agents. Many an errand was sent by them, and through them, by other agents, to Boston stores. I remember one pious old soul who sent for "himbux" and not for a long time could the Yankee stage driver guess that it was hymn books for which he was sent.

I believe it was the packet master, and not the stage driver, to whom an errand for "kauphy" (coffee) was given.

But Cape Codders were all right, if once in a while there were one or two who couldn't spell. Jeanne de Arc, who saved France, couldn't read, and Charlemagne, perhaps the greatest man who ever lived, couldn't sign his name.

ANCIENT "SLACKERS"

Slackers were not unknown, even in ancient times, and history relates instances where men drafted for service in the King Philip war offered excuses as unique as are some of those of the present day. There appears to have been a home guard, too, for all "competent" boys under sixteen were obliged to join the "town watch." It is recorded that two men of Sandwich were fined two pounds each for not appearing when drafted. General James Cudworth, a valiant and distinguished soldier of Barnstable, on being appointed commander of an expedition against the Dutch, was reluctant to accept the post. After modestly stating that the command was far beyond his deserts, he went on to say that the state of his wife's health was such "that she cannot light a pipe of tobacco, but it must be lighted for her." And he concludes: "Sir, I cannot truly say that I do not in the least waive the business out of an effeminate or dastardly spirit; but am as willing to serve my king and country as any man whatsoever, in what I am capable and fitted for, but do not understand that a man is called to serve his country with the inevitable ruin and destruction of his family."

So far as we know no such unique excuse as the one mentioned was made by any of our Cape Cod young men in the recent draft, but doubtless many were puzzled in trying to reconcile their duty to country and family.

JOSEPH LINCOLN

By ELLA WARNER FISHER

Pegasus was coming,
I stood in his pathway,
Assured he'd not trample me
Under his feet;
The breath of his nostrils,
The force of his speeding
Sent all my wits flying—
The rout was complete;
He swerved from my grasp,
His rein in firm holding,
A figure astride him,
My heart was dismayed.
Another had captured
The steed I was wanting;
A figure familiar,
In purple arrayed.

His hoof beats grew fainter,
I smelled the salt water
And saw in a vision
The foam crested billows
Roll in on the shore.
Along the wet sands
Pegasus was racing,
As oft he had raced
On those beaches before.
He cared not for storms;
No mortal could stop him;
No thunders could daunt him;
No billows could flaunt him.

In vision I hear him,
And gladly I cheer him—
I'd throw up my hat,
But I can't—
It's pinned on.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

DOWN CELLAR

By L. C. HALL

CELLARS today are not what they once were. Our cellars are places where we keep the heating apparatus for our houses and the fuel to keep it going. There is scarcely an old fashioned cellar which is being used for the purpose for which the builders intended.

In our home upon the Cape 35 years ago there was a cellar that was the storehouse for family supplies. It wasn't a big cellar. It was dark and gloomy. It was reached by a flight of steep stairs and when going down cellar it was necessary to stoop in order to prevent knocking the head against the floor above it. Our cellar was round. It was made of field stones laid up in mortar. All around it were two rows of wide shelves, one above the other.

Let us light the tin kitchen lamp and explore "down cellar," as it was then. As we open the door to the "cellar way" our nostrils are greeted by fragrant odors. We sniff and try to determine the component parts of the scent, but fail to separate them. It is a composite smell, made up of many good things.

Upon the cellar floor sit the pork barrels, full of pickled pig's meat for winter use. There are two or three of them at least, and a barrel of corned beef too. Then there are half a dozen barrels of apples—baldwins, greenings and gillflowers—which conjure up thoughts of delicious pies, and sauce, and to eat with popcorn during the long winter evenings. There is a big bin full of potatoes, and smaller ones full of carrots, beets, turnips and onions.

Then there is a barrel of sugar, two barrels of flour, some bags of corn meal, a barrel of molasses, jugs of vinegar, and other culinary necessities.

Nails have been driven into the rafters above and hanging from them are hams, and smoked shoulders, and a big hunk of dried beef. There is a half-barrel of salt mackerel and a box of salt codfish.

But look upon the shelves! There are jars of pickles, of peach, pear and plum preserves, and row upon row of jelly, made from beach plums, wild grapes, and other fruits gathered from the fields and woods. There are crocks full of mince meat, for the making of pies, which give off delicious odors.

Surely no epicure ever witnessed a more delightful sight.

No grocery store of the present day presents such an appetizing appearance as that seen "down cellar."

The usefulness of the old-fashioned cellar is gone and it is cobwebby and damp today. Its place has been taken by the order cart from the grocery store. If company comes there is the telephone, which quickly puts the housewife in touch with her source of supply, and she hastily telephones an order for the things wanted for the meal. And soon a tin-lizzie comes rattling into the yard and the labor of providing dinner commences when the order man arrives.

Company had no terrors for mother when I was a boy. One or a dozen—it made no difference. The cellar could be depended upon to fulfill its mission. It was a storehouse from which could be drawn enough to feed a regiment if necessary. And we get no such food today, nor such quantity, nor variety. We get most of our food from cans, now.

In those days the high cost of living was not the problem it is today. It cost less to feed a family of twelve upon home raised products than it does now to feed three when our food comes from Chicago, Minneapolis, Texas and California. We didn't have to pay freight upon stuff raised or gathered right at home. The wholesaler got little profit from us and the speculator upon the Chicago Board of Trade didn't have us at his mercy.

"Down cellar" is a miniature black hole of Calcutta today. It no more gives off delicious odors. It is moldy and damp and a place seldom visited, unless it happens to be in one of those houses which have been remodelled, and then it has been converted into a stoke hole.

Recollections

By MARY O. SPARROW

"ONCE a man and twice a child," the proverb is. Once a woman and always a child, sometimes I think of myself, so many of my pleasures come from remembering childish things.

Old Aunt Becky Pepper! Do you remember her? She, poor woman, had shaking palsy. I used to think her name was Pepper because she shook like a pepper box.

Aunt Susy Kiah was her cousin. Both lived alone. Aunt Susy Kiah used to say Aunt Becky was so saving that, when she ripped a dress to pieces, she saved the stitches.

Aunt Becky had a splendid grove, though, and once she let the Sunday school have a picnic in it. Grand old picnic, that! Lemonade tasted good then. Physical culture was just coming in vogue. We had a school teacher from the city, who had drilled us with what seemed wonderful precision. We gave an exhibition for the benefit of the picnickers. The minister's son gave "The Landing of the Pilgrims." We all admired his beautiful, soft voice. He is an Episcopal clergyman now.

I remember I rode to the picnic in a green cart. How vivid that green was! I suppose they have Sunday school picnics now. In fact I have been to them, but they don't seem like that one.

Aunt Susy Kiah used to come to the village once in a while. She wore a "punkin" hood and a green veil. When she wanted to see anyone more clearly than she could through the green veil, she used to turn it back over her head, with a most majestic wave of her arm. Not being able to see all that she wished of the stranger, she used to turn and gaze at him, or her, till out of sight.

They were good people, these two wonders of my childish days—good church people. It was in church I used to watch Aunt Becky. She had a peaceful face. Evidently she and the Lord understood each other, and she had long since grown reconciled to His will.

Aunt Susy went to the other church, but sometimes I used to see her there. When half way up the aisle, she would turn, with an elevation of that veil, and gaze on any new comer, evidently to ascertain who they were and to what family they belonged, and, with my childish egotism, I always thought she was gazing at me. Barege, that veil was. Do you remember the material? Not much like the gossamer ones we wear now.

IN YARMOUTH

By JOSHUA F. CROWELL

I know a wood in Yarmouth,
  Beyond the quaint old town;
I scramble up a pine-clad hill
  And then stand looking down
Upon a leafy-mantled pond,
  With lilies for its crown.

I know a wood in Yarmouth
  Where oaks and cedars meet;
Within are cooling shadows,
  And moss for weary feet;
Where honeysuckle overloads
  The slumbering swamp with sweet.

I know a wood in Yarmouth
  Where pink Mayflowers grow,
And for the fall, the trees with gold,
  Cerise, and crimson glow;
Most wonderful when winter
  Transforms the pines with snow.

Lieut. Samuel B. Corr, former business manager of "Cape Cod," is attached to the 301st regiment, "Boston's Own," at Camp Devens, Ayer. Lieut. Corr is in Co. G.

Secret of Cape Cod Sand

By LUCY E. TREAT

When King Aeolus looses the winds from their cave, nowhere do they find a better playground than on the shifting dunes and beaches of Cape Cod and no better play-mate than old ocean. Anyone who has in winter felt the cutting sand on his face as it drives across the hills, or listened to the mighty billows crashing on the Peaked Hill Bars, knows the ungirded power of these elements in changing the topography of the beaches and dunes. The shifting sands have hidden many secrets, have revealed many others to the light and knowledge of man. Few people realize today that under the shifting sands of the beach at Peaked Hill, Provincetown these forces of nature have buried, unburied and reburied a most historic wreck, the British frigate, Somerset, of Revolutionary fame.

In the year 1746 the Somerset was launched from the dock-yards at Chatham, England. Built of the strongest of live oak, manned with nearly five hundred men and equipped with three score guns, the Somerset was for many years a valiant craft in the English Home Guard Service. We first hear of her in American waters on the night of Paul Revere's ride when according to Longfellow:

> "As the moon rose over the bay
> Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
> The Somerset, British man-of-war."

Without doubt it was her guns that helped storm the heights of Bunker Hill and under her cover the Red Coats landed.

For a few years after, the Somerset was busy destroying American commerce along the unprotected coasts, especially Cape Cod. The thrifty people of Provincetown cordially hated these English sailors because of the frequent raids on poultry, eggs and other provisions. When, after some months of petty raiding the Somerset was sent to the more serious task of hunting the French fleet no loyal man of Provincetown was sorry to see the frigate weigh anchor and sail out of the harbor. Little thought these people how soon and under what circumstances the Somerset would be seen on their shores.

About two years later in 1778, on a dull, gray November day, when the clouds hung low in a threatening sky, when the sea thundered incessantly on the Peaked Hill Bars, came the rumor that an English fleet was rounding the Cape in pursuit of the French. The people rushed to the High Pole Hill whence they could see the pursuing fleet on the back side of the Cape. Among them they could distinguish the Somerset on the shore side nearest the bars, making a valiant effort to round the Cape and reach Boston. Blacker grew the sky, higher and ever higher dashed the breakers, more violently raged the wind. The Somerset, carrying full sail, caught in the incoming current of the tide, was swept nearer and nearer those treacherous bars until like a play-thing in the crushing grasp of the sea this English war-ship was tossed ruthlessly on the shoals, where for many hours she lay at the mercy of the breaking billows. No hardy life-savers then lessened the toll of human life and the watchers on the hill were powerless to render aid. At last, the high tide carried her with broken spars and rent canvas over the bars and landed her high on the beach, a shattered fragment of her former proud structure. After the surviving sailors were taken prisoners and marched to Boston and the arms and ammunition sent to the Continental Army, the local wreckers took their turn. Many a Provincetown fireplace glowed with the mighty red timbers of her deck, many an English musket dug from the sand adorned the chimney corner. A mere ghost of a ship she lay on the beach where after a time the kindly sands buried her deep, away from plundering hands.

Here the Revolutionary ship rested undisturbed for a century, the sands piled high above her. Then after a winter when nature had been unusually busy covering old trails carving new hollows; here covering, there exhuming, the sands were swept away from the Somerset and the ravaged wreck once more exposed.

This time a new army of wreckers took the trail to Peaked Hill Beach, through Dead Man's Hollow where some of the Somerset's crew had been laid to rest a century before. Here came the relic hunters, the tourists hunting a souvenir and for many days her timbers were being dug out by the townspeople. No warmer fire could be found than that in which the Somerset's beams glowed brightly.

For a short time the pillaging of the old wreck continued: then once more the shifting sands took pity and covered the few remaining bones of the old craft. Today what little remains of the British man-of-war of '76 sleeps beneath the thick yellow blanket, which covers not only the ribs of vessels, but the bones of many mariners who have been the prey of the relentless breakers of Peaked Hill Bars.

THE BOSTON ELMS

Years and years ago a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, from the elbow of Cape Cod, crossed Beacon street into the Common. He noticed that the great elm trees were dropping their seeds, and he gathered up a handful. When he went back to his old home on the south road out of Orleans, he made a bed of good soil and planted these little memorials of Boston and its Common. Two or three years later he set out the saplings on both sides of the road and in his yard and along his driveway. Today even the scurrying automobilist, as he sweeps down the hill into that elm-arched hollow and sees the ancient house guarded by the noble trees, is struck with admiration at the beauty of the spot. In the fact thus told there lies a bigger truth—for those who like to think that the sentiments and uses that have given the Common its perpetual place in Boston's affection have been carried far and wide, like those living seeds, to strike root, and rise in beauty, the whole country over.

THE TINKER'S SON

(Continued from page 13)

And down, the sun, shot one straight, shriveling ray
That burned into his brain incessantly;
But death came not to set his spirit free.
And then a ship burst on his fevered sight—
A silhouette as black as ebon night.
Against the blood-red of the circling sky,
And, spectre-like, went gliding quickly by
And gave no sign of life upon her deck
To show that she was but a drifting wreck.
And then a shout broke on the heavy air
From some far depth of space, it seemed, to bear
Him welcome to the realms of endless woe,
And in him molten torture, to and fro,
Went surging through his vitals till his brain
No longer took the record of his pain.

"Quite dead in every outward sign was he
When sailors from the Chinese junk, Sin Lee,
Bore him aboard their pirate ship, and there
With curious watchfulness, they gave him care
That soon put life into his stiffened clay.
But madness in his brain held fickle sway:
Sometimes a child in speech and act was he,
And then a raving maniac would be;
But ever, softened by his cruel plight,
The pirate crew, with smouldering sense of right,
Watched over him, and oft by brawn of arm,
Held him restrained from doing himself harm.
And, day by day, through mem'ry's vision dim,
His reason was again restored to him;
And then the pirate crew, with stupid awe,
Bowed down and worshiped and his word was law.

"They took him to their island rendesvous
And made him chief, his bidding but to do
In all things, daring even lurking death,
If so he seemed to will but with a breath.
Thus months rolled by and still he held his sway
By just command that kept unrest at bay,
And with a subtle tact he made them see
The moral wrong of lawless piracy.
Whenever they would ply their hellish trade,
Each planned departure was by him delayed
On some pretext of work to do ashore;
Where rank disorder had prevailed before,
There now was order, cleanliness and pride,
And Christian spirit reigned on every side.
Then he began to teach them Christian ways,
And all the band, within a score of days,
Bow'd down and worshiped at the Savior's feet—
The Tinker's son had made his work complete.

"The pirate band on Christian missions went
With him to guide them, being not content
With his good work among the pirate crew,

And into darkest China they withdrew
To carry light to people sore in need
Of some inspired soul to teach and lead
Them from their bondage of idolatry—
And so inspired with true zeal was he,
The tribes, that else had torn him limb from limb,
Were softened to bow down and follow him;
And so his fame spread far and wide until
Whole tribes were moulded to the Master's will.

"A year of exile in this land he spent
Ere thoughts of home filled him with discontent
And longings, midst his services for God,
To see again his birthplace on Cape Cod:
And, hope divine, that in this quiet town,
He might again be joined with Mary Brown—
If she be free to welcome him in life
And keep her troth to be his wedded wife.
And so he soon will be at Mary's door,
For he at last has reached his native shore."

Thus ending he bowed his hoary head,
As if in benediction, then he said:—
"I thank you, friend, for listening to one
Who knows so well the Tinker's hapless son."
He rose and bowed to Silas—said good night,
And down the street he soon was lost to sight.
Old Silas sat and stared with mouth agape,
His mind so dazed that speech he could not shape;
His limbs so numbed that move them he could not,
And wonder chained him helpless to the spot.
He would have questioned this strange man at length
But ere he gained his power of speech and strength
The mystic stranger was beyond his call.
Back to his cottage turned old Silas Small,
Filled with the wonder of the tale he'd heard,
And smoked his pipe to ashes ere a word
He spoke, and then he told his wife the tale
With many added turns that did not fail
To make the stranger and his story seem
Existing only in the realms of dream.
And Silas—when his wife had, laughing, said
If he would dream he'd better dream in bed—
Began to doubt if he had really heard
The mystic stranger speak a single word.

(To be continued)

THE men of Cape Cod, encamped at Ayer, a part of the National Army which is to demonstrate the value of democracy to the world, went away well equipped with comforts and essentials supplied by the work of the Special Aid societies and the Red Cross units. These two organizations are doing great work upon the Cape, as elsewhere.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

how very light, yet how remarkably warm a bed comfort can be, you should sleep under a
Laminated
MAISH COMFORT
Cotton Down

You will find it the softest, lightest, fluffiest, yet warmest bed comfort ever you slept under.

A bed comfort to be the best, must be thick to be warm, yet light to permit free, deep breathing. The Maish comfort is twice as thick and twice as warm, yet much lighter than an ordinary comfort. It is made of all pure cotton especially processed until it becomes the lightest, airiest filling imaginable!

In beautiful outside coverings—delicate hues or rich Persian colorings. Prices $6 50 and up—and they are well worth it.

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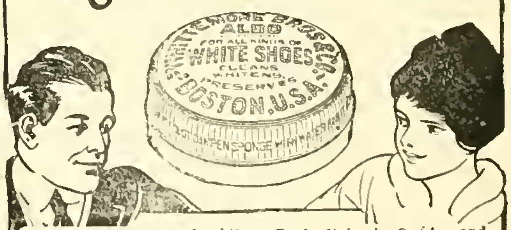

"ALBO" cleans and whitens **Buck, NuBuck, Suède, and Canvas Shoes.** In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) **quickly cleans and whitens** dirty **canvas** shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"DANDY" combination for cleaning and **polishing** all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. **"STAR"** size, 10c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that contains **oil.** Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. **"FRENCH GLOSS"**, 10c.

Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes

There is a Difference in Polishes

Letter from a Soldier Boy at Camp Devens

Dear Dad: I promised you I would write often and let you know how I am getting along and I will try to keep my word, but I am afraid I shall not have much time for long letters. I have been busy ever since I got here with the other Cape Cod boys last Friday and haven't had much time to think about being homesick or lonesome. Our first view of the camp was rather disappointing, it all looked so rough and incomplete; but the place is so big that but little of it can be seen at a time. We were assigned to the 302nd regiment, 160 Cape Cod boys in all.

Say, dad, don't worry about me. I shall be all right here, I guess. Of course it is different from what I have been accustomed to at home, but it will be good for me in the end I know. It will be a little hard to have to obey orders without arguing about it; you always let me do about as I wanted to. But here we've got to do what we are told to do—and do it right. It is pretty tough to have to get up at 5:45 in the morning and jump under a cold shower bath, but, gee, it makes a fellow feel good, too. You know how I used to fuss about breakfast sometimes, when it didn't suit me. Well, when I come home you won't find me fussing any more. Getting up so early, and the cold shower, and all, makes a fellow hungry and ready to eat most anything.

I ain't fussing about the grub, you understand. The grub is all right—for its kind, but gosh! the kind is different from anything I ever had before. I don't know just what to write you. There is so much that is new, so much that is interesting, so much that is strange, that it is impossible to tell you all about everything. You will have to come up here and see for yourself and then you will get an idea how I feel about it.

About the first thing I was taught was how to salute and how to stand and walk like a soldier. They are pretty fussy about the saluting business. It seems foolish to have to salute every time some little fresh officer passes by, but we have to do it whether we like it or not. There's one consolation about it—the officer has to return the salute—whether he likes to or not.

It's kinder funny to be a soldier and I won't feel like a real soldier until I get my uniform. I feel more like a tramp than a soldier in the clothes that I wore from home. My, you ought to see me. That old suit is so dusty you could plant potatoes in the seams—and raise a good crop, too. I am glad I wore my old clothes, though. Some of the chaps came here all dolled up with white shirts and collars and low shoes. Say, they look worse than I do now.

The other afternoon I had a little spare time and I watched Major Barlow giving the young officers bayonet practice. It made cold shivers run up and down my back, the way he talked. He is an old vet—and a regular fire eater: "Jab it in, jab it in,' he yells, "bout six inches is right. Give it a twist when you pull it back and then it will come out easier. Put some vim into it. Remember you are trying to kill a man. Grit your teeth and jab at him."

Say, it was pretty raw, but I suppose I will get used to thinking that we are learning to kill people. I don't hardly realize that this is all for the purpose of fighting and killing. We don't talk much about going to France to fight. I suppose that every one of us somehow thinks that the war will be over and we won't have to go. But it is easy to see that the officers mean to teach us the business and teach it right.

Say, dad, I felt pretty proud of Cape Cod the other morning. I was standing around and an officer yelled at me, "come here, you drafted man." Another officer heard him, a Cape Cod officer, he was, and he gave him a call-down that he won't forget for a long time. He told him that he didn't want to hear the word "drafted" mentioned in this camp again. He said we were all soldiers getting ready to fight for our country and he wanted us treated like men, not like dogs. That Cape Cod officer made a lot of friends right there. Most of the officers are pretty decent fellows, even if some of them do feel pretty big in their nifty clothes. I wish you had sent me to Plattsburg last spring so that I might be an officer, too. But mebbe I will be an officer, a sergeant or corporal anyhow.

There's lots of funny things around this camp. If a chap can see the funny side of things he will get along all right. It ain't no place for a grouch. The kickers are mighty unpopular, I tell you. The boys sing every chance they get and have a lot of new songs. We have a piano in our barracks and there are a lot of fellows that can play and sing. There is one fellow in my company that used to sing in the opera. It's funny how folks are mixed up here. You can't tell anything by the looks of a man what he was before he came here. One chap, who bunks near me, was a Harvard athlete and married a governor's daughter, and next to him is a barber that used to shave him at the Touraine. They are great chums, too. It's democratic here all right.

Oh! I forgot to tell you that I got shot the morning after I got here. A doctor came along and lined us all up and told us to turn up our shirt sleeves. Then he came down the line and gave each of us a jab with a sort of syringe. It smarted like fury and in a little while I began to feel sick all over and my arm began to swell. It was pretty bad for awhile but everybody is better now and laughing about it.

I am writing this at the Y. M. C. A. It's a great thing to have them here. They do lots for the soldiers and I don't know what we would do without them. We go there every time we have nothing else to do. We can read, or write, or play games, just as if we were at home. I guess you will think this is a funny sort of a letter and that I haven't said much about things in general here. But, dad, I want to tell you one thing and that is not to believe all the stories you hear about our not getting fed good or treated right.

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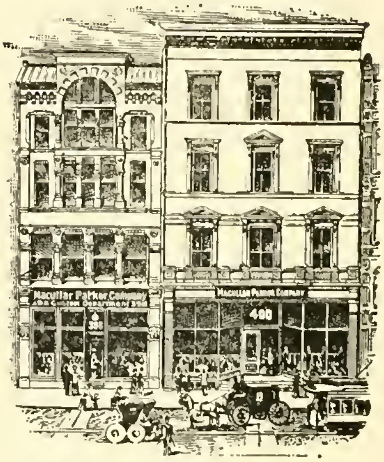
Makers and Retailers of

Clothing

For Men, Young Men, Boys



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Students can enter at any time

All students receive individual instruction. Send for our 1917 Catalogue

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Duff Bldg., New Bedford, Mass.

They ain't so. This is going to be a bully place after we get used to it. Of course some of the men growl and spin a lot of yarns when they write home, but if he's all right himself he will find everything else all right. The trouble is that a lot of the fellows don't seem to understand that we are not here for our health and to have a good time, but to learn to be soldiers so that we can lick the Germans; and we'll do it, too, believe me.

Now, dad, don't worry about me. I'm all right. I feel fine, eat fine and sleep fine and I don't have to worry about anything. It used to be an awful job at hime to think up things to do next—but that don't worry us here a bit. We have a fellow to tell us what to do and all we have to do is to do it.

Well, so long, dad. I will try to write a better letter next time.

Your son,

ROBERT.

P. S. Send me two pairs of socks and four handkerchiefs.

A MEMORABLE GALE

I wonder how many of the old people that are living today remember the great October gale of '41.

Seventy-six years ago October 3d the famous gale struck and lasted for three days. From two small towns alone sixty-four men were lost.

I know of only one living, Nathaniel Howes of Dennis, who not only remembers the gale but was on the schooner Paragon, fishing off Georges, then a boy of twelve.

Boys were men at twelve in those days and he tells me he was badly frightened, expecting every minute to be their last. The Captain, seeing the gale coming, kept her off before the wind and she rode it out, bringing up on Long Island.

But many of the Cape's men were less fortunate and Peaked Hill Bars, the slaughter house of the waters around Cape Cod, claimed them.—Subscriber.

Big Aches from Little ToeCorns grow
Are you suffering from foot troubles because your last shoes were bought to please the eye and not fit the foot? There are thousands who are fitting the foot and at the same time pleasing the eye by wearing the Jordan Hygienic Shoes. Write today for our Booklet G, on

"Fallen arch; its cause, effect and cure"

Walter F. Jordan Co.,
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FERGUSON
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A Home for the Travelling Man

A metropolitan hotel in the country, within whose hospitable portals there radiates a genial cheer which at the same time recognizes the right of others to the enjoyment of peace and quiet.

No Liquors Served Home Cooked Food
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Consultation Hours: Tuesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 12 a.m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Treatment by appointment.

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22 SCHOOL ST. BOSTON. MASS.

J. J. McKINNON
UPHOLSTERER
HYANNIS, MASS.
Mattress, Cushion, Shade and Drapery Work
Work Called for and Delivered

A German Victory

By HERNMAN WAGNER

ALONG the muddy roads towards Alsace-Lorraine, two good French horses patiently hauled a wagon loaded with provisions. Three Frenchmen accompanied the wagon. Their names were Jean, Camille, and Pierre. Although their uniforms were alike, their tempers were different. Jean swore like a trooper, and he swore because he wished to express his feelings for having lost his way. Camille laughed because Jean's cursing amused him. Pierre gazed silently and melancholyly into space, deeply absorbed in the remembrance of his last meal.

Camille suddenly ceased his laughter and, snatching his gun, said, "Look out! Over yonder is something suspicious."—And with this some horsemen came onto the scene. "Qu' est ce que c'est?" Camille cried, "Ils sont Allemande".

Whereupon Pierre sadly stopped smiling, and began to count the enemy. "One -two - three - four - five." The Germans advanced at full gallop, yelling like mad devils.

"What shall we do?" asked Camille.

"Shoot", replied Jean.

Jean was already shooting for all he was worth—and the other two guns chimed in.

"Good", was all Pierre said.

Jean volunteered after another volley of curses, "See, they come by the hundreds." This time Pierre could not count them; there were at least fifty.

The three Frenchmen were firing rapidly. But the sound of the rifles was drowned by the horrid yells of the Germans. First Jean fell, shot through the head; then Camille dropped, hit by several bullets. Pierre, the dreamer, was made prisoner.

* * * * *

The leader of the brave horde, a lieutenant, surrendered his prisoner to his captain and handed in his report.

The captain listened, smiled in a peculiar manner and said, "How many French, Lieutenant, did you say were killed?"

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Sawyer's Crystal BLUE
For the Laundry.

DOUBLE STRENGTH.
BEST AND GOES FARTHEST.

Makes white clothes whiter and colored fabrics brighter.

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88 BROAD ST., BOSTON.
Sold in 5c., 10c. & 15c. Bottles.

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THE BEST FOR 60 YEARS
FOR THE LAUNDRY

"URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have **Rheumatism** or **Neuritis**, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition, write today for my **FREE BOOK** on **"RHEUMATISM--Its Cause and Cure"**. Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp – it's ***Absolutely Free.***

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George W. Miles, Ph. B.
CHEMICAL EXPERT
88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
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Analyses made of all products.

IF IT'S LAUNDRY TRY
Robbins' Hand Laundry
KING ST., FALMOUTH, MASS.

“Two,’ replied the lieutenant.

“Two!” repeated the captain, blushing. “Oh, twenty, well yes! And how many prisoners?”

“One,” the lieutenant answered.

“How many?”

“One”, stammered the lieutenant. The captain looked stern and snarled at him,

“How many?”

Then the lieutenant grasped the situation and answered, “Ten”. The captain patted him on the shoulder, and said, “That's fine, Lieutenant, you are a brave man. I shall never forget your valor.”

The captain proceeded to report to the colonel.

The colonel was found at the village tavern, sipping his beer and dozing over the table.

“Colonel, I have to report that we have attacked a French battalion. The colonel raised his sleepy eyes and said, “How many dead?”

“Twenty.”

“Two hundred; the devil, you don't say How many prisoners?”

“Ten”.

“Hundred, you say? Why don't you say a thousand?”

“Any booty?”

“Ten wagons with provisions.”

The colonel struck the table, the glasses danced and the beer spilled. He yelled, “Why don't you speak plainer, captain? Fifty wagons did you say?”

With one gulp the remaining beer disappeared, and the colonel hurried out, “All right, I shall not fail to report your valor to the general.”

The colonel hastened to the general.

“Your Excellency, most agreeable news!”

The general, who was just listening to a comic story and enjoying some champagne, condescends to listen.

“Our soldiers have wiped out a big French battalion. The boys left behind two hundred dead and one hundred prisoners. We took fifty wagons filled with provisions.” The

More Live Poultry Wanted

Broilers, Roasters, Fowl, Ducks, Guineas, Etc., Eggs and Veal

Highest prices paid and we'll take all you can send. Daily cash returns; no commission taken off. We are the largest handlers of live poultry in New England.

Write for weekly price sheet, shipping tags and free directions for making model poultry shipping coops.

Paid up capital of $400,000. Reference: Fourth-Atlantic National Bank of Boston.

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An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.

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Silverware, Cut Glass, China and Novelties
Repairing
W. H. DENHAM, FALMOUTH, MASS.

FOR CAPE COD REAL ESTATE
See or
Write
THOMAS H. NICKERSON
HARWICH PORT

The Cape is a great place for reunions. Recently a former Cape Codder met another whom he had not seen for 50 years, although both had been residents of the same city for that length of time.

General applauded and shouted:

"Hurrah, Colonel, two thousand dead and one thousand prisoners and a hundred wagons full of provisions. That's great! I congratulate you, Colonel."

"Thank you, your Excellency."

"And in my report to Lodz, I shall recommend you for promotion. You deserve it. Adieu, Colonel."

The general at once wired to Lodz:

Great victory of Germans over French. Five thousand killed, as many prisoners and two hundred wagons with provisions taken.

Official Report

"Yesterday our troops gained a decisive victory over the French in Alsace-Lorraine. After a fierce battle the enemy retreated in wild disorder. The loss of the French killed is enormous. More than 10,000 were made prisoners. A great number of cannon and machine guns and not less than 300 provision wagons were captured. The bravery of our Germans proved itself in an extraordinary manner.

"Nearly all the officers received rewards and were promoted."

* * * * *

And the reports we receive are similar to these.

YE OLD PROVINCETOWN OF LONG AGO

"The houses are mostly one story in height, and with their out-buildings, stand along on the street, apparently without much of an effort at order or regularity. Interspersed among the houses and by the side of the street are seen the numerous flakes or frames on which the cod-fish are dried. These frames are about two or three feet in breadth and stand up from the ground about two feet, having sticks or slats laid across them, on which the fish are laid. The street is narrow, irregular, and has scarcely the appearance of being a carriage road. Upon stepping from the houses, the foot sinks in the sand, which is so light that it drifts about the houses, fences, etc., very similar to snow in a driving storm. Although near the ocean on every side, the inhabitants obtain good water by digging a moderate depth a few feet from the shore."—Barber's Historical Collection.

FLOWERS

Seeds, Plants,
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H. V. LAWRENCE
Falmouth, Mass.

CAPE COD
Home-Made Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Sweet Pickles and Marmalades.
Ellen F. Crocker
Barnstable, - Cape Cod, Mass.

A. M. BUSH & CO.
47 WILLIAM ST., NEW BEDFORD

The Oldest Practical Cleaners in the City

Clothes do not make the man,

But the man or woman who have their clothing cleaned pressed, repaired, altered, etc., by us, will make the other fellow sit up and take notice.

Say! If you could only walk down the street behind yourself, and see the spots and wrinkles In That Suit you would ring us up right away.

Bell-3790. Auto-1344. Over 32 years at 47 William St.

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Special Sunday Dinners
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S. A. PUTNAM
Portrait and Landscape Photographer
HYANNIS, MASS.
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS
Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.
Studio in Rear of First National Bank

"FOOD THRIFT" A CENTURY AGO

In the light of the present day agitation of food values and production, it is interesting to note the simple and yet abundant fare of the old days.

"The following, extracted from a description of Chatham, published in 1802, shows the 'bill of fare" of the inhabitants of that period. 'Food can so easily be procured, either on the shores or in the sea, that with the profit which arises from their voyages, in which it must be confessed they labor very hard, the people are enabled to cover their tables well with provisions. A breakfast among the inhabitants, and even among those who are called the poorest, for there are none which may be called really poor, consists of tea or coffee, brown bread, generally with butter, sometimes without, and salt or fresh fish, fried or boiled. A dinner affords one or more of the following dishes: roots and herbs; salted beef or pork boiled; fresh butcher's meat not more than twelve times a year; wild fowl frequently in the autumn and winter; fresh fish boiled or fried with pork; shell-fish, salt fish boiled; Indian pudding; pork baked with beans. Tea or coffee frequently constitutes part of the dinner. A supper consists of tea or coffee, and fish as for breakfast; cheese, cakes made of flour, ginger bread, and pies of several sorts. This bill of fare will serve with little variation, for all the fishing towns in the county. In many families there is no difference between the breakfast and supper, cheese, cakes, and pies being common at the one as at the other."—Barber's Historical Collection.

Six new islands have been added to the world map by the Crocker Arctic expedition, headed by Donald MacMillan, who is accompanied by Job Small, both of Provincetown.

The fact that you are reading this proves that others will do so, too. Get the idea?

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is absolutely essential
when you buy
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All pictures are clean, instructive and entertaining
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Show this Magazine to a friend.

Classified Advertisement Department

Advertisements under this head cost only 2 cents a word for each insertion. They are cheap and effective. Cash payment should accompany order. Why not give it a trial?

WANTED

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—This magazine wants a representative in every town on the Cape, to solicit subscriptions, collect on renewals and look after sales. It is a good chance for a live young man or woman to utilize spare time to good advantage. Exclusive rights given. If interested, write at once to Cape Cod Pub. Co., Wareham.

Highest price paid for old junk. Drop me a card and I will call. L. D. Hamblin, P. O. Box 72, Sandwich.

INSURANCE

INSURANCE is as necessary on Cape Cod as anywhere else. Place your insurance of every description—fire, life, automobile, yacht, accident, etc.—with Hollis Burgess, Agent for every line of insurance, 15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone Main 23.

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AN ESTATE in Cataumet, Mass., consisting of large, eight-room house, two stories, steam heat, with stable and garage; also building suitable for servants' quarters. Good orchard in bearing; apple, pear, plum and mulberry trees. About 12 acres of land, extending from County road to shore. Apply for price and terms to H. D. Handy, M. D., Harwich, Mass.

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INSURE your automobile with Hollis Burgess, agent for insurance of every description—fire, marine, accident, life, liability, etc.—15 Exchange Street, Boston. Telephone, Main 23.

STAMPS, COINS, ETC.

YE OLD RESIDENTS—I want your old coins, stamps, paper money, 100 gold dollars wanted; premium list, quoting prices, paid 10 cents. F. R. Kimball, Room 124, 18 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

IF YOU are reading this, it is a proof that classified ads attract attention of readers. Why not try one next month, if you have a "want" which our 10,000 readers can fill?

JULIAN'S BAIT for everything wearing fins, in both fresh and salt waters. The only prize winning Liquid Lure in the world, and the best bait for fishing since fishing first began, whether casting, trolling or still fishing. Price, one dollar per bottle. George W. Julian, 89 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

Barn, Boat or Buggy—

or *any* old thing can be made 'most new with Bay State Paints.

BAY STATE

These paints are made in *this* State. Made in the practical, thorough way characteristic of *this* State. All kinds of paints for all purposes.

Good colors and color combinations for your house, barn and outhouses. Paints for particular purposes from the coating and waterproofing of concrete to the enameling of chairs. It's *all* paint that preserves and beautifies.

Stop in and see any one of our dealers listed below. If you want to paint anything, they'll tell you what's best and how much you'll need.

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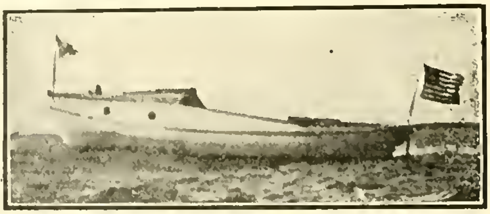


CAPE COD POWER DORY CO.

BOAT BUILDERS

WAREHAM, - MASSACHUSETTS

A CAPE COD EXCHANGE

This department is intended to give facilities for exchange and sale to our readers at a low cost. Copy should be received by the 15th of the month and should be sent to THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO., Wareham, Mass.

ORCHESTRA

IF you desire music for Concert, Dance, or any occasion, phone Orleans, 14-5, or drop a postal to Chas. H. Fenn, Orleans, for terms. Fenn's Orchestra.

Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. III November, 1917 No. 7

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

From the Publisher's Desk

MAKING GOOD AT HOME

WHEN we think of the opportunities lying all about us waiting for some one to take advantage of, we cannot help but think what our forefathers accomplished and how little they had to do with in comparison to us of the present day. When Cape Cod was settled by the Pilgrims there was little to start with but a soil of rather a poor sort. Out of this they wrenched the capital that went far toward establishing the present prosperity of the locality. In spite of their handicaps these pioneers fought it out with such fine spirit that there are men today who sigh because they were not living then instead of now. They won a comfortable living, as did their sons, and their grandsons after them. They did this because of the pioneer spirit back of them—a spirit which a nation allows to die at its peril.

The spirit is not dead, it is not even sleeping. There isn't a man here today, who though he isn't worth his salt here, wouldn't buck up if the pioneer spirit were revived. Place him upon a western prairie, in a city store, in any different environment and he immediately proceeds to make good. It isn't because opportunities are lacking upon his native soil that he has to be transplanted in order to grow, but because his vision is short and he overlooks the things under his nose. The pioneer spirit is in every immigrant that lands upon these shores. In the countries where they came from they may have been a shiftless lot. If they had remained there they would have probably plugged along in the same beggarly rut. When they come over here they are aroused by the pioneer spirit. Their work is done, not ploddingly like uninspired natives, but with a romantic fervor that makes them drive forward everlastingly toward a cherished goal.

Every foreigner that settles down beside a native issues a challenge to the native-born to either get to work or get out. If anyone wants to see proof of this let him travel through the Cape and see the foreign settlements and notice the difference between them and their native neighbors. In almost every instance the houses these people occupy have been reclaimed from dilapidation and made neat and self-respecting. This has not taken place all at once. The foreigner at first lives any way he can, but as his labor begins to bear fruit, as he catches the spirit of freedom and equality he begins to emulate the more thrifty class of natives and to look down upon the shiftless and lazy.

There is many a man of pure Cape Cod, anglo-saxon blood looking with contempt upon some dark skinned "foreigner" who should envy him instead of despising him.

We, as descendents of the people who founded the nation have a certain responsibility of blood. We are still the backbone of our community, but this inheritance doesn't amount to much unless we live up to it. Other peoples are coming in and if we don't look out they will shoulder us out of their way in their progress upward.

We are all for the good of the native Cape Codder. We believe in him for what there is in him. He is by nature shrewd, honest and industrious, and if he lets other less fortunately born people step in and take from him the possibilities that are his it is because he is too much bound up by precedent and has lost something of his natural adventurous spirit by too contracted a horizon.

There are two things which are necessary for the advancement of any community—competition and co-operation. The competition is in the individual striving to be more efficient than his neighbor, and the co-operation is in the aid that each renders the other. Where co-operation is absent, strife and jealousy creeps in and retards progress and where there is no competition there is little incentive.

We do not believe that Cape Cod has yet been developed to its utmost capacity and are anxious that what pioneer work still remains to be done shall be done by the descendents of those other pioneers of years ago rather than the descendents of the tribes of Israel or the dark skinned sons of Afric isles. We should not be too proud to compete nor too blind to see that if we are to keep Cape Cod for Cape Codders we must be up and stirring and not remain lethargic until we are shouldered off our own territory.

Instead of showing jealousy of those who come here from other parts and make good we should follow their example, set our wits against theirs, and serve notice upon them that if they are going to maintain their hold upon our soil they will be allowed to do so only by proving that they are better fitted for it than we are.

When our boys come marching back from victorious war we believe that they will come back embued with the fighting spirit of their ancestors, that they will show a revival of the pioneer spirit and have a greater appreciation of their own native sod and be prepared to put up a fight to retain its possession. One often has to go away from home to appreciate its opportunities and virtues and the rubbing of elbows with men of other localities often sharpens up the wits and brings out the progressive spirit in their blood.

West Yarmouth

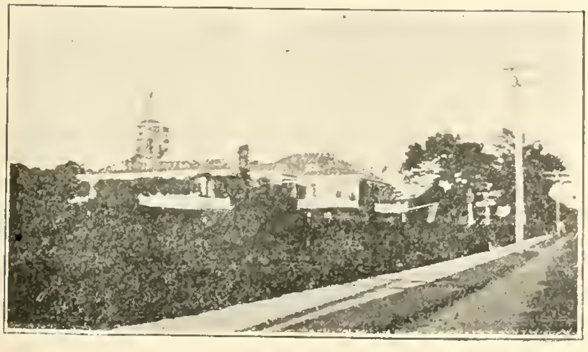
By NELLIE GERTRUDE STONE

The town of Yarmouth, of which this village is a part, is the central one of the three Cape towns that extend from Massachusetts Bay on the north to Nantucket Sound on the south.

There are four villages besides the centre, and the one of our sketch occupies the southwest corner, adjoining Hyannis, the so-called "Hub of the Cape," from which it is three miles distant. A fine state road passes through to South Yarmouth, over which the teams and automobiles of pleasure seekers are constantly passing.

As one enters the village from Hyannis, the first building to attract attention is the Mill Hill Pavilion, erected this season at a cost of several thousand dollars. Here, every evening, one can find entertainment; dancing usually for those who enjoy it, with an occasional concert with artists from abroad for the music lovers.

Further along is the Chase house, the oldest in this vicinity, while opposite is the Cape Cod Laundry, housed in what was the old barn, and doing a thriving business in the summer season. Then, in turn, come the post office and Congregational church, and the school house, which also contains Library Hall where social gatherings are held.



MO KAS OKLA

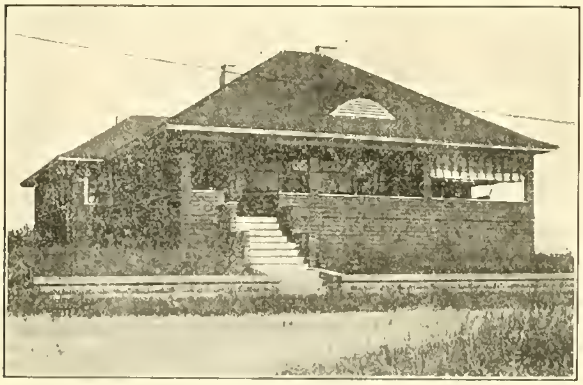
Like most Cape towns, West Yarmouth has one main street, and the most notable building thereon is the summer residence built by the late F. A. Abell, and now owned by W. N. Robinson of Kansas City, who has christened it "Mo Kas Okla," the name suggesting the home states of the owner and his friends who spend the summer here.

Across the road, in a large field, is the famous "Oldest Windmill on Cape Cod." The mill was once used for grinding corn and is still in a fair state of preservation. The exterior, being ivy-clad, presents a very picturesque appearance. Although not in use, the arms still move when not chained, and it is a unique sight to see them turning.

ENGLEMERE

Half a mile from the main street is Englewood beach, one of the three summer resorts where cottages and bungalows have been erected. The first of these, "Breezy Cote," was built by the late Simeon Lewis in 1894. With far-sighted vision he planted the grounds with beautiful trees suited to the soil and they are now in a fine state of cultivation. The place is also famous for its lily pond where gold fish disport themselves as happily as in their native climes. The motto of the house, hung over the stone chimney, gives the guest this pleasant thought, "Good friend, around these hearthstones speak no evil word of any creature."

This beach has been settled by wealthy people from Boston and vicinity, New York, Philadelphia and other parts of the country. Some of the cottages have such unique names as "Sans Souci," "Idlewild," "Englemere," etc. The beach has a nice hotel, and a fine club house at the water's edge. The club members have kindly allowed the Englewood Beach Red Cross circle to hold its weekly meetings there this season, the spacious rooms being well adapted to the work of the society.



SAN SOUCI

A little beyond the historic windmill is the home of Captain Richard Sears, one of the oldest inhabitants. Mr. Sears followed the sea for many years, encircling the globe and visiting foreign countries in his voyages. Since leaving the sea he has served the village as postmaster for several years, resigning the position two years ago on account of ill health.

The next building to claim attention on Main street is the Christian Science chapel, a dainty little structure built and maintained by the summer people of that faith in this vicinity.

Still further along one comes to the road leading to Aberdeen Hall, on Great Island, where more summer residents are located. The island is about four miles long by two wide. It used to be entirely separated from the main land at high tide, but now the road has been raised and a bridge built, so that it can be reached at any hour. The land rises gradually toward the centre where it is heavily wooded with pines. The hotel here is one of the finest on the Cape. There are many bungalows, and near the point is an old lighthouse which is a relic of Revolutionary times. The beach here is very rocky and is at the foot of a high cliff.

On the road to the Island is to be seen "Creltholme," the home of Mr. Joshua F. Crowell, the well-known writer of children's stories. This is the old homestead and it has been in the family for nine generations. Mr. Crowell has greatly improved the grounds, importing some two thousand trees from France for that purpose. He has a small greenhouse and with its help, the grounds are made still more beautiful in summer with flowers that delight with their color and fragrance, the roses being especially lovely.

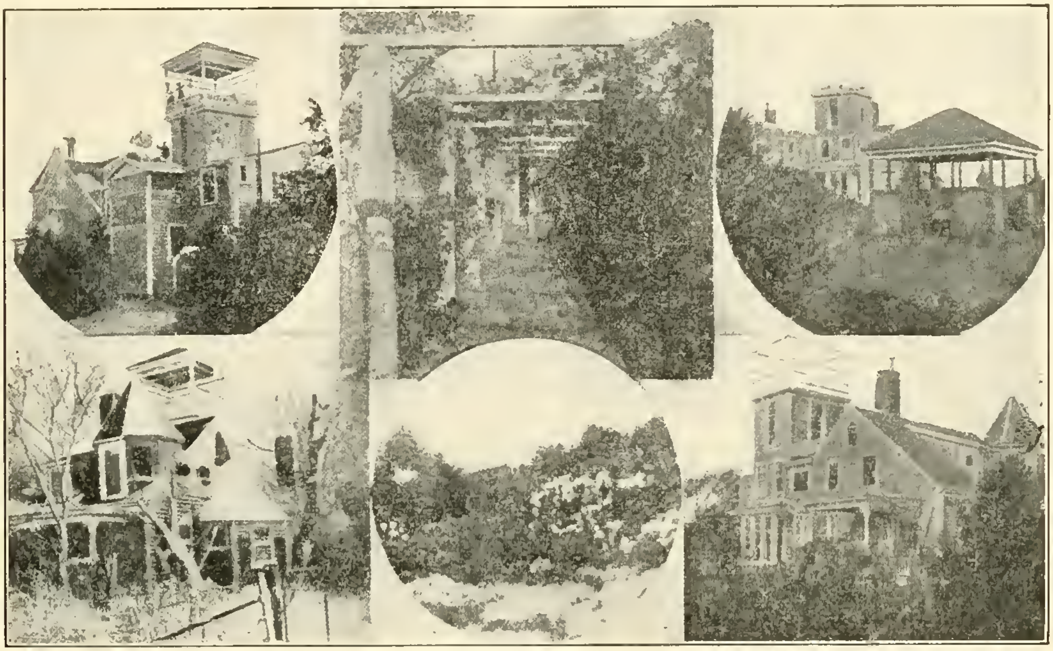
The house has also been modernized. From the living room one ascends to the music room, for the owner, besides being an author, is also a skilled musician, a piano and a built-in organ testifying to his love of the art.

Here, beside an antique oil portrait, is found the quaint rhyme on wood, which gives character and distinction to the room and place:

"Creltholme.

He who would build a house that all may see,
In Truth should dig the deep foundation ways;
Should lay the corner-stone of Love, and raise
The walls of Steadfastness; there tenderly
Bedeck the halls with Song and Poesy,
And keep Contentment on the hearth ablaze;
The windows of Hope, the ascending gables Praise,
And over all the roof of Charity.
Then let the tempest's rage the flames consume,
Time's self were impotent to seal the doom
Of such a house where wanderers may find
Blazoned in gold above the welcoming portal:
'Who enters here leaves hopelessness behind,
The true home is the heart, and hence immortal.'"

On a south corner is a square tower from which there is a fine view of the water. Originally it had a pointed roof, but one windy night Old Boreas deposited it on the ground where it now serves as a summer house.



CRELTHOLME

The third beach bears the original Indian name of Mattakeeset. For several years there were but three houses, built near the woods, which were a favorite resort for picnic parties; but in the summer of 1916, the town granted lots to various applicants and now there are about a dozen small cottages. The nine miles of beach in the village, including Great Island, slant gradually seaward, making them safe for bathing; there is no undertow and though seaweed grows to some extent, it does not interfere much when the tide is high.

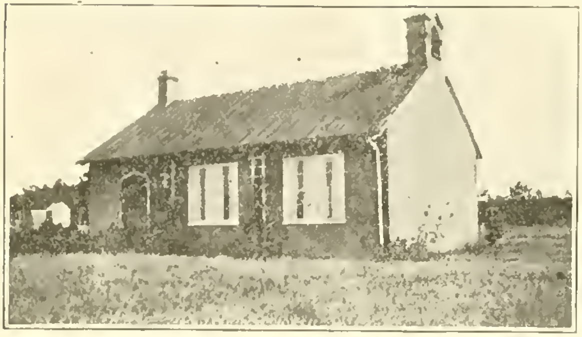
Mattakeeset beach is at the mouth of Parker's River, a tide stream of the letter S variety, extending back some two or three miles to Seine pond. Eels and oysters can be taken here, and the bridge and vicinity is a famous place for crabs. In the season it is a not uncommon sight to see several autos stationed by the roadside while their occupants lure the toothsome delicacy.

On either side of the bridge are two of the oldest houses in this section. The one on the East side is now unoccupied. The other is owned by Mrs. Irene A. Taylor, who spends the summer there. Here may be seen the low-ceilinged rooms, with the heavy square beams overhead; the fireplace, still in use; the antique furnishings and curios brought from abroad.

The owner is a well-preserved little woman, more than "eighty years young", who still retains an active interest in life. She is the mother of eight children, of whom all but the oldest are living. The family has the dis-

TAYLOR HOME

tinction of having two pairs of twins in its number.



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHAPEL

Any sketch of a Cape Cod town would be incomplete without a reference to the cranberry bogs, and beach plums, and West Yarmouth furnishes its share of the luscious fruits. In June and July the bogs are especially lovely with the swamp pinks and orchids that grow in profusion, while they and the roadsides are brilliant with the wild roses that make them "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Leominster, Mass.

PILGRIM HISTORY

We give herewith some important dates in Pilgrim History before the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth.

The dates of events enumerated have been changed from old to the new style calendar by the addition of ten days.

Sept. 16, 1620. Sailed from Plymouth, Eng. Oceanus Hopkins, son of Stephen and Elizabeth Hopkins, born on the voyage.

Nov. 16. William Button died on passage.

Nov. 19. Saw Cape Cod.

Nov. 21. Anchored in Provincetown harbor, signed compact, and went ashore. Carver confirmed as Governor at Provincetown.

Nov. 23. Unshipped the shallop and went on shore to wash.

Nov. 25. Started on first expedition inland, camped at Stout's Creek.

Nov. 26. Found the Truro Springs; made fire; went to Pond Village, Pamet River, and Cornhill; dug up the corn, etc.; and went back to Pond Village for the night.

Nov. 27. Sunk the kettle in the pond and went back to ship.

Dec. 7. Large exploring party started in the shallop and got to East Harbor Creek.

Dec. 8. Went on to Pamet River and inland from it.

Dec. 9. Revisited Cornhill, and Master Jones and a part returned.

Dec. 10. Found the wigwams, graves, etc., and got back that night and found Peregrine White had been born in their absence.

Dec. 10. Peregrine White born at Provincetown.

Dec. 14. Edward Thompson, in employ of William White, died at Provincetown.

Dec. 15. Francis Billington nearly blows up the Mayflower.

Dec. 16. The third exploring party started in the shallop and got as far as Eastham. Jasper Moore died at Provincetown.

Dec. 17. Explored up toward Wellfleet Bay, and inland, and slept at Great Meadow Creek. Dorothy May Bradford drowned at Provincetown.

Dec. 18. First encounter with the Indians; then coasted around and ran in under the lee of Clark's Island, in Plymouth Harbor, in a north-easter, in the evening. James Chilton died at Provincetown.

Dec. 10. Staid on the island probably refitting their broken masts, etc.

Dec. 20. Kept the Sabbath on Clark's Island.

Dec. 21. Forefather's Day. Landed on the rock and explored the coast.

Dec. 22. Started back for the Mayflower and probably reached her.

Dec. 25. Weighed anchor for Plymouth, but could not fetch the harbor, and were obliged to put back toward Cape Cod.

Dec. 26. Mayflower arrived at Plymouth.

Send us a dollar and we will send this magazine for a year, to any address. A more appropriate gift would be hard to secure.

Letters from a Soldier Boy at Camp Devens

Dear Dad:—

Little did you think that you would "raise your boy to be a soldier", but queer things are happening in these times and the best of calculations are likely to be upset if the war keeps on. The other morning, after breakfast, the company was lined up and the captain made us a speech. He talked a lot about patriotism and wound up by asking for volunteers to go to France with another regiment at once. Four fellows stepped out and got a cheer from the others, but I tell you, there wasn't any stampede. You see, we all expect to go sooner or later, but we don't feel that we are really seasoned soldiers yet and had rather get a little more training on this side of the water. There are always some fellows who are ready for any change and don't seem to care where they go, but the most of us want to feel a little more sure of ourselves before we tackle any Huns. Why, we haven't even got any guns yet. We are doing our manual of arms with sticks that we cut in the woods. They would be nice weapons to try to lick the Germans with, wouldn't they?

After we have gotten our guns and know how to handle them, and after we have had some lessons in trench digging, bomb throwing and bayonet fencing we won't feel so defenseless, and if they want us to go to France then—why, we'll go, that's all.

Some fellows seem to think that because they have a uniform and a mess kit they're regular soldiers and can lick the world, but a bunch of them got mixed up with some Ayer townies the other night and they don't feel like fighting so much as they did. The things the townies did to them was a caution, but of course there were more of them than there were of the soldier boys—about three to one, I guess. Our captain has made us stay in camp nights and the rest of us feel rather sore to think that we should be punished just because a few rookies started a rough house and got licked.

Our captain is all right, at that. He talks to us like a Dutch uncle, sometimes, but he has a way of grinning when he thinks we don't see him and it kinder takes the edge off his scolding. We've got a top sergeant though, that's a humdinger of a grouch. He calls us bums and says we are the worst bunch of soldiers he ever tried to drill, but I guess he never had so much experience as he tries to make out. I heard him telling a lieutenant the other day, that he had taught us all he knew and that now we "don't know nothin'."

How's the weather down on good old Cape Cod? Gee, the quail season is open and I'd like to get out with my shot gun and old Tink and go tramping off over the fields after birds. The salt air would smell good to me, you bet. It's pretty tough on a boy that's been brought up near the shore to have to stay in a place like this where there ain't no water—leastwise no salt water. Oh, well, those old Germans have pretty much upset things for all of us and the sooner we lick 'em the sooner it will be over and we'll be back.

I don't know as I have much to complain of at that. The eats are getting better all the time and even if we don't have feather beds to sleep on and pie to eat for breakfast, we are pretty well treated after all. Somehow I never felt better in my life. I don't put my hands in my pockets any more and stand up straighter. You know mother was always getting after me for slouching so, well, she ought to be satisfied with me now. You bet I keep my head in the air these days.

I suppose you would like to hear about the other boys from home, and there's lots of things I could write about them that would make you laugh, but it wouldn't be fair, I guess. There are some homesick ones in the

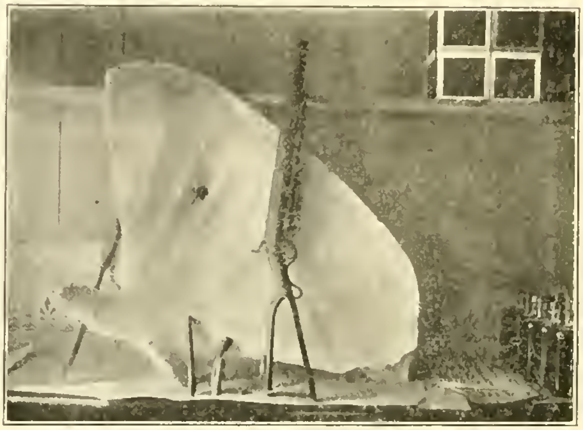
Cape bunch, but most of them have gotten over that now and are just eating up the work. We hike about a dozen miles every day, and 'tween times we have calisthenics to keep us from getting stiff; some of us are told off to do kitchen police every day. Tell mother that means washing dishes and scrubbing floors. They are great on keeping clean here; everything has to shine or you get a bawling out by the sergeant.

Say, that barrel of clams the folks sent up from home gave us a great feed. Johnson, who knows how to bake clams, wouldn't let the company cook touch them. He bossed the job and we had a regular Cape Cod clambake Sunday. And that barrel of cranberries just fitted in right, too. It's mighty good of you folks down home to send us so many good things. When we stop to think of it we feel pretty proud that we are going to fight for you and keep you safe. Of course some of us didn't want to come and made a lot of excuses to the exemption board and we feel a little ashamed of it now. Somehow when we look around and see so many thousands of young fellows all working hard to fit themselves to fight old Kaiser Bill and his gang it kinder stiffens us up and makes us think pretty well of ourselves. 'Tain't so much fun as loafing around Jim Thacher's grocery store like we used to, but I guess it's better for us.

I'd like to see you and mother and sister, Mary, and mebby I will surprise you some day soon. Lots of the fellows get leave to go home most every week, but I am waiting until I can get two or three days all at once. Some night when you are sitting on the baggage truck at the depot you will see a soldier in a big brown overcoat step off the train and you want to look close because it's likely to be me, and you'll feel bad if you don't recognize your own son. I probably shan't let you know when I am coming 'cause I don't want you to get the band out, or anything like that. I just want to step off the train and stick out my hand and say, "hello, everybody! how's things in the old burg?" And then I just want to walk right in and surprise mother and sister and sit right down to a regular supper such as I used to have before I went away.

Yours, etc.,

BOB.



INTERESTING EXHIBIT

The picture shown above is that of a shoulderblade of a whale which was pierced by a shot from the bomb gun shown beside it. It is a part of a collection made by Capt. David Stull of Provincetown.

THE GREAT GALE OF '41

Capt A. B. Crocker of South Hyannis writes that he remembers the great gale of 1841 very well. He was nine years old. Capt. Nathaniel Howes of Dennis speaks of his being on the schooner Paragon and being badly frightened. The schooner Bride of Dennis, from the fishing grounds, was running in for Provincetown. She struck off Cape Cod and rolled over on the beach and the whole crew were found next morning locked in the cabin. Many vessels hailing from the Cape towns were out, but rode out the gale and no lives were lost. Other vessels were not so fortunate, as six were lost and sixty-four men drowned, the greatest loss that ever occurred on the Cape. A monument to the drowned men can be seen in one of the Truro church yards.

Cape Cod Adopts Farm Tractors
to Solve "H. C. L." Problems

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

An experiment is being conducted on Cape Cod which may result in reducing the high cost of potatoes—at least on the Cape. Reclamation of thousands of acres of lands that were formerly termed as "waste land" is now being successfully brought about by the use of modern farm tractors. Great interest is being manifested among Cape Cod people in the work which a few of the big machines is doing. Hundreds of acres of wild lands near Barnstable have already been cleared up and prepared by this method, for vegetable gardens, and the work is progressing rapidly. Potatoes have been grown with success.

One of the largest farms east of the Mississippi river and south of the Ohio, under one management, is located right on the Cape, near Falmouth, and is owned by the Coonemessett Ranch Company of Hatchville; it consists of approximately 11,000 acres.

When F. A. Bill and J. Daniel, of Marstons Mills, purchased farm tractors in 1915, their neighbors and the Cape farmers in general looked upon the venture and the big machines with some suspicion, believing they would not amount to much, as the Cape land is composed mostly of "scrub oaks" and small pines, and farm tractors had not been used before. The machines were used on old fields, and scrub oaks, small pines and huckleberry, bayberry and laurel bushes were torn up by the roots and then the land turned over into as neat furrows as you see in Illinois or Ohio.

Cape Cod has hundreds of thousands of acres of "scrub oak" land which has been lying idle for many centuries. But if many more powerful farm tractors come into use on the Cape, such land is destined to become a thing of the past.

One tract of about 650 acres has already been cleared up by "Bill" and "Dan," as their neighbors call them, near their homes in the town of Barnstable. Potatoes have been grown here with both profit and success, the crop for the year 1915 averaging 350 bushels per acre. The soil here, like that of other parts of the Cape, is rather light and sandy. The system of reclamation has been: raise a crop of oats, rye or some such crop on this "raw" land, followed by potatoes on fertilizer, then a green corn plowed under, and finally another crop of potatoes. Alfalfa, asparagus, early vegetables and orchard fruits will later be tried out, according to present plans.

The chief trouble with the Cape Cod land, as most everybody knows, is that the soil is rather light and sandy, and does not hold moisture, making it difficult to raise a good crop without the use of considerable commercial fertilizer.

"Bill" and "Dan" bought the first farm tractor ever sold on the Cape, two years ago, the year in which these small farm machines were first put on the market in New England. The Barnstable farmers' tractors (for "Bill" and "Dan" are in the business together) pull two 14-inch plows, turning a furrow 30 inches wide and eight inches deep, working one-half acre per hour, and also do other work in proportion, including any belt work up to 16 horse power.

Last year saw much larger propositions started. Dr. Lombard purchased 1300 acres which was formerly a "sheep ranch," in Sandwich. He has worked it with a 45 horse-power tractor of the "caterpillar" type, such as are used for "tanks" in France. Dr. Lombard is raising draft horses on his ranch. At Osterville a 45 h. p. "caterpillar" is being used in clearing land for an 18-hole golf course.

Z. H. Jenkins, of Barnstable, has recently bought a small tractor and is clearing up a dairy farm. "Bay End Farm" at Buzzards Bay, is another farm with a heavy tractor in its equipment.

These propositions cover a new and practically unknown side of New England agriculture, according to F. A. Bill. "There is no question whatever about the possibility of these machines doing the work in 'scrub oak' or other brush land," states Mr. Bill. "The vital point," he says, "is to select land which will be desirable after it has been cleared, and not all Cape 'scrub oak' land could be used with success."

Cape Cod, today, offers excellent chances for market gardening. This is really the chief industry, not considering, of course, the cranberry industry and the entertaining of summer visitors. The markets are near, and besides, a great quantity of the produce raised is sold in the towns in which it is grown. Land on which scrub oak trees grow is fit for corn, potatoes, turnips, barley and other such stuff, while orchard fruits such as peaches, cherries, plums and pears would bear abundantly. The scrub oaks grow to a height of only five or six feet.

Dairying holds out opportunities which cannot be equalled elsewhere. Many large dairy farms are already being conducted successfully on the Cape; and the land for such farms often sells at exceedingly low prices; in many places there is excellent pasturage.

Years ago sheep were kept in large flocks in many portions of the Cape. Tracts that are now covered with a growth of pine and oak were once fenced in and contained hundreds of the animals, which required very little attention and netted their owners large sums annually. There is no better place for poultry. At Orleans is found one of the largest duck farms in New England. White Pekins are raised here. The business was started about 15 years ago.

There are many who believe that the "high cost of living" problem for the Cape will be solved by its adoption of farm tractors.

AUTUMN ON THE TRURO HILLS

By LUCY E. TREAT

Nowhere on Cape Cod has Nature been more lavish in scenic beauty and in sculpturing a diversified topography than in the Truro villages. The clay pounds of the Highland, the picturesque ponds dotted with lily pads, and the ever changing ocean near at hand are only a few of the charms of this section of the Cape. But it is at South Truro that one finds a village of hills and hollows unsurpassed at all seasons of the year in restfulness and beauty. Perhaps the physiographist will assure us that here is evidence of New England's glacial period and its effect on Cape Cod, and that Truro hills are drumlins and moraines, which the glacier left in its path.

Leaving the state highway at Wellfleet a charming road winds through sweet smelling pines, down through picturesque Prince's Hollow into the heart of the village nestling amid its protecting hills. As I climbed these hills on a sunny Autumn afternoon and gazed over the surrounding crests and spreading hollows, with the blue sea beyond, with new meaning I seemed to hear the Psalmist's words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

All about me were these hills glowing in autumn tints. The blackberry vines, turned a rich dark red, trailed over the ground; the glossy green leaves and red berries of the mountain cranberry had become crisp and crackling under foot. A rich, soft carpet of this prolific vine covered the hills and furnished a soft fragrant couch for an afternoon revery. A breeze blows gently, making sweet melody among the musical leaves of the silver poplars. The stillness of the quiet afternoon is broken only by the monotonous chirp of the cricket or a circling crow caws lazily in the pines. Occasionally a partridge and her brood startle one with their sudden whirr of wings.

Over in a distant hollow nestles a gray weather beaten cottage, with closed blinds, overrun with clambering vines and almost hidden by lilac bushes, a deserted house. Other houses with more signs of life dot the landscape here and there, the family roof-trees of many generations of staunch Cape Cod families, whose names still survive in the designation of the Hollows, as Lombard's Hollow, Treat's Hollow, the Rich place and other names well known on the Cape. When in the middle of the last century the fishing industry died out here, many of the houses were moved away to Provincetown so that now the homes are few and scattered.

On the ridge of the next hill a symmetrical double row of pines lazily wave their crests. An enterprising sea-captain is said to have planted these trees from seeds, in this way. In the distance a silver strip of sand and sparkling blue waters remind one of the ships, which used to sail from this village. Far away across the valley on a distant crest standing stolidly apart, a landmark for sailors, is the old brown meeting house with its tall spire. Nearby, the glittering white and mossy gray stones of a small graveyard mark the resting spot of many a Truro captain.

As the afternoon wanes and the sun sinks lower and lower, the shadows on the tall church spire grow longer and longer, the hills assume a hazy purple tint and the western sky is a gorgeous field of glory in the trail of the setting sun. A few months later these russet hills will be clothed in a new mantle of glistening white, when the Northeaster rages, filling the hollows and hills high with drifts. But as the sun mounts higher in the heavens and April's smiles melt away the last patch of snow under the pines, the pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus will peep out here and there and the spring time verdure will again cover these everchanging and ever charming hills of South Truro.

Mr. Samuel A. Putnam, the veteran soldier, photographer and Odd Fellow of Hyannis, and his wife, celebrated their 56th wedding anniversary Tuesday, Sept. 25th. They were married Sept. 25th, 1861. The following day Mr. Putnam joined his regiment in the Civil War and was absent about a year. Those were days like these in many ways. Mrs. Putnam recalls that the price of sugar was $1 for five pounds, flour $18 per barrel, kerosene $1 per gallon and cotton cloth, about the quality of cheesecloth, 35 cents per yard, and that the practice of economy was as necessary then as now.

AUTUMN

By MARY O. SPARROW

O, happy days of autumn,
When leaves are red and gold,
Will you fill my life with colors rife
When I am growing old?

In childhood's happy springtime,
We do not understand,
Or know with praise, how all our days
Are guided by God's hand.

And in the heat of summer
We often chafe and fret,
Nor own the fair and loving care
Which doth surround us yet.

But when the wind of autumn
Casts over us its chill,
Oh, then we bow with submission now
To a loving Father's will.

And suddenly life grows scarlet;
And rainbow tints of gold
Gleam here and there like a vision fair,
Tho' we know we are growing old.

And the winter of life comes onward,
With such slow and steady pace
That we scarcely know how the seasons grow
Till the snow lies o'er our face.

Then visions of Heavenly springtime
Burst on our raptured sight,
And we own with praise that all our days
Were perfect, just, and right.

Perfect my life, oh, Father,
That the autumn of life may be
Like the yellow leaf and the garnered sheaf,
A harvest ripe for Thee.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

"Cape Cod"

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Cape Cod Interests
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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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Editorial

MAKING GOOD

WHEREVER, upon land or sea, Cape Cod men and boys have sought occupation, they have gained an enviable reputation for "making good". In the days when America held supremacy upon the seas and American ships manned by American sailors carried the flag into all foreign parts of the globe, Cape Cod men gained and held fame and fortune as navigators of great skill combined with ability in trade which numbered them among the merchant princes of the times.

Upon the land Cape Cod men were among the first to journey westward, there to found industries which have endured and become of the greatest national importance. From the earliest times the best of Cape Cod blood has been pouring forth to enrich the world in maritime, mercantile and productive endeavor.

Cape Cod men and women have ample cause to feel proud of the sturdy race which formed their ancestors, but they need not look entirely to the past for their inspiration. The present is an epochal period in the history of the world in which we are playing our full part. Upon the sea sons of Cape Cod are engaged in protecting our shores from invasion by the Huns; upon the great warships and fleet destroyers in European waters Cape Cod boys are eagerly waiting "the day" when the ships of the Kaiser shall make their last desperate dash from behind the barriers that protect them; upon the blood stained soil of France and Belgium are to be found men of our blood serving the Allies most efficiently; and in every branch of the service of this county Cape Cod men are to be found in the forefront wherever energy and dauntless spirit is laboring in the cause of democracy.

In the training camps of our country are numberless volunteers and the National Army has its quota of Cape Cod boys among its most promising material. At Ayer it has been much commented upon that the men from the Cape appear at great advantage beside those from other localities. The degeneration which has touched many other spots has left the Cape unsullied and the Pilgrim blood that still flows in the veins of the majority of our inhabitants renders them worthy of their forbears. Cape Cod can still "make good."

* * *

AN OCEAN HIGHWAY

THERE has come to our attention a tentative plan for the building of an ocean boulevard from Chatham to Provincetown. At first such a plan would seem visionary, but when all its possibilities are taken into consideration it really appeals to us as a practical thing. Along the ocean side of the Cape are the high bluffs and dunes which hold the ocean back and upon which beat the waves which are continuously remodelling the coast line in this section. At present this line of shore is more or less isolated and barren. Except for the nine coast guard stations the shore front is practically uninhabited. These stations have stretches of sand between them and the coast patrol plows through it upon their nightly vigils. It is pointed out that as a piece of government efficiency the building of such a road would be a masterly stroke. It would serve to enhance the usefulness of the life-saving branch and to maintain them more economically. It is probable that three stations could replace the nine needed at present if a good road made communication between them easy and convenient. With motor trucks the apparatus could be transported to points where wrecks threaten in much less time than it now takes to pull the life-boats over the beaches. The boulevard, built along the shore could be constructed to act as a breakwater and prevent the continual shifting of the sands and the washing away of beaches which are such a source of expense to both towns and state. A feasible plan would be for the state to advance the money for the building of the ocean highway, with possible aid from the Federal government as an aid to the life-saving service, to be reimbursed from the increased taxes paid to the towns by reason of enhanced real estate values.

* * *

SURROUNDED by the surging sea, Cape Cod must ever be identified with things marine and can never become divorced from things connected with it. The sea becomes a familiar sight early in the life of our people and their thoughts and plans are always influenced by it. Of late years the sea shore has most been thought of in connection with purposes of pleasure and recreation, but as the commerce of the seas assumes again supreme importance the Cape may again become what it once was, an important adjunct to the maritime wealth of the nation. The building of ships is the all pressing need of the day and Cape Cod is a logical location for such industry. It has deep harbors and sheltered bays, transportation advantages of the very best and many fine locations for ship yards, large and small. It is possible that the industry may again be revived and it is hoped that fertile minds will give heed to the problem of restoring to its shores some of its ancient glory in this line.

THE government is establishing a great naval aviation camp at Chatham. Upon the "crazy bone" of the Cape buildings are being erected and fields prepared for the training of the men of the navy's "rainbow division". It is expected that over 400 men will soon be training in this camp and flying machines will become a common sight in that vicinity.

* * *

THE Cape Cod canal does not seem to be playing the important part expected of it by many and it is probable that its full usefulness will not be demonstrated until it is taken over by the government. It is an important link between the commerce of the north and the south and should not longer remain in private hands.

* * *

The following queer spelling is noted in a deed executed in 1779: "william Higgins of Eastham....Cordwinder" sold to "Thomas ary and John Higgins, borth of Eastham.... yeoman....in equail proportion....all that my Lot of Land Lying in Eastham in that tract of Land called Smiths purchis and is the twenty first Lot in that division and is Bounded as may appear by Record of that proprietee together with my dwelling house and orchard thare on."

* * *

In 1702 the town of Sandwich gave to Rev. Roland Cotton "all such drift whales as shall, during the time of his ministry, be driven or cast ashore within the limits of the town, being such as shall not be killed with hands". It would seem that killing whales "with hands" might have been something of a herculean performance.

* * *

"An awful and surprising Providence" occurred August 6, 1726, to Ebenezer Taylor of Yarmouth, who, on going down a well about 40 feet deep, the stones below caving in, and those above pressed together, leaving an arch midway, in which he was imprisoned ten hours, hanging by his hands on the well rope, at the end of which time he was rescued very weak in body.

The Tinker's Son

A CAPE COD ROMANCE

By EARL LEO BROWNSON

PART III

The Tinker's son, for you have guessed 'twas he,
With sinking heart and trembling knee,
Stood hesitating at the whitewashed gate
Of Mary's cottage, wrestling hard with Fate,
Then opened softly, with unsteady hand,
And entered falt'ringly and scarce could stand,
So weak had every fibre in him grown,
And, tottering forward, stumbled and lay prone
Upon the grass in agony of fear
At being there, at last, with her so near.

For long he lay, consumed with doubt and dread,
Half feeling that 'twere better were he dead
Than that he now should come to claim a heart
In which he had no right to ask a part.

He thought of those long years when ruthless Fate
Had, on the island, linked him with a mate
Not of his choosing, yet a mate in all
That mating means and nature e'er might call
On mated human beings to bestow
Upon each other; yet to let her know
Of his long common union he could not;
For she, so pure, could but see a blot
Upon his soul that time could not efface.
And yet for him, in honesty, to trace
His years of absence, day by day, for her
And leave untold one item of it were
Impossible to do—a silent lie
Could not endure beneath her quiet eye.

He rose upon his knees and breathed a prayer
That strength of soul be given him to bear
Her scorn, if scorn be all she could bestow
In place of that sweet love of long ago.

Then to his feet he rose unsteadily
And stood transfixed, for at the window she
Stood framed in light as from the pane she drew
The curtain back the moonlit sky to view.

His heart leapt fast and forth he stretched his arms
To Mary, who to him had all the charms
Of long ago with added gentleness.

He breathed her name, he thought aloud, but less
For her to hear than for his heart to feel
The subtle sweetness of love's pent appeal.

She turned her gaze a moment where he stood,
But, from the light into the darkness, could
Not see him standing, arms stretched out to her;
Yet it seemed, somehow, that she felt a stir
Deep in her heart, as people sometimes will,
At unseen yet close hovering good or ill.

A little sigh she breathed—so faintly heard,
It might have been the winging of a bird;
And to her heart one hand she softly prest
As if to still some fluttering in her breast,
And turning from the window, passed from view.

But as the curtain back in place she drew,
A little margin at one side was still
Left open, and the light upon the sill
Drew him, as magnet draws the helpless steel,
Close to the window till his hand could feel
The casement and his eyes could plainly see
The spotless room and Mary—making tea.

He watched her snow white hands, with deftest skill,
Arrange the tea things, and a 'whelming thrill
Of pent up longing, to be at her side,
Swept over him and, wrecked with pain, he cried
Aloud her name in accents that she knew:
And there beside the table, full in view,
She dropped upon her knees in saint-like prayer
Of thankfulness that from the empty air
His voice called her from the night to prove
The constancy and fervor of his love.

She oft had heard his voice call her name
From out the night, but never quite the same
As now, and though she felt his presence near,
She had no thought that to her outward ear
His living voice called from out the night
With but the curtain screening him from her sight.

While, softly praying, on the floor she knelt
A sense of nearness of his soul she felt—
As though his manly strength was thrown about
Her tenderly, to shut all evil out.

"O Lord, I thank Thee for this blessed hour
In which I feel assurance that Thy power
Will bridge the past and present so there be
A way for happiness to come to me,

And all the years of waiting may be o'er
And I may see the wanderer once more.
I feel—I know that on his shelt'ring breast
This weary head shall soon find peace and rest.
His shielding arms shall fold me once again
As in those long gone happy hours when
Sweet youth and first-love bound our hearts to be
As one in faith and trust and loyalty.
I know I shall, by Thy extended grace,
Once more gaze into his beloved face,
And feel his lips, still unprofaned, on mine,
And see the lovelight in his eyes still shine
As on that day—O fatal day—when he,
So full of hope, bade short farewell to me.
No other love, or thought of love, has come
Into my heart to find an instant's home.
My virgin heart I gave to him in youth,
And now, in age, 'tis his the same in truth.

"I thank Thee, Lord, for love that so can keep
My heart tides young when youth's ambitions sleep."

She rose and from her face a light divine
Filled all the room and glorified each line
And feature till to him who gazed it seemed
That youth had come upon her else he dreamed.

Again he called her name with passion deep,
And still she stood as one who, locked in sleep,
May stand or walk, wide-eyed yet seeing naught
But some dream vision by deep longing wrought.

He gazed half awed, then with a nameless fear
He shrank into the dark as she drew near.

She seemed so pure and ethereal
That hopes, long cherished in his bosom, fell
In wreck and ruin, and deep gloomed Despair
Threw her dark cloak about him stricken there.

He felt that he would never touch her hand,
There was so much she could not understand.

Her faith that he had known no other tie
Than that which bound them in the time gone by,
So filled his heart with fear that he was weak
And in her presence could not stand and speak
The fatal words of truth, nor yet the lie,
To put her heart at ease—he would not try
To so conceal or justify his life
That by deceit he might make her his wife.

At least tonight he would not break the charm
That held her 'tranced in faith and glowing warm
With memory of him unchanged by time—
To break upon her now would be a crime.

O better that the seas were rolling o'er
His bleaching bones on some distant shore
Than he should be in living torment here
In sight of all, on earth, he held most dear.

The curtain once again she drew aside
And flung the casement window open wide
And turned her face to heaven's vaulted dome
As though she heard some voice call her home.

Her lips moved softly yet no word she spoke—
Her hands outstretched as though she would invoke
The silence of the night to send to her
Again that one dear voice that so could stir
The fires of youth, that slumbered in her breast,
And give now hope to be her cherished guest.

He saw her, from her bosom, by a chain,
Draw forth a locket that had ever lain
Next to her heart—she opened it and gazed
With tender eyes upon it then she raised
It to her lips, with lingering caress,
Then placed it in the bosom of her dress.

He knew the locket—knew what it contained,
And for his life he could not have remained
An instant longer hidden in the night;
And tottered forth into the beam of light
That from the window, like a path of gold,
Led back to love and all the hopes of old.

But scarce a step he'd taken when she drew
The casement to and shut herself from view.

It was as though she'd spoken saying—"Wait—
Not yet—it is not so decreed by Fate."

And that was all—he saw her face no more:
But as he lingered at her cottage door,
A light shone from a window overhead
Where Mary was preparing for her bed.

He saw her shadow on the curtain play
And watched, as might a youthful lover stay
Beneath his lady's window for her light
To shadow her dear form before his sight.

And then her light went out and all was gloom
About him, and within, as of the tomb,
And utter loneliness came over him
And crushed him down until his strength of limb
Was scarce enough to guide his heavy feet
Past Mary's gate to the deserted street.

No living, breathing thing he saw or heard
About him save the calling of a bird,
From some far cove or tide-uncovered reef,
In quavering accents full of lonely grief.

Each house was dark and seemed to, frowning, say:
"Why are you here? You trespass—go away."

The babbling voices from the near by beach,
Where rippling waves broke on the sandy reach,
Seemed calling him a welcome to the deep
That lay serene in bosom-swelling sleep.

Slowly, slowly down the street he went,
The world of suffering, long within him pent,
Like some wild beast a-rending heart and brain
Till he was filled with soul-consuming pain,
And mental visions of his exiled years
Passed vividly before him till hot tears
Of keen self-pity came to his relief
And dulled the venomed tooth of gnawing grief.

He saw the lonely island where he spent
So many mated years of near content,
And almost wished that he again was there
With his lost mate the rest of life to share.

And then the hopelessness of life at all
Came over him—a flood of sickening gall.

He now was near the outskirts of the town
Where many feet a path had beaten down
Through grass and shrubs to where at anchor lay
A fleet of dories in a little bay.

He followed, caring not where it might lead,
And there beside the path, midst brush and weed,
Deserted, lonely, tumbling all awry,
The Tinker's cabin rose before his eye.

A flood of memories, that long had slept,
Rushed over him and for the moment swept
All other feeling from his tortured mind
And left a sort of numb, cold peace behind.

Beneath that roof he first had seen the light—
Had been his mother's one and sole delight.

Beside that door, when sunset's gold was spread
O'er all the sea, he'd lain his tired head
Upon his mother's all-protecting breast
And wandered off into the realms of rest.
Beneath that tree, now blighted by decay,
Through sunny hours he had romped at play
Ere knowledge of the trials that men must bear
Had come to him to weigh him down with care.

In that low shed, that always was in shade,
His hapless father plied his simple trade.
From youth to age he'd tinkered life away
Nor knew to curse or feelingly to pray—
A simple life he led with no great blame
And yet an odium went with his name.

In that one room his mother spent her life,
A disappointed though a tender wife,
And there she died—his mem'ry pictured how
He saw her lie—the pallor on her brow,
And thought her sleeping in her snowy bed:
And when, at last, they told him she was dead
He'd only thought that she had gone away
And would come back to him again some day.

He crossed the pathless yard and stood before
The long unhinged and yawning cabin door.

The moon, low hanging, shed her slanting light
Through door and window, seeming to invite
Him once again to enter there to view
The ruin of the home his childhood knew.

He stepped within and bared his grizzled head
In reverence for the departed dead.

Not far beyond the threshold ventured he,
For once within he had no heart to see
The desolation that he would forget.

Dark shadows shrouded all within and yet
Enough he saw to make him turn away
And trace his steps back to the path that lay
Stretched to the beach, and following where it led
He saw the fleet of dories just ahead.

The moon, blood red, was sinking out of sight
Behind a bank of clouds and her pale light
Shut off from land and sea and sleepy town
Let utter darkness draw her curtain down
Till everything lost outline to the eye
Save where the ocean's crest rose to the sky,
A long-flung band of fading reddish gray
Twixt sea and heaven like a warning lay.

The sob-like moaning of the harbor bar,
And lightning flashes from the clouds afar,
Told that a storm was brewing out at sea.

A restless rustling of each shrub and tree,
Though no breeze fanned his hectic burning cheek,
Gave further warning that a storm would reek
Destruction of which stories would be told
When children's children had grown gray and old.

But heeding not the warning in the air,
And to assuage the gloom he could not bear,
He stepped into a dory and pushed out
Into the bay, and bow to sea, with stout
And measured stroke he skimmed the swelling tide
Past wooded point into the ocean wide,
And out and out he rowed as one who went
To some fixed point on some fixed purpose bent;
And yet no purpose was there in his mind,
But only hope to leave his gloom behind.

His rhythmed motion, as he plied the oar,
Made muscles tingle with the pow'r of yore,

And something of the joy of great strength
Swept over him and thrilled his soul, at length,
Until the primal nature in him rose
Above his troubles and all human woes;
And like some Viking leading a tried band
Of bold sea rovers, with a steady hand,
He drove his dory farther from the land.

A fluttering breeze now tossed his uncapped hair,
And shafts of chill shot through the murky air,
And bolts of lightning zigzagged vividly,
And thunder crashed and rolled incessantly.

No other living thing was there in sight
As on he steered through dark and flashing light—
A human atom fearless in the path
Of Neptune's furies gathering their wrath.

To meet the onslaught he removed his coat
And loosed the shirtband from about his throat
And bared his breast to give his muscles play,
And straight into the blast he steered his way.

The tempest howled and hissed and shrieked o'erhead—
The waters tossed and rolled and breakers sped,
In ever greater volume, till his course
He could not hold against the tempest's force;

And, buffeted by every wave that passed,
His stalwart strength deserted him at last,
And drenched and chilled, by flying rain and spray,
He fell back from his seat and fainting lay
Stretched helpless in the bottom of his boat
That could not long stay righted and afloat.

Subconsciously he knew the end was near,
But yet upon him came no thrill of fear—
Instead, a sense of peace he had not known
For many years, came over him, and flown
Was all the doubt and sorrow from his mind
And to the Will Supreme he was resigned.

The things of life were things to lay aside—
To see, beyond, what is in life denied,
Was now the only wish his heart could hold
As angry waters round him tossed and rolled

Now came the billows higher than before
And sent him whirling headlong toward the shore

Time after time his toy boat was tossed
High on the waves, than sank till nearly lost
In foaming furroughs only to be cast
Aloft again as some huge comber passed;
And ever nearer to the shore he drew
Until, at last, instinctively he knew
His body would be cast upon the shore
To rest in peace amid scenes of yore.

And now the breakers seethed and foamed around
And one huge crest grasped him, and with a bound
Tossed him into the maelstrom where the bar
And ocean's furies waged relentless war.

He sank without a struggle or a cry,
Too spent in body longer to defy
The will of Nature that had now decreed
The eternal ending of his name and seed.

PART IV

Next morn the sun rose to a cloudless sky—
The storm, that fouled the night, had hurried by
And left the ocean peaceful as before;
And, but for the wreckage strewn along the shore,
One scarce had known the night had been so wild,
So fresh and clean was all the land, and mild
The salty breezes from the rippled main.

Old Silas, who throughout the night, had lain
In troubled nightmare or wide-eyed alarm,
That in the storm the stranger might meet harm,
Was up before the dawn and to the bay,
Led by presentment, took his hurried way.

Some fishers were before him where had been
The fleet of dories, safely anchired, when
They left them for the night—now all were cast
Upon the rocks—crushed shapeless to the last.

Old Silas left them mourning o'er their loss
And passed beyond the cove and out across
The stretch of sand to where the lighthouse stood.
A subtle feeling chilling all his blood.
A light was breaking o'er his guileless mind
As he left fishers, town and all behind—
The stranger was no stranger to the town:
Such interest as his in Mary Brown
Could have been manifest by only one—
There was no doubt—he was the Tinker's son.

He had been blind the night before, else he
Would at once been wise enough to see
The man beside him in his proper guise.

Old Silas now had reached the beach that lies
Midway between the lighthouse and the town—
A duney stretch where wind and wave beat down
All vegetation—broad-side to the sea
It takes the brunt of storms that sweep the lea.

The wrecks of ships, by many a tempest cast
Upon the shore, lie stripped of deck and mast.
Some buried hulks show only ribs in sight,
And here and there some human bone gleams white,
Washed up from weedy depths where treasures may
Be lost to man, forever, in the bay.

Few people care to pass this no-man's-land
Where human footprints, in the drifting sand,
Are soon erased.—Old Silas felt a dread
Of passing o'er this grave of unknown dead.

He looked about him, searchingly, to find
He knew not what, but, working in his mind,
Some instinct urged him to resume his quest
For something to be found ere he might rest.

Between two dunes, as he passed on his way,
An upturned dory in his pathway lay,
And there beside it, on the storm-washed shore,
Was stretched the stranger, all his troubles o'er.
Old Silas hurried to his side and knelt
Upon the sand and tremblingly he felt
For sign of pulse beat, but his hope was vain—
The Tinker's son would never speak again.

As one asleep he lay with beard and hair
Laid by the water as though brushed with care.

A smile was on his features so it seemed
That life had passed serenely while he dreamed;
And, gazing down upon him, Silas thought
Of all the sorrow Time and Fate had wrought
For Mary and the Tinker's son, and tears
Of sorrowing compassion, that for years
Had never risen to the tender call
Of pity, dimmed the eyes of Silas Small.

And then he turned away and hurried back,
With sinking heart, along the homeward track.

To Mary Brown he felt impelled to go,
For she, the first of all the town, should know
The stranger's fate—she was the only one
Who could not fail to know the Tinker's son.

At Mary's gate old Silas waiting stood—
Now he was there it did not seem he could
Find strength to tell her what he knew would cast
A gloom upon her while this life should last.

But Mary saw him stand dejected there
And came to learn what tidings he might bear.

Some work, she knew, would be for her to do,
And she had risen early, planning to
Be ready for the call she knew would come.

A moment Silas stood as one struck dumb,
As Mary stood expectant by his side,
And then he spoke:—"Come with me while the tide
Is low enough for us to reach the place."
And silently he led with hurried pace.

A nameless dread took hold of Mary Brown
And weighed her natural buoyant spirit down.

With heavy heart she followed Silas Small
Because she would not fail at duty's call;
But all her vigor suddenly seemed spent,
And ill forbodings seized her as she went.

The voice of the night, so plainly heard,
The presence felt so near, had deeply stirred
Her woman's soul and filled her with a dread
That it had been a message from the dead.

At last they neared the place where lay the form
Of him who vainly strove to breast the storm,
And Silas paused before they reached the place
And turned to Mary with a troubled face.

"Dear sister," said he, and his voice broke,
And tears were on his cheeks the while he spoke:

"Beyond that dune there lies one whom I fear,
In times gone by, to you was very dear.

I do not know if truly I am right;
But to my gate a stranger came last night,
And such a tale he told me that but one
Could tell who was or knew the Tinker's son."

"The Tinker's son!" gasped Mary, half in awe,
"You mean—you mean, last night, you heard and saw
My boy who went away so long ago?
Tell me—tell me quickly—it it so?"

But Silas spoke no further—only led
The way in silence to the unclaimed dead.

With pallid sheek she scanned the face to find
Some likeness to the face fixed in her mind
And saw—then doubted that she saw—a trace
Of remembered likeness in the dead man's face;
But more than all, her heart cried out 'twas he
When eyes would doubt with so few proofs to see.

Remembering then a token that would prove
Identity and constancy of love,
She knelt beside him there upon the sand
And from his bosom drew with trembling hand
A timeworn locket by a chain of gold—
A remembered token of the days of old.

She opened it, for what it might contain
Would give her less or more of lasting pain.

One lingering look, from mem'ry's faithful eye,
Was all she gave it, then, with half a sigh
And half a moan, she sank upon his breast
And lay in silence, seemingly at rest.

Dim eyed, old Silas turned away his head
And stood apart and left her with her dead.

What grief was hers he did not see but knew
That it was deep, as grief is of the few
Who only hold one passion in their heart.

At last old Silas, who still stood apart,
Turned back to Mary just in time to see
Her raise herself until, on hand and knee,
She bent above her dead—composed now—
And prest a kiss upon his pallid brow;
Then from his neck the locket she removed—
A treasured token of the one she loved—
And in her bosom placed it with the one
That long had bound her to the Tinker's son—
The two to lie together on her breast
Till life was ended and her soul found rest.

The weary years of waiting now were o'er,
And doubts and fears would come to her no more;
And full of thankfulness, that God had given
The wanderer back to her, she turned to heaven
Her sad, sweet face and prayed for him whose soul
Had passed the portals of the eternal goal.

And then she rose and turned to Silas Small
With face serene and smiling—free from all
The signs of grief that so had filled her heart—
Resigned and ready to resume her part
In serving others, while her life should last,
And in the Present to entomb the Past.

EPILOGUE.

The little village still stands by the bay
With one long street of houses old and gray—
The crescent beach—the pine woods are the same,
And still it bears its quaint old-fashioned name;
But gone are all, or nearly all, of those
Seafaring men of old who toiled and rose
To fame and fortune carrying Yankee trade
To every land that commerce might invade.

Another generation now is there—
As virile as their fathers, yet they care
Less for the sea, for time and change have brought
Them different occupations—different thought.

The soil now claims its share of effort spent
To give the Cape the place that Nature meant
For her to hold.—Some sons, of humble name,
Have followed far the worthy call of fame
And risen high in what they choose to make
Their calling.—Every hamlet is awake
And striving to attract the summer guest
Who throngs the Cape in quest of health and rest.

The future holds still greater gifts for all
Who love the Cape and do not heed the call
And lure of cities where the constant strife
Exacts far more than it can give to life.
But rural occupations give not take
From life's fulfillment—so for those who make
Their choice here, of work on sea or land,
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A FULL MOON ON SCARGO.

By HARRIET RAND.

OUR last night in Dennis, and a full moon! Something we must do—a row on Scargo, the very thing. We were just passing that little gem of waters on the hill north of the lake. The sun was setting in unusual glory. The lake was a mirror reflecting the hills, and I thought I had never seen anything more lovely. It was a glorified Scargo. I said, in the words of John Burroughs:—"Doubtless God could make a prettier lake than Scargo, but, doubtless, God never did."

After supper we went down to Captain Nathan's boatlanding. Captain Nathan, his peaceful evening disturbed, tried to make us comfortable, bringing out chairs and cushions; but the little artist seated herself on the steps and flatly refused to go in the boat. "No," she said, "It's too dark and forbidding. I hate these little inland lakes anyway."

"Is the boat perfectly safe, Captain Nathan?" timidly inquired the tall poetess.

"Good Lord, no," roared the captain, "not if you're goin' to jump out into the water."

Finally we were all in the boat, and pulled out. But not so quickly and easily could we go. Captain Nathan's eye was on us. He was calling us back. Our boat was not "trimmed", whatever that meant. The captain had no confidence in us, anyway. He suspected that we were young and irresponsible—the fault of the moonlight, entirely. After much expostulation, advice, and some grumbling, we departed to dream, to drift over the glassy black depths alone. For none else was out. This distressed the "strenuous New Yorker." "Why", said she, "isn't the whole of Dennis out here enjoying this? They would be if they had any sense of beauty."

I pointed out that this was to our advantage, as the lake is small and would be crowded if so many were out all at once.

And so we rowed quietly over and drifted under the shadow of Scargo Hill, which loomed in the dim, misty light like a real

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mountain. Hark, Katydid is here and her interminable discussion is going on; crickets are giving their late, sad Autumn trill, and over the hills to the left the dull roar of the surf keeps up an insistant music.

But now we are not alone with all this loveliness. Flashes of light are seen on the hills, and laughing voices float down to us. A party is "going up Scargo" by moonlight. Now they are on the tower singing "Sweet Genevieve," while we reply with "Drink to me only with thine eyes". The night is full of voices. Friends of those on the tower appear in the summer house, and there is calling and yodling and echoes ringing.

We drift most of the time in order to listen to the "Voices of the night", and because the rower cannot bear to disturb the moon and stars which rest so peacefully in the dark depths.

Clear toned, the little church bell peals over the hills from the village. The white mists are rising. It is time to leave all this beauty of sight and sound. So home we go under the shadows of the tall trees, a transcendently beautiful memory stored up to carry home from dear Cape Cod.

"CAPE COD FOLKS"

BY THE EDITOR

THE scene of "Cape Cod Folks", by Sallie Pratt McLean, was laid at Cedarville, a little village on the road between Bourne and Plymouth not far from Great Herring Pond. To many people who have never visited the Cape but who have read "Cape Cod Folks" it stands for a typical Cape Cod village and the people of whom the author wrote, typical Cape Cod people.

The book caused a great deal of indignation at the time of its publication and if we are not mistaken libel suits were threatened by some of the characters whose peculiarities were described so minutely. At the time the book was written very few Cape Cod people even knew where Cedarville was located and even today the situation in that respect is

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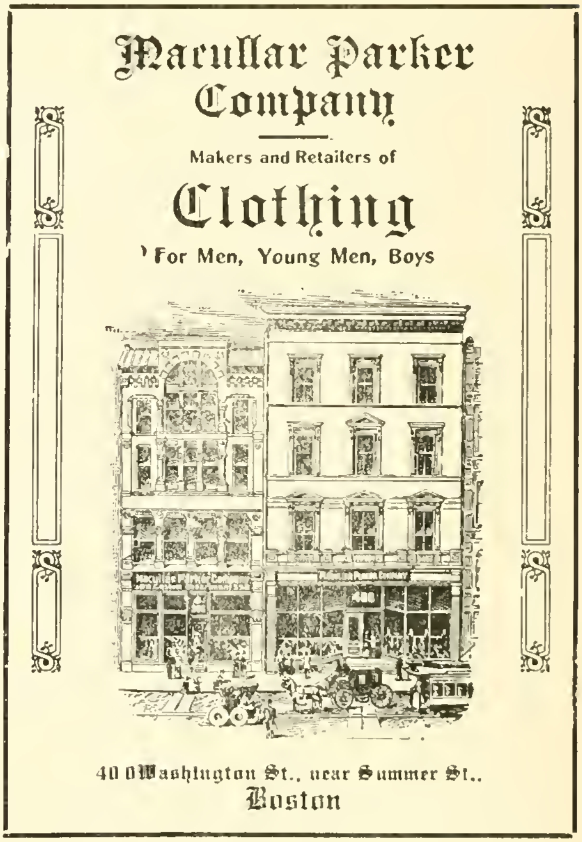
hardly changed. The little village is on the very edge of Plymouth county surrounded by woods and away from all main thoroughfares.

Travelers to the Cape from Plymouth, via Manomet, follow the state road to Sagamore, as a general rule. If they desire to go through Cedarville they must leave the main road at a point where there is now a wayside store, and bear off to the right. The first evidence which they see of the village is a little white church on the right hand side of the road, which is the same little church written about in the story. Near the church is the little school in which Miss McLean taught while she gathered the material for her book. Within sight of this schoolhouse and church are several scattered houses which constitute the village of "Cedarville". Passing through the village, Great Herring Pond, or Lake Manomet, is seen. This is a beautiful sheet of water beside which the state is now building a splendid highway to connect with the main highway to Plymouth.

Travellers will be well repaid for making the detour through Cedarville as the drive is a most beautiful one, through the woods, most of the way, and finally coming out at the village of Bourndale where the road joins the main highway along the north side of the canal.

The village of Cedarville remains about the same in population as when Miss McLean was there, but its appearance has evidently changed considerably. The houses are neatly painted and the surroundings are very pleasant. There is no evidence of the dilapidation concerning which she wrote and the inhabitants are not by any means the "country jays" of whom she told. It is a more or less isolated community still, but not nearly so cut off from the world as the readers of her book believe.

"Cape Cod Folks" was much resented by Cape people who choose to think that a false impression was conveyed by it, and that such was the case is evidenced by the fact that so many people still form their opinion of the Cape by the descriptions which the book contains.



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The people of the Cape responded readily to the call for the second Liberty Loan and its allotment was promptly taken up.

Her characters were not typical Cape Cod people even at the time the book was written. She chose to describe the people of a backwoods settlement and told of all their petty feuds and prejudices, giving the impression that Cape Cod folks were like those whom she came in contact with. Her characters were not handled in the kindly, sympathetic way in which Joseph Lincoln handles his, and the author failed entirely to grasp the homely candidness which was characteristic of the people on Cape Cod at the time when the book was written. She found little to praise and saw nothing that was lovable in the people.

The mistake that most people make is in considering the book as a serious descriptive work when it was probably intended to be mere fiction, a story which might have been located in any other locality just as well, but which happened to be located where it was because the author was familiar with the place.

Cedarville had none of the typical characteristics of other Cape Cod communities of that time, and the "Cape Cod Folks" of whom she writes, were not like unto those with whom all lovers of the Cape are familiar.

DOING THEIR BIT

The women of Provincetown are showing that they can "do their bit". The Provincetown Advocate says: "Fish 'gibbing' is wet and unpleasant, though honest work. None who performs such work is thereby demeaned, be that one male or female; and the twenty girls who began work Tuesday not only proved themselves industrous but then and there began to 'do their bit' in the war game, for workers are as indispensible as are fighters to our common country in these piping days of world warring. More honor to womankind."

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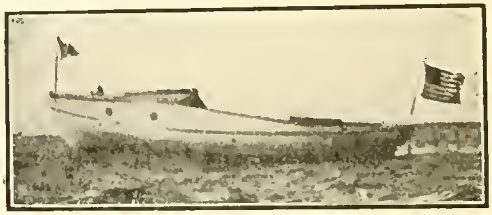

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From the Publisher's Desk

CAPE COD IN WAR

THE first war in which men from Cape Cod participated was King Phillip's war. Upon June 20, 1675, the Indians attacked Swansea, following this by other hostilities which resulted in general warfare and on June 24, Captain John Gorham and twenty-nine men from Yarmouth marched to Mount Hope. The other towns also furnished their quotas. The number of soldiers called for and furnished by the Cape towns were as follows: Sandwich, 16; Yarmouth, 15; Barnstable, 16; Eastham, 8. In 1690 and 1691 was what is known as King William's war, which was also participated in by Cape Cod men. In the old French war of 1694 Capt. John Gorham of Barnstable was second in command in the expedition to Winter Harbor. Thomas Dimmick of Barnstable was killed at the battle of Canso.

In King George's war in 1744 Cape Cod men participated in the attack on Louisburg and the Cape Cod whaleboat fleet played an important part in the capture of that stronghold.

In the war of the Revolution Cape Cod played an important part. Soldiers from the Cape were in many of the important battles and upon the sea the hardy mariners rendered great service. The Cape suffered severe deprivations during the eight years of its continuance and its people came to the verge of starvation as the result of the British blockade of its shores. Nearly every able bodied man upon the Cape participated in the struggle and only the women and children and the very old men remained at home to pick up a precarious living as best they could. The Cape Cod men displayed great hardihood during this period and covered their names with glory. The most distinguished son of the Cape during that time was Col. James Otis, Jr., who became a national character.

In the war of 1812-14 the war came to Cape Cod soil through the raids of the British war vessels. An attack was made upon the town of Falmouth by the British ship Nimrod, which was repulsed by the local militia. The sea was closed to the people during this war and great suffering resulted.

The opening guns of Sumpter caused a remarkable uprising of patriotism in all the communities of the Cape. The history of Cape Cod's part in the struggle is too well known to need repeating here. During the four years of the war the Cape bore its share of the burden, furnishing a large number of men for the army and playing a still more important part in the navy. After peace came and the soldiers returned to their homes they took up their usual pursuits and set manfully about repairing their wasted fortunes.

In the Spanish war there were many volunteers and much suffering by Cape Cod men in the fever camps of the South.

In the great world conflict which is now taking place the men of Cape Cod are repeating history. When the call for volunteers came it was responded to with great enthusiasm. Recruiting in the Cape towns was followed with ready willingness and the regular navy and the naval reserve forces contain a large number of volunteers from every town in this region. The draft affected the Cape with great severity. It is estimated that in the various branches of the service at the present time there are over 1,200 men, some of them serving upon the seas, some already with the expeditionary forces in France, and a larger number in the training camps.

Cape Cod was ever patriotic and the Pilgrim blood which runs in the veins of many of its people still maintains its virile force. Cape Cod is living up to its history as a patriotic and self-sacrificing community. To be a Cape Codder is a proud distinction and when the struggle is over it will be found that we have once more risen on the wings of patriotism and gone "over the top" to make the world once more safe for democracy.

Our Part in the War of the World

By THE EDITOR

THE realization that our country is seriously engaged in a war which involves the most populous and most powerful nations of the world has been slow in coming to the minds of the majority of our people. When the declaration of war went forth there was a period of profuse patriotic fervor which expressed itself in the form of public meetings, in flag raisings and the formation of committees of public safety designed to deal with almost every contingency that might come up. It was a period of speechmaking, of essay writing, of flamboyant declarations and scathing denunciation. And with it there was a feeling of awe, of distrust, and of criticism against the government which had apparently done nothing to prepare for such a contingency, when, it was argued, the president must have known that war was inevitable.

The country had scarcely recovered its breath from a political campaign in which the phrase, "Wilson has kept us out of war," was used with great effectiveness to bring about his re-election. Scarcely, however, had the people accepted his election as an assured fact, than it became apparent that we were to have a war, nevertheless. And the question was asked, how it could be that the same president, whose supporters boasted that he had "kept us out of war", could be the same man who ruthlessly broke off diplomatic relations with Germany and demanded that Congress proceed to declare war forthwith.

Unfortunately, or fortunately as the case may be, the people do not always have the same source of authentic information that a president has, and consequently cannot see the causes which contribute to an entire and radical change of front.

It is now becoming to be understood that President Wilson received information of a certain cabinet meeting held by the German rulers at which the question of their attitude toward the United States was discussed. Certain members of that cabinet were for declaring war against us forthwith, but a majority (the Kaiser included) decided that the event should be postponed until the European enemies had been disposed of—then the United States would fall an easy victim to the power of the German empire, enlarged and strengthened through annexation and indemnities. That historic meeting, the facts of which came to the ears of our government, showed the president that all hope of maintaining our neutrality was futile and that we must either enter the war upon the side of the Allies or prepare ourself to repel an attack from Germany at such a time as we would have to fight alone. Along with this realization came alarming reports concerning the condition of the Allies. The situation in Russia was such that no further dependance could be put upon her support. France was becoming exhausted to an alarming degree and the depredations of the U-boats assumed a most serious aspect to the English.

The time had plainly arrived when the United States must either throw her strength unreservedly with the Allies or sit supinely by and see them defeated and German militarism enthroned as the master of the world.

War was declared and we began to make our preparations to be of assistance to the allies. The president gave his views to Congress as to the relative value of a war fought by volunteers and one in which a selective draft would put the burden upon those best able to bear it. The majority of people little understood the meaning of a selective draft. Bryan declared that a million men would spring to arms over night to defend the country—but he failed to say what arms they would spring to or where they would get them. The president and the army and navy heads at Washington alone realized the task of arming, drilling and equipping an army of sufficient size to be of any material service within a reasonable time. They alone realized that a million untrained men would be useless for war purposes; that the first step was to train the officers who would in turn train the soldiers; that arms and equipment must be made and ammunition secured before our army would be anything more than a mob.

As the first step toward the selective draft all men between the ages of 21 and 31 years were called upon to register on June 5. This was accomplished without any great disturbance. These lists were put in order by state and federal officials and then came the drawing which determined the order in which the registered men would be called upon to render military service. At this time the physical examinations have weeded out the unfit and the exemption boards have passed upon the claims of those who raised other barriers against their going into service. The Liberty Army is ready to mobilize.

As that date approaches we begin to realize more fully the meaning of being at war. A soberness pervades the land from ocean to ocean. For the first time in the history of our country we are contemplating sending a vast army across the ocean to die or live upon European blood stained soil. The advance guard of regulars and volunteers are already there. It is futile to speculate upon the prospect of an early ending of the struggle which will spare us the necessity of sending over our army. Germany shows no signs of weakening that are apparent at this distance. We can say, as we often do, that she cannot last much longer, that the German people will not much longer consent to being killed at the command of their Kaiser in a hopeless cause, but the fact remains that she is holding out and that the hoped for internal revolution is apparently as far off as it was in the beginning.

When we look across the ocean and contemplate the suffering and hardship which are being felt by the people over there our intelligence must show us that our manner of living cannot much longer continue as in times of peace. With our young men taken away from us their loss will be severely felt. The places left vacant by them must be filled by others and as the drain upon our manhood goes on who can doubt that our women will be called upon to engage in pursuits which have heretofore been deemed the prerogative of men exclusively? In certain ammunition factories in England the ratio of women to men is as high as 15 to 1. Women are engaged in all sorts of mechanical pursuits and are actually not only keeping up the volume of production but are increasing it.

As time goes on we will undoubtedly undergo a complete readjustment in our industrial affairs. As we begin to feel the strain of war we will give up our luxuries and our pursuits of pleasure. Those who have heretofore been engaged in the business of catering to the pleasure-loving public will find their occupation gone and will have to work at useful productive pursuits. Superfluous labor will have to be abandoned. We will have to do more and more things ourselves that we have been in the habit of employing others do for us. We will have to put up our pleasure cars in order to conserve the supply of gasoline for war uses. We shall have to live simpler lives and have less of those things which we have been in the habit of considering necessary to our well being, but which are really non-essential luxuries.

The people of Germany, and of France, too, are all laboring for their country. Above the necessities of bare existence all that they can earn goes to the government to help promote the war. England, too, is in much the same situation. The people think no longer of self but of what they can do to help win the war. The taxes which we have considered so burdensome are as nothing to what we will be called upon to pay. More and more of our incomes will be taken for the general cause. We must not only give up our money but also the lives of our sons, our husbands and our brothers. Many who are reading these words, may, and probably will, themselves be fighting a year hence. We cannot forsee what will happen in a year.

We are not taking a pessimistic view of the situation, but merely trying to present facts as we believe them to be. It is false optimism to deceive ourselves into thinking that we will not have to bear the burdens that are sure to fall upon our shoulders. We are not fearful of defeat. When we become fully aroused no nation, or group of nations, can conquer us; but we are slow to anger and have loved peace so much that we cannot really believe that a time has arrived when our peaceful pursuits will no longer be the main duty before us and that we are called upon to exert every ounce of our strength to the end that we may have peace.

We have been suffering from delusions. We have believed that civilization had so far advanced that we would never be compelled to engage in the savagery of a world war. We have dreamed of international arbitration and of universal brotherhood. We must look matters straight in the face and realize that Christianity has not yet been fulfilled, that the spirit of brotherly love has not become universal and that democracy and liberty is fighting a death struggle against the "powers that pray." The doctrine of "might" against "right" is fighting its last battle and the theory of the "survival of the fittest" is being determined. We are learning of things which we never dreamed could exist, but which we actually find existing. We are learning that the German people believe that they are "the chosen people", divinely inspired by the Kaiser and God to determine the destiny of the world—to force German "efficiency" down the throats of the rest of the world—to rule in order that militarism may be justified and that all the world may recognize and bow down before the God of force.

The stirring cry of "Rouse ye Romans, rouse ye slaves" is again heard in the land. We must fight for our liberty and our fires if we would preserve them. By brute force we must maintain our right to be free. If we fail in the task it will be because we have been so softened by luxury and soft living that we have none of the fire and the iron of our ancestors left in our veins and are doomed to meet the fate of all effete nations.

We are being tried in the fires that either consume or refine. If we are consumed it will be because we deserve to be. But the ordeal through which we are passing will do us good instead of harm. It will bring our better natures to the forefront and bring to us a stronger realization of the privileges which we have enjoyed and which, when we shall more fully have established our right to them, will be more valued than ever.

And so, to every one of us, there is assigned a task. Just what that task is to be is not yet clearly defined. It may be to fight face to face with the hated Boche across the fetid trench tops. It may be to serve in the councils of our nation, to direct and sustain our industrial army in order that those in the trenches and behind the line may feel the strength of a mighty nation at their backs. It may be that we will be called upon to delve in the earth as were our forefathers who conquered a wilderness. It may be that we will be called upon to refrain from grumbling and carping criticism in order to show that we have confidence in those who direct our efforts. All or any of these tasks may be ours and it is for us to see that we do our duty manfully, whatever it may be. We must be solidified into a nation of people with one clearly defined purpose in view—that of bringing about the divine desire of establishing "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Enormous profits have been made by the fleet of mackerel seiners, the schooner Mary F. Curtis having stocked $48,000, every member of the crew receiving $1040 for his season's work.

SELLING CAPE COD SAND BANKS.

By ROBERT H. CAHOON.

OF what value is fine, white beach sand? Probably you would call a sand bank worthless property, if you owned it. But ask the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad Company if it is not valuable land.

It may be true that the sand is of no value for agricultural purposes, and to the casual observer it would be looked upon as not worth the taxes paid on it. The Cape, as most everybody knows, is famous for its light, sandy soil.

Down at the tip of the Cape, at Provincetown and Truro, are found hundreds of sand dunes and hills which are being constantly changed by the action of the winds. A large tract of this territory, located but a short distance outside of the Pilgrims' first landing place, is owned by the railroad company. Considerable damage is done by the shifting sand when it sweeps down upon highways and orchards. Years ago the state road was damaged to such an extent that several thousand dollars had to be appropriated for repairing the stretch of highway.

Every few weeks trainloads of this sand leave Provincetown. The sand looks like powder or meal and is uniform in color.

The railroad uses vast quantities of this sand in its sand domes on locomotives, for sanding the rails to furnish friction in wet weather. If you have ever looked at a locomotive carefully, perhaps you have noticed that it is equipped with two large domes on top of its boiler. One of these—the larger—is the steam chest, and the other is filled with clear, white sand which will run readily through a pipe down to the rails just in front of the big driving wheels of the engine.

In addition to using it in its own engines, the New Haven company, it is said, sells a lot of the sand to other railroads. It brings about $40 a car load. And there is another use. It is also sold to contractors and construction companies for use in building and concrete work. An order for 400 carloads was recently received at the railroad's big Provincetown sand pit. Trainloads of 15 or 20 cars left regularly for Boston. Steel flat cars, such as are used for transporting coal, are filled about half full. Sand is much heavier than an equal bulk of coal. Each car carries about 20 tons.

Formerly the cars were loaded by men with common shovels, but this was a slow process. So the railroad installed two large steam shovels near the big banks, a side track carrying the cars within a few feet of the diggers. The work is now done much more easily and quickly.

It seems, therefore, that the Cape is destined to disappear.

Tides and storms are wearing it away, however, faster than 1000 railroads could haul it away. The railroad is carrying away a small portion of it in the interior, and the storms are wearing it away on the "outside." Huge junks are often sliced away by the angry seas and fall into the sea, being carried along shore to block up some harbor mouth or river.

The last order of 8,000 tons of sand is an infinitely small part of the Cape, but if this continues for years, perhaps the lower part of Cape Cod, at least, will be narrowed down to a mere path or roadway.

WARTIME REPARTEE

In 1861 the Barnstable Patriot printed the following:

"A young married woman, whose husband has 'gone to war', heard in conversation the remark that the government wanted more cavalry and more infantry. She replied that she knew nothing about cavalry, but added, with a sigh, that if more infantry were needed the government had better send some of the volunteers home".

It has been observed with truth, that the English language, as spoken by natives of Cape Cod, has a purity not found in many other localities. The majority of the inhabitants are of straight Anglo Saxon descent.

Lieutenant Hoffman's Revolt

BY L. C. HALL.

Lieutenant Hoffman graduated from the Royal Naval Academy at Keil this spring and was at once assigned to underseas service upon one of the new deepwater submersibles. He was only nineteen year old, as his graduation had been hastened by the emergency of the times. He was born in a country town in Prussia, of well-to-do parents, and had been educated by his government for its naval service. In his happy German home he had a fond mother and a loving sister whom he idolized. He had been brought up to love his fatherland, to reverence the Kaiser and to believe that his people were the chosen ones to bring enlightenment to the world. He had been taught that Germany desired peace but that its enemies were determined to crush her and that it was the duty of every German to fit himself for "der tag" when the final reckoning should come.

Thus he proudly fitted himself for his country's service. He was happy in the thought that he was to enter the fray and do his part in the war that had been forced upon his country. In this frame of mind he entered upon his first sea service, fully believing that the submarine was the weapon that was destined to starve hated England into submission and bring about the triumph of Germany.

Amid the reek and oil of his beloved machinery he happily went about his duty. The submersible sailed from her base upon her errand of destruction and for four days she pursued her course upon and under the sea. Upon the morning of the fifth day smoke was discerned upon the horizon and the boat was submersed until only her periscope was above the water. Nearer came the ship until it was seen that it was a huge freighter flying the English flag. When it was near enough a torpedo was loosed and a streak of curling foam marked its course until it crashed against the side of the ship. which quickly listed and sank beneath the waves.

Lieutenant Hoffman felt the thrill of duty well discharged. And thus, for days, his boat continued to cruise in the path of the incoming ships, until four vessels had fallen prey to its torpedoes. Sometimes the lieutenant thought of the men who went to the bottom of the sea with the speeding of each torpedo. But he did not see them drown and he could not fully realize the destruction that was being wrought. Orders were to sink the ships and he was obeying orders. As the voyage continued the long confinement began to tell upon the souls of the men. They were no longer good natured, were quick to take offense, and fights were numerous among the members of the crew. Even the officers became peevish toward each other and no longer talked happily among themselves.

All were anxious for the return voyage to begin and for the day when they would again be home where they could listen to the plaudits of the people and could relax from the strain under which they labored. Lieutenant Hoffman noted the growing brutishness of the officers and men. They no longer seemed to have any sympathy with each other. Some became sick with the sickness that comes from undersea service but they got little sympathy and finally when one of the oilers went insane and was shot by the captain the incident created little interest. The body was taken up on deck and laid there. The hatches were closed and the vessel sank, leaving it to the sea.

The callousness of the operation horrified the young officer but when he commented upon it he was quickly taken to task by his superior officer and thereafter remained quiet.

Finally a great liner was sighted steaming majestically upon her way. He was assigned to periscope duty and watched through the mirrors the ship come nearer and nearer. His orders were to signal the men at the torpedo tubes to fire when the moment came, and as the ship got broadside on he signalled that the time had arrived and heard the swish of the torpedo as it left its tube. Anxiously he watched its course. It sped straight upon its way and in a few moments he saw the upheaval caused by the explosion and knew that it had reached its mark. Orders were given to come to the surface and there upon the sea he watched the frantic effort to launch the lifeboats upon the doomed ship. In a few moments it became evident that the torpedo had done only part of its work. The watertight compartments were keeping the ship from sinking. The gun crew was ordered out on deck and the guns were trained upon the disabled ship. With his glass he saw the women and children being passed into the boats as they hung at their davits. He rejoiced that they were safely to get away before the ship was made to take her final plunge.

But no, the captain was giving the word to the gunners to fire and he was horrified to see the boats being shattered with schrapnel, which swept the people in them into the sea as the falls were parted by the shots. Tremblingly he pleaded with his captain to hold the fire until the innocent people were in safety, but his pleadings were roughly reprimanded. Helpless to stop the inhuman conduct of his captain, he turned away and when the ship finally went down under the shells that were piercing her sides, he could not bring himself to look upon the destruction wrought. Even when the ship had sunk he was horrified to witness the continuance of the firing upon the helpless people upon the life rafts and struggling in the water.

Why, oh why, was it necessary to kill women and children? Could it be possible that such savagery was countenanced by the Kaiser, or didn't he know? No, the kind-hearted ruler could have given no such orders. The captain was to blame. He had ordered the murder. Hatred for such work filled his heart. It was not war, it was murder. When he reached home again he would tell what the captain had done and get him punished for his heartlessness.

So when the submarine again reached her home port he had no heart for the rejoicings which greeted the returned heroes. The iron had entered his soul and he told himself that the people did not understand. Alone with his mother and sister, he unburdened his heart, expecting that his tale would be listened to with horror. But no. His gentle mother actually rejoiced at what had been done. What mattered the loss of enemies' lives so long as the beloved fatherland succeeded? She chided him for his sympathy and told him to be a man and do his manly duty.

So he told no one else of the struggle that was going on within his breast and at the end of two weeks returned to his duty and started upon another voyage. Again he saw things which caused him to hang his head with shame. He came to hate his captain for his brutishness. He brooded and became silent and morose. What could he do? What was his duty? Must he be a party to such crimes?

Finally there came a day when the climax was reached. A ship had been sunk and the victims were struggling in the water. He was on deck as his vessel moved through the swarms of drowning people and heard the members of his crew laugh at their pleas to be taken aboard. A woman was struggling in the water. He reached over the side and grasped her outstretched hand. Surely he could take her on board and thus save one life from cruel destruction. But no. It could not be. The captain ordered him to push her into the sea from which he was attempting to drag her. Schooled to obey orders instantly, nevertheless he hesitated. There was something within him that made him rebel at the awful deed. No, he would not obey. Such orders were not human. The captain was a fiend. He would save her in spite of all.

Again he was ordered to let go and again he refused. The captain drew his revolver; "Let go, you fool", he commanded. "I will not," answered Lieutenant Hoffman, for the first time in his life refusing to take orders from his superior officer. "Die with her, then," the captain said, and a bullet crashed through his brain.

His body slid over the smooth side of the submarine and as it reached the water the woman he had tried to save threw her arms about him in the grapple of the drowning and together the sea closed over them.

German efficiency and kultur had triumphed again.

THE OCTOBER GALE, 1841

As Remembered by Mrs. Asenith Paine Eldredge, South Chatham, Mass.

ATTENTION was called in the October number of Cape Cod to the great October gale of 1841. I was fourteen years old at the time and distinctly remember it

My father's vessel, the "Grecian", Harwich, was out, although he was at home. My uncle, the late Augustus Paine of Brewster, then of Harwich, was in command on the home passage from a fishing trip with a crew of a dozen men and a vessel load of fish. I have heard him tell the experience and have heard my father allude to events connected with the "great gale", as it was then spoken of.

When the wind began its three days' toll of destruction and death, large vessels sailing around the Cape and smaller ones nearing shore realized that every sail and spar and rope must be made to do its best. Everything was made snug and tight aboard the "Grecian", but the fury of the increasing gale was such that the small craft was a cockle shell upon the waves. My uncle had crossed the Atlantic several times, sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar and among the Mediterranean seaports, but said he never experienced anything like that gale.

During the voyage they secured several barrels of fish oil which they poured upon the water when it seemed most needed and there was comparative calm until again in rough waters and towering waves. Then the oil was used again. In this way they rode out the gale and made the home port with all on board. There were several boys among the crew. These were secured in the cabin lest they should be swept from the deck.

I remember that my father was very, very anxious. He was at the shore most of the daylight. He said he should know the vessel if it came in sight, though masts and sails were blown away. When it appeared the morning of the third day he was there to meet it.

When he found all well he at once sent his son, a lad of nine or ten years, to my uncle's family, living then on Queen Ann road, with the glad message. He did not ride in an auto, or upon a motorcycle, or even a wheel. He did ride his father's young horse, fleet of foot and strong of limb, which quickly carried him over the two or more miles.

The late Nathaniel Gorham of South Harwich, well known in that village and vicinity, was one of the crew. One of the neighbors said in my hearing some days later: "Yes, Captain Paine has returned, but our folks have not come back."

There were many who never came back.

In 1766 there appears to have been an epidemic of smallpox at Chatham. In three private cemeteries in that town there are inscriptions upon the gravestones which show how severe the infliction was. The words, "died from smallpox," appear upon the stones of four members of the Rider family and four of the Small family. There was also one Doane, and three Crowells who were victims of the disease in the same year.

AVIATION CAMP AT CHATHAM

THE part that flying machines are taking in the war in Europe makes it imperative that this country prepare itself for taking part in the battles in the air, which seem quite likely to determine the outcome of the struggle. It is pointed out that the armies have practically come to a deadlock on land, that the navies cannot get at the German ships and that only in the air is progress being made. In the building of aeroplanes the United States has been assigned a great task by the allies. They have practically given over this work to us and our factories are now at work making machines according to specifications from abroad—utilizing their inventions and improving upon them.

Not only has the task of building the fighting air machines been assigned to us but we have also been asked to furnish aviators to man them, it being claimed that Americans have shown their fitness for this hazardous work. Many of the most noted aviators now engaged in France are Americans.

The work of construction of thousands of aeroplanes is being rushed. Every available factory is being used. The automobile factories have been found especially adapted to this work. All the parts have been standardized and different factories will make different parts at widely different points, which will be assembled in great assembly plants. Those which will be used here for purposes of instruction, will be assembled here, but the greater part of them will be crated and shipped abroad and put together there.

In order to have skilled men as pilots and mechanicians for these machines they must be trained in their work and for this purpose aviation plants must be established. These camps are as important as the military training camps and are being established at different points throughout the country.

At Chatham, on Cape Cod, the navy department has acquired a large tract of land, adjacent to the shore, and work has begun in building and equipping one of the largest aviation camps in the east. The site selected is an ideal one. Chatham is at the elbow of the Cape, a promotory sticking out into the Atlantic Ocean, overlooking the highway that extends westward to Europe. The land requires little clearing, being clear of trees. It is being levelled off and the marshes are being filled in. Immense buildings are in process of erection and Chatham is a busy place as the result of the activities there.

The camp is being constructed by Coleman Bros., contractors of Boston, upon the plan adopted for government work, a cost plus 10% basis. Labor is receiving big wages; carpenters get 75 cents an hour, with a big bonus for overtime, and laborers are getting $4.50 a day. The camp will cost millions of dollars before it is completed, with its hangars for the machines, the shops for their repair, barracks for the men, storehouses, mess halls, and other buildings incidental to the needs of the place.

Chatham will receive a great boom from the location of the camp there. Hundreds, many hundreds, of aviators and their helpers will be located there and the town will take on all the aspects of a big naval station. The camp is located about three miles from Chatham proper, at North Chatham, upon the site of the former Hotel Chatham, which was torn down several years ago.

SEAVIEW.

By T. J. MURRAY.

One hears of captains pensioned from the sea,
Who build their homes upon the local shores,
And always oceanward the porch must be
On which they pace and scan the rolling floors.

And when nor-easters sweep down from the Banks,
With townfolks cosy in their curtained cheer,
'Tis as a bugle call to their thin ranks,
And in their dreams again they reef and steer.

They seek the porch and feel a rolling deck,
Into the shadows drift the roof and doors;
Afar they strive with weather stress and wreck
Off stormy Hatteras or the dim Azores.

Again when April airs stream from the main,
Their seaward vision peers beyond the haze,
To glimpse a brig in some far washing lane
And feel the thrill of old remembered days.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS magazine is not able to pay for manuscripts submitted and most of our contributors thoroughly understand that the only remuneration they will receive is a subscription to the magazine for themselves or a relative or friend. Occasionally there is an insistent demand on the part of some amateur author for payment for some article used when they did not say that payment was expected when the manuscript was sent. In our efforts to publish a magazine in the interest of Cape Cod we are dependent upon the loyal spirit of the people. If the people of Cape Cod want the magazine continued they must help support it, either financially by being a subscriber, or by their literary efforts gratuitously given. During these war times the getting out of any publication is attended with extreme difficulties. We have every hope of being able to weather the stress of the times and continue our efforts until a happier period sets in. We hope that our readers will recognize the seriousness of the task and make our burdens easier by keeping us well supplied with manuscripts and by speaking a good word for us when the occasion offers.

In 1790, Sandwich offered a reward of $30 to anyone who would kill "the catamount or tiger that infested this or neighboring towns."

The presence of wild, cat-like animals upon the Cape has frequently been reported but the rumors have been given little credence. Recently, however, Stillman F. Ryder shot a large Canadian lynx near his cranberry bog at the head of Buzzards Bay. The specimen was a particularly fine one, weighing 33 pounds. Such animals inhabit the great north woods, but for more than a hundred years have never before been seen in the Cape section.

Show this Magazine to a friend.

SUNBIRTH.

By GRACE J. HANLEY.

'Tis a glint of gold in the hazy east
Where the grey tide runs away;
Sending a path o'er the dimpling waves
To a black crag, wild with spray.

A coppery disc now, cutting thru
The rags of the haze grown blue,
And gilding a lighthouse, capped with black,
Shining dank in the dawn's pearl dew.

It whitens a sail, kissed by whispering breaths
Of a questioning, fugitive breeze;
It awakens a thrifty kingfisher gay,
And he plunges and dips in the seas.

It calls up a song from the restless sand
As it shifts 'neath the curling foam;
It touches the wavelets and reddens their caps,
As over the blue they roam.

It climbs up the shore; caresses the trees,
Creeps on till the shadows run;
And it warms and wooes the enraptured earth,—
The new-born smiling sun!

THE BEACH ROAD.

By A. H. KILTON.

Slowly I pass the country road
Which winds the sandy shore,
To watch the glorious sun go down,
On a day that is no more.

I love the distance of the hills;
The marshes with their reeds;
I love the true companionship
Where Nature knows our needs;

Where fashion has no sporting place,
No wishes to deny;
Where we are met, and we can meet
The ocean and the sky.

The tide that ebbed is coming in
To find the beach below;
While all the crafts, with many a sail,
Strive with the undertow.

The fishermen, too, are homeward bound;
For they must cross the bar
With the bark that bore them safely out,
Ere twilight finds a star.

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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Editorial

SHALL WE ECONOMIZE?

WHERE will the billions of dollars come from that the people have subscribed to pay for Liberty Bonds? If every savings bank in the country were turned inside out and its contents poured into the federal treasury, the total amount thus gathered would be but five billions, and the savings bank depositors would then be at the end of their resources.

But no such draining will happen. All the billions the government borrows will be turned back into the market for ships, munitions, clothing, shoes, food, wages, and the countless supplies which the army and navy needs.

The government will therefore do its part to maintain the market—to keep alive the source of all income. But what about ourselves as individuals? Are we doing our part? Do we even know what "our part" means?

War is so new to us that a great many are at a loss to understand the situation. They cannot see how the pretentious expenditures of the government can be maintained without impairing the wealth of the country. As a natural result a great deal of harmful talk has been uttered about economy. There are two kinds of economy, the kind that means prosperity and success in war and the kind that means poverty and defeat.

The only economy we need is economy of the products of nature, chiefly perishable articles. When we throw away an uneaten potato we are wasting something that nature has given that cannot be restored. We must not waste food products.

But money is a different thing. You may spend your money for whatever you like, whenever you like, as you like, and it has not been destroyed. It is undiminished. It has passed on into other hands and will eventually come back to you. It has aided prosperity and kept the wheels of industry turning. It has been used to keep up production. It is precisely this passing of money from hand to hand that puts life-blood into business and enables the nation to carry on the war. Business is the thing that gives employment to men and women and enables them to buy bread and other necessities of life.

Sit tight on your nickels, squeeze your pennies, get the tight-wad habit with money, and you are guilty of deadening the world. You are withholding from some one the chance to earn a living. When you butcher a cow, you butcher that cow's milk supply and the milk supply of her progeny to the end of the world. When you pinch your dollars and refuse to spend, you butcher the power of that money to buy, not only for you, but for every other person to whom that money might pass, were you to give it a start.

You need not be concerned that the steel in a new car "might have been used for munitions," or that gasoline used in your motor "might have driven a war truck". Let's not be silly. The government is fully able to control its products. If it needs them it will take them. Until then we should buy them as we need them.

Money is made, governments are sustained, war is financed, homes are fed, clothed and made prosperous, not by hoarding, not by penny-pinching, but by keeping money moving. There is much foolish talk about saving which is as harmful to the country and as aidful to the enemy as the propaganda of the German sympathizers. In fact if Germany could make us believe that we should hoard our money it would make our efforts against her futile.

Because material is high we must not be influenced to stop building; because wages are high we should not cease to employ labor. It matters not how high they are so long as the profits are evenly distributed. We must speed up industry to its highest capacity and if we do that we need have no fear of hard times even though it be war time.

* * *

LET US PLAN.

THE long days of winter are upon us and here upon the Cape we have ample time to plan for next season's activities and to determine whether we will merely drift with the tide or swim up stream. Last year saw more land under cultivation upon the Cape than ever before. Next year should see a still greater increase. We owe it to the country to utilize to the utmost our resources and to become as nearly self sustaining as is possible. A serious problem confronts us this winter in the fuel supply. There is bound to be a shortage of coal due to lack of transportation facilities. Coal comes a long ways to us, but we have a fuel supply close at hand. Coal isn't an absolute necessity so long as we can get wood. And there is plenty of wood if it is only cut. The winter is the time to cut wood if we want it to use next summer. Nature has provided us with our woods and they are beautiful to behold. We like to see the trees standing, but judicious cutting is helpful and trees that rot on the ground are not good for anything, but constitute a blot on the landscape. Cut wood when it is time to cut it and we will always have a plentiful supply remaining.

If you haven't anything else to do this winter, cut wood. It will be profitable when prices soar to the skies next summer.

* * *

OUR PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

WOMEN will win the war. It is true that they will not do the fighting but they are back of the fighting men, cheering them on, and helping them to succeed. Nowhere are women busier than upon Cape Cod. Their knitting needles are flying, they are working all the time to keep our soldiers comfortable and warm. They have done great work as solicitors for the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and other patriotic causes. They are even taking the places of men who are in service and performing agricultural and industrial labor. In Provincetown women are taking the places of men in the fish houses, preparing fish for market that might otherwise spoil. In their homes they are conserving food; they insist upon the observance of meatless days and are baking war bread. And yet there are those who do not wish them to have the privilege of voting.

* * *

SENATOR John W. Weeks believes that the government should at once take over the Cape Cod canal and operate and improve it and has entered a bill in Congress to that effect. If the canal is to be of service to the country such a change is necessary. In private hands it will never be developed to its fullest extent, in our opinion.

* * *

SPORTSMEN find the Cape full of game and more and more of them are finding it out every year. Game birds are increasing and ponds are being stocked with fish. A hunting license only costs one dollar in Massachusetts and the Cape is much nearer the cities than Maine or New Hampshire.

BECKY

By MYRA H. BURNHAM

BACK to the days when the hill-sides and valleys of old Cape Cod echoed with our merry, romping footsteps my thoughts rove tonight; and Becky and I are children once again. Together we sought the largest, brightest, and sweetest clusters of trailing arbutus and twined them into garlands; together we plucked the tremulous anemone, the purple and white violet, the two-leaved solomon's seal, the arethusa, the starry trientalis, the fragrant sweet briar leaf and rose, the rare ladies' slipper, and all the other wild flowers and fruits the Cape Cod seasons bring. We loved to play around the big rocks, and to climb them, too, and to slide down any possible incline. Becky was tall and lithe and once astounded me by springing over a four-barred fence with only a hand on the upper rail. In vain she tried to show me how. No running and leaping would coax my clumsy feet to the level of the upper rail. When we cast pebbles into the glassy surface of Scargo Lake, her ripples were far broader and handsomer than mine. She had twice the skill at hitting a mark that I ever attained, and it cost her no perceptible effort. Because of her abnormally active brain Becky was held back from attending school. Her own work in school took so little time and effort she absorbed what went on in the higher classes and at night and on Saturdays, lining up a row of dolls, or of spools from a handy work basket, she would propound to them problems or questions given in the highest classes, give right answers or solutions, and amuse herself by censuring or deposing her dummies for leaving her to give answers. Seizing the Latin books of her older sister, guessing at the moods and tenses of verbs, she rendered translations entirely satisfactory to herself.

Her long visits at her grandpa's were designed to keep her away from books. At Grandpa Peters' there were hens, chickens, cats, kittens, cows, and a yoke of gentle oxen. Becky and I enjoyed riding along the rutted roadway through Grandpa's pasture fields, past the little pond, white with lilies in their season, down toward the beach. Becky learned to maintain her tall, slender form erect without support, despite the wild lurchings of the ox cart, while I went toppling over with small occasion. At the beach we gathered fresh stores of pebbles and played the game of jackstones with them when more active pastime palled. Then, if Grandpa loaded his ox cart with wet sea weed, we all walked homeward more or less sedately, winning good appetites.

As I can recall them, those were mostly long, bright, sunny days, but Becky's brain continued active long after we were snuggled beneath the white sheets of a bed. She had an unfailing fund of stories which she was often pleased to relate. There was no room for her downstairs where grandpa and grandma slept, so I was accustomed to spend nights with her as well as large parts of the daytimes.

One night as I was about falling asleep I was aroused. "What are you doing, Becky?" I sleepily inquired.

"What does it sound like?" she retorted.

"Why, scratching," I replied.

"Well, doesn't the scratching sound like something else?" she urged.

I gave a moment of good attention and thought. "It sounds like John stripping the cow," I ventured. I had guessed right, and she tried to show me how to hold the sheet tense and produce the sound.

One night, the unusually loud snoring of the hired man in his not distant room put both of us in a small panic, so that, although we presently agreed on the nature of the sound, Becky insisted that for two or three following nights my older sister should be her bedfellow.

On one of her visits, when Becky was about twelve years of age, she had taken on a theatric mood. She would rig herself up and deliver long speeches or orations. Often she would assume the pose and utterance of Quakers whom she had heard at services she had attended. So serious was her demeanor on such occasions it hardly seemed like desecration. Once, as beggar mother and daughter, Becky and I so imposed on Grandpa Peter and Grandma, as to win a dollar from Grandpa. Then Becky threw it back and laughed so heartily and naturally as to pierce her disguise.

Our last attempt, however, proved abortive. Becky and I had searched every nook and corner of two houses to find dilapidated masculine apparel; had tucked our long hair under much tattered' straw hats; our woebegone shoes, much too large for us,; were duly stuffed out, with a gray sock left bulging from Becky's; a soiled rag bound around her forehead, and arranged to cover most of her delicate ears, ostensibly protected a wound. One too white and slender hand was wrapped and borne in a sling, while the other hid in a jacket slung across her arm. Becky was to do all the acting and begging. I was to be deaf and dumb and loco if circumstances demanded it. We were unusually pleased with the success of our disguise. Our way to Grandpa Peter's was only across my father's home fields and just across a not greatly travelled lane. With gay laughter we scudded along the worn path through a field of rye and a field of tasselled corn. Just beyond, my father was hoeing in his vegetable garden. He was a man stern of mood when circumstances demanded it, but was also a lover of jokes and of harmless sport. To me he had never been otherwise than kind and over indulgent. I had no slightest fear in approaching him, appraising him of our harmless intent, and soliciting his admiration of our disguises. Contrary to my expectations my father's face became suddenly dark and stern, and never before had there issued from his lips so sharp a command to me: "Mary, go back home and get that rig off as quick as possible." I was too petrified to respond instantly, and must have gazed as inanely at Becky as the loco I was to personify would have done. Becky, though not included in my father's command, turned back and scudded as rapidly as her shoes would allow through the sympathizing rye and corn fields while I followed dazedly in her steps. Never have I been able to understand my father's displeasure in our disguise, but not even Becky and I ever discussed the subject. We silently and speedily unclothed and reclothed ourselves, and our unrealized escapade was allowed to drop into oblivion.

The next event in our lives that seems worthy of recall is when Becky and I were spending a day on a cranberry bog. It was a new bog, hardly in bearing order, and was three miles from the village at a place dubbed "minister's lot," since decades agone my father had accompanied a minister's lads driving their cow hither and hence. The morning ride, packed in a cart with five or six other jolly companions, though some were much older than ourselves, had been delightful. The ozone and sight of the sea; the wild growths of frosted blackberry and other vines and shrubs; the heaped up, dried, wild indigo plants through which the cart wheel made a pleasant crunching sound; flocks of sea birds taking their southern flight; all these diversions, and more, made the ride a pleasant one. Then, too, there were diversions on the cranberry bog. Birds, insects, and even a snake sometimes created a sensation. There were pitcher plants with their fantastic shapes and ugly odors of stagnant water; and there were groups of checkerberry plants with their lovely colors and spicy odors. Then, too, there were always the clouds with their alluring forms and ways. Did they indicate a near storm? That became the question on this especial day soon after my father had gathered together in bags what cranberries we had picked, and started homeward. A stretch of roadway, flooded twice in each twenty-four hours, lay between us and home shelter. We picked the ruddy berries with fingers protected by thick white cloth stalls, attached to gauntlets made of stocking legs.

There was no inspiring competition in our small group that day. The white canvas bag behind in the row did not become suddenly stately. Even Becky's contributions to her bag were small and infrequent. So when raindrops began to patter, to increase, and then to pour, each of us, seizing pan and bags, rushed for the only shelter. This was a wooden shed, leaking at many points, meant chiefly for equine shelter from hot sunshine and flies. Into it we hastily entered, and sought out sheltered spots, and rude seating on protruding plank or stone. Some length of waiting was certain. We cleaned our dinner pails of cake, pie or fruit remaining. The older ones among us began to examine and make repairs on handgear with needle and thread wisely at hand. But Becky, when we first gave her attention, had climbed into the feeding trough, cast aside sunbonnet and outer wraps save the white kerchief that concealed the overlapping of her grandma's gray calico gown about her slender neck. Its ample folds above her bosom and belt gave undue matronly appearance. Her straight black hair straggled in wisps over her broad, white forehead. She stood erect and solemn, her gray-blue eyes turned dreamily toward the rest of us.

"Bretheren and sistern," she spoke with the intonation she had hitherto made familiar to some of us, then paused for us to cease our prattle and give due attention. "Bretheren and sistern, it is borne in upon me this morning to say a few words about that old debble who, as 'tis writ in holy scripture, goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. He a'n't always a roaring or we might manage better to keep away from his great ugly claws. He only roars when he gets thee in his clutches. Then he fills the whole air with his glad roaring. He's velvet-footed when he draws nigh to get thee. He is soft-voiced. He clothes himself in sheepskin. 'Tis a wise old debble that goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. To some of us the debble tries to suggest that the Lord a'n't kind when he takes away our loved ones; that he don't treat us all alike; do'n't give us all equally good food, clothes, and other things. The debble is a fine reasoner. On a hill top in Judea he tackled even the Christ, promising him all the kingdoms of the world if he would bow down and worship him. The debble hides himself in all sorts of disguises. In Eden he was a snake, enticing Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. He got inside of Cain and made him kill his brother Abel. For whole years he lived inside of Ahab and Jezebel. He got a grip on King David and made him sin grieviously. He took away the wisdom of Solomon, loading him down with wives till he and his harem weighed so heavy on the shoulders of the nation they must have been glad when they could lay him in his grave. But the debble had so hard a grip on that son of Solomon that ten of the tribes cast him off and chose a young war captain for their king. He did well till the debble gripped him and he set up them golden calves at Dan and Bethel. Thee and me and others, too often worship the golden calves the debble sets up in our hearts. May be thee and me are even now listening to his honey voice. Beware, brethren. Beware, sistern. De debble goeth about like a roarin', rampagin' lion. He a'n't never still. He don't never need to sleep like thee and me. But 't a'n't thee and me that the debble gets fiercest after, 'tis the young and tender lambs. To get them he puts on his broadest grin, so like a winsome smile as to deceive the wisest of us. An' de debble roars and roars when he gets holt of one o' them innercent ones. 'Ta'n't no figger of speech—his roarin'. He teaches them little ones to lie an' steal an' swear an' smoke an' dance an' gamble, and even to murder. 'Tis said the old debble has horns an' hoofs an' a tail with which he can lash thee and me into doin' his will.. The debble goeth about like a roarin' lion seekin' whom he may devour."

Becky was bounding out of the feeding trough as she droned out the last of her sentence. Her keen ears had been the first to hear the clatter of approaching cart wheels. A moment later my father stood in the doorway, rain pouring from the oiled cloth suit with which he was protected. Each of us hustled out, bearing our bag of berries and pan in which they had been first picked. Into the bottom of the cart we crouched, the taller ones so lined that when a heavy blanket was thrown over our heads the rain was shed outside of the cart and we were dry and comfortable beneath. Becky started the singing. First it was a sacred song, but drifted into all the gay, rollicking ones of the period. Becky has never ceased singing. She used to wake me sometimes in the mornings with her imitations of the early birds. Now, in a far away city, music is still her chief interest and concern. But not since our girlhood ended have we met.

An Eventful Day

By JOHN MAYO.

IT was along about Christmas time. The trees were bare and the grass had long been dead. A heavy fall of snow was on the ground and it looked as though old Mr. Winter had come for a long visit.

Down a road which wound around and over the hills came a horse and pung, the driver of which seemed to be in no great hurry, as he was settled in a comfortable position and, in seeming great relish, was getting all there was out of his clay pipe and tobacco. Without any command from him the horse slowly turned into a side road that led up to a neat looking house which was painted white, with green blinds, while near by were barns, sheds, and hen houses, denoting the home of a farmer.

The driver was a tall, bronzed man of rugged physique, broad shouldered and with a cropped head. He let the horse have his head until he came to the barn and then, jumping lightly out, unhitched and opened the barn door, gave the horse a slap, and followed him and unharnessed. After seeing that the horse had his feed and putting a blanket on him for the night, he walked up the path to the kitchen door. His rolling gait showed that while he was a farmer today, his yesterdays had been spent on the deep blue seas, and that he had trod the quarter deck of many a ship.

Before his hand could reach the latch of the door it was opened by a comfortable, motherly-looking woman with hair just turning gray, and whose blue eyes showed a kind, sympathetic nature. Standing in the doorway so he could not enter, and effecting a stern look which was softened by the twinkle in her eyes, she exclaimed: "Abner Snow, you don't put a foot in this house until you have cleaned the snow off those boots. Sakes alive, after my being down on my knees scrubbing the floor until it is clean enough to eat off of, and now it would be just like you to wade in and track it all up."

The man gave a hearty laugh and said: "Well, I suppose you are the boss, so I better do as you say and save what little hair there is left on my head." After giving his boots a good cleaning on the scraper, he came indoors and removing his great coat, gloves and fur cap, walked over to a rocking chair in the corner by the stove and sank into it with a long drawn out sigh. His wife seated herself in another rocker near by. They both sat there in silence for some time and finally she said in a low, husky tone: "Is he coming?"

The captain, for he was a retired sea captain, replied in a voice rent with sorrow, "Yes."

"When?" asked his wife.

"In the morning early, about seven

o'clock," answered the captain.

"Oh, dear," said she. "I just don't know how I am going to stand it, but let us be brave and keep it out of our minds until it is all over and then I think we will feel better. Let your strength sustain me."

After an early supper they sat around, but without any interest in either conversation or reading. The captain pulled hard on his pipe, keeping up a nervous tapping on his teeth with the stem, a habit he had when in deep study. Long before their usual hour for retiring, he arose abruptly and said: "Come, Thankful, let's be goin to bed and see if we can't help forget our trouble in sleep."

The next morning they were up by daybreak and after a hurried breakfast which neither one had much appetite for, the captain went out in the yard, but in a very short time was back and into the house with a rush and in a suppressed and excited tone said, "Here he comes, Thankful," the words hardly being out of his mouth when a short, fat, cheerful-looking man came around the corner of the barn and cried out in a loud voice: "On board the schooner; are you all ready?"

With forced calmness the captain answered back, "Be right with you in a minute, Hiram." Then, turning to his wife, he said, "Thankful, if you want to take a last look at Maud, now is the time."

Looking up to him mournfully, she said: "I don't see how I can, but I feel I must."

Taking her tenderly by the arm they walked slowly out behind the barn and looking over a low fence, gazed with sad, loving eyes at a fat hog that was so large he could barely walk and whose grunt sounded like an echo in a deep cavern. After a few minutes of silence the captain's wife said in a voice choked with emotion, "Good-bye, Maud" and turned away with tears in her eyes.

The captain soon followed her and turning to Hiram, who was the official pig killer in the town, he said, "Go ahead, Hiram, and get done with it as soon as you can, but—but—don't be harder on her than you can help, for we have raised her from a baby and she is a good deal to us. You will find a wash boiler of hot water in the kitchen, but I can't stand seeing it done, so am going up in the woods to chop a little."

His wife went up in their bedroom and stuffed pillows around her head so as not to hear the cries of piggy in her last struggles.

Along towards noon Hiram called out in a cheerful voice, under the window, "It is all over now and you can tell the captain he has enough meat to keep him supplied for the whole winter and spring."

Not long after, the captain returned and with his wife went out to the barn and there hung the late Maud, dressed and cleaned, in fact much cleaner than she had ever looked when alive. The following Sunday a large platter of pig's feet with the accompanying vegetables heaped around the sides, and plenty of snow-white dumplings and rich yellow gravy, graced the center of the table. Opposite each other sat the captain and his wife, both with a dubious look on their faces as they gazed at the stew, but finally he filled up a plate and passed it to her and then helped himself. After eating a few mouthfuls a grin came over his face and he said, with a knowing shake of his head, "Maud was a good deal to us alive, Thankful, but she don't taste so very bad, dead."

DAVY'S PHILOSOPHY.

Old Davy Skinner, a fisherman on the Cape Cod coast, was noted for unfailing self-poise and economy of words. No one ever knew Old Davy to become in the least excited, nor did he ever waste a word.

One summer day he was rowing along in his boat, when a dory containing five or six young summer people was capsized near him. Naturally there were screams and wild confusion, in the midst of which Davy rowed over to the scene of the disaster and said placidly to the young people who were clinging to the boat, screaming for help:

"Hadn't you better get in?"

A Cape Cod Captain at Pitcairn Island

By E. M. BANGS.

DURING the early days when American Merchant shipping was at its height, Cape Cod ship masters made port in many harbors, and visited many strange and seldom visited places, and so it came about that in 1885 or 86 Captain Edwin Thacher of Yarmouth paid a call at Pitcairn Island.

A glamor of romance hangs about the history of this island, in the story which has been so often told that it needs but a brief mention here, for who has not heard of the British vessel, Bounty, sent out by the government in 1787 to search for bread fruit trees among the islands of the Pacific for the purpose of introducing them into the West Indies. A mutiny took place on board, and in due time nine of the mutineers with six men and twelve women from the island of Tahiti settled on Pitcairn Island, so named in honor of the midshipman who first sighted it in 1767, but uninhabited until the arrival of the mutineers of the Bounty. One of these men, Alexander Smith, changed his name to John Adams. He changed, also, his way of living and with the one Bible brought with them, and the memory of his early Christian training became the guide of the little company.

The first knowledge that came to the outside world regarding this community was in 1814 when a British war ship called at the island. In 1839 it was taken under the protection of England.

From a letter of Captain Thacher's describing his visit there we are permitted to quote the following:

"The occasion of my visit to Pitcairn Island was in part pre-arranged and in part accidental. It is in the South Pacific ocean, about 20 degrees south latitude, and 130 west longitude, a little west of the usual track of ships proceeding from San Francisco via Cape Horn to ports in the United States or Europe. I was on my passage from San Francisco to Liverpool, and passing near some of the men of the island came off to the ship in their boats, and persuaded me to leave my ship, even though late at night,—eleven o'clock—and about three hours after, landed upon the island. While running for the island the men sang, "Pull for the Shore,"

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and other familiar songs in excellent time, and apparently indifferent to the constant and almost deafening roar of the surf which was breaking very near the boat, and dashing up the rocks some fifty feet or more. The channel to the only landing place on the island lay between the rocks, and only about a boat's length in width, and as they directed the bow of the boat toward the shore and in the darkness of the night what appeared one continuous line of white, foaming breakers, it required not a little nerve on the part of a stranger. * * * * But when we landed safely in a little cove, * * * * and as I landed came the odor of a thousand flowers, and lighting our torches we passed under an arch formed by a large banyan tree. We took the well-beaten path leading to the higher level, and at some places the ascent was something like an angle of 45 degrees."

The climate of Pitcairn Island is nearly perfect, being warm and even. Fish abound in the surrounding waters, while coffee, plantain, banana, cocoanut, orange and lemon trees, sweet potatoes, melons, pineapples and various other products grow in wild profusion. To return to our letter, Captain Thacher continues:

"When about half way up the ascent we saw several hundred pumpkins. 'This', said Mr. McCoy, (governor of the island) 'is our storehouse', and there they lay till consumed, regardless of weather. * * * A little higher we came to the house of the governor. This house had been three years building and was not then completed. They build as the material comes to hand, their chief source of supply being what they could obtain from passing ships. Mr. McCoy accompanied me about the island, and to the elevation upon which the smaller houses are built. These were low, the timbers from wood grown upon the island. Some of them were partitioned off, and berths the same as on ship-board, built on one side, with thatched roof, or made of some kind of palm leaf. The first house we came to Mr. McCoy's three sisters lived in. He called one by name, and all three came out and I was introduced and invited in.

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This was about two o'clock in the morning. They seemed to have the same clothing at night as in the daytime; dressed in European style, but not always in the most fashionable way. They make some cloth from the fibre of a tree or leaf. The men are better supplied with clothing than the women, as their chief supply is from passing ships. * * * We made the round of the village, lanterns in hand. There seemed to be a kind of aristocracy, or some better class of families. Upon these we called, and were accorded a most hearty welcome. Several said they had heard of me before. * * * *.

"The church was built much like the other buildings, and one-half used for a school room. In the church were rough board benches or seats; a railing across the end within which was the pulpit and organ. In one corner in a rack fashioned to the wall, were several bottles. Asking what they contained, I was told that it was wine obtained from the California ships, which they used for communion purposes. There was also a small library, this with the organ, clothing, etc., gifts of friends in England. There were no glass windows in the church, or any building, a sliding wooden shutter in place of a window. There was not a lock on any door, doors and windows were unfastened at night. There was no prison, theft or crime was unknown. It was not thought necessary to lock up the wine used for communion. All things were held in common. * * * *.

"When I was there they were in number 104 souls. A division of labor was allotted them. The able bodied men went in the boats to passing ships for the purpose of trade, or anything that chanced to be given them; several were set apart to furnish fish for the island need, some butchers. There are no cattle, but an abundance of pigs and fowl. The very old men and the women tilled the soil, and all that was produced or obtained from any source went into the common fund. They grow sugar cane and make their own sugar in a very primitive way.

"My intention was to make a stay of an hour or two only, but I remained till about

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10 o'clock, some eight hours, and took breakfast with them. A rough board table, no tablecloth, the dishes more or less broken or chipped, cutlery not of exceeding pure lustre, a board or boxes in place of chairs, the food withal not as presentable as it might be, yet I never beheld greater reverence, or heard an expression of greater gratitude than was shown by him who officiated as minister as he arose and asked a blessing before partaking of the food. They had early morning prayers to which I was invited, and as I left them they all came down to the beach to see me off, and wished me God speed on my journey."

So ends Captain Thacher's account of his visit to what is probably one of the most unique communities in existence. Since his visit from time to time some word has drifted to the outside world from Pitcairn Island, and within the last year some of our papers have given an account and picture of the present Governor of the island, who, by the way, is a woman, and who after being educated in this country was returning with enthusiasm to her primitive people.

THE HYANNIS WHARF.

The railroad wharf at Hyannis was once a busy place. It was built for the Nantucket & New Bedford Steamboat Company in 1855. Str. Massachusetts made the first run to Hyannis to connect with the trains to and from Boston and the lower Cape. Daily trips were made in 1856. Str. Island Home ran on this route for about twenty-five years.

When the railroad from Buzzards Bay to Woods Hole was built the route was abandoned, which was a great loss to Hyannis.

In 1877 the machine shop was destroyed and in 1890 the whole plant was destroyed by fire. Up to ten years ago large quantities of coal were landed at the wharf, but now it is all brought by rail.

The wharf is now used for the fishing industry. Blue back herring, flounders and other kinds of fish are shipped to Boston and New York markets in great quantities.

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WHO'S WORRYIN'

By EDNA MAY HOWES.

We hear a lot of talkin'
About the food supply
And how these storage fellers
Are a' keepin' prices high.

But we are not dependin'
On the stuff they've stored away,
And they can keep it all, by ging,
Until the Judgment day.

We've barrels full of garden truck
A settin' in a row,
And you don't begrudge the sweatin'
That you did with spade and hoe.

There's half a hog all salted down
And covered up in brine,
And hogshead cheese and sausage rolls,
And bacon sweet and fine.

And mother's made a lot of stuff,
Pickles, preserves and such,
And put 'em down in jars and things.
Oh, we'll not want for much.

There's cod and haddock, boned and white,
A dryin' on their flakes,
There's none can beat the codfish balls
That only mother makes.

And clams, and quahaugs, scallops, too,
A layin' close at hand
A waitin' and a longin'
To be dug from out the sand.

Oh, we are not a worryin'
About the food supply,
Or complainin' if it be our lot
Some things we must deny.

We'll go without the cranberry sauce,
And cakes and pies and such.
With all the things I've mentioned
We shall not want for much.

Mrs. Marie T. Garland of Buzzards Bay is raising a fund for the Cape Cod boys at Camp Devens. All contributions sent to her will be gratefully acknowledged.

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The Cape Cod Magazine

Vol III JANUARY, 1915 No. 9

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1915 - SERVICE - 1918

THE greatest obligation upon the American people during the year to come, and as much longer as the war may last, is Service. This Service may be rendered in various ways but all must give it and no loyal person can receive exemption from it. The service demanded is the sort of service that people render each other, without thought or expectation of financial reward, payment for which is received through the inward satisfaction of having done one's duty, fully and cheerfully.

Through past years much service has been rendered to communities, to states and to nations, by public spirited citizens, who have realized their obligations toward the common cause of civic righteousness, of philanthropy, and sympathy. Such people have risen high in our esteem and form a class of loyal, patriotic and public spirited men and women whose full powers and ability have ever been given wherever the demand for their use arose.

In every community, large and small, we can point out the people who can always be depended upon to give unselfish service, who always respond to every call and who are the leaders in our civic and social life. Such people seldom receive the recognition that is due them and therefore their efforts are deserving all the more credit on account of their unselfishness.

A different sort of service confronts us now—a service that is demanded and which we cannot shirk. We must all serve in some way and he who seeks to evade doing his share had better bury himself in the wilderness far from the haunts of man. In war time, more than in peace times, we consider our obligation to our country and humanity. In the last analysis, at all times, we belong to the country and the country can demand of us any service that it wills. It has a right to our lives, our property, our labor and everything that we have or are capable of giving. We have no private rights. As individuals we do not exist. Only as we render service can we be considered at all.

So long as the war continues we must do our bit without expecting our "bite." We must forego our desire for profits if in getting them we are taking from others that which rightfully belongs to them. We are all drafted to help win the war. If our bodies are not wanted the government at least has use for our brains and our resources. We expect to draft millions to fight. Many more millions may be drafted to give service of other kinds if such is not given voluntarily. The greatest task before us is the winning of the war. To that task every one of us can contribute something. To it we must all contribute. The government is ours, we are the government, and we must win—that's all there is to it.

Therefore, Service is the most important thing for us to consider during the coming year. Whether it be rendered at home or abroad does not matter. If we give the best there is in us we can do no more, even though we lay down our lives. So be prepared to render what service you are capable of; render it freely and voluntarily.

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ARE WE AWAKE?

By MARIE T. GARLAND

IT was not long after the breaking out of the war before England was awake to the fact that there was something wrong with her system of education. She is now in the throes of reconstruction; time only will prove whether she is able to break away from the old traditional methods which have hampered her and delayed her in equipping herself for the Herculean task of Empire building.

When on April 6th we joined our forces with the Allies and went to war wholly unprepared, we were almost immediately confronted with problems which should clearly point to our own errors in education.

Taking first into consideration the masculine problem of education, we find that where possible the schools and colleges immediately arranged for military training for students. Soldiers are not born ready made. Where large bodies of our youth gather for the regular curriculum of school and college, a great opportunity for concerted action along the lines of military training is offered. There can be no question of the value of this to the students, quite apart from its value to the nation. If drilling of men were an integral part of their education, we may be sure we would no longer see upon our city streets the undeveloped human entities we call men. The beauty of health and vigor would be recognized, and each one would be given full opportunity to build the physique to which he is entitled.

Football, baseball and rowing do not—any one of them—appeal to all types of boys, but we find, given the opportunity, boys register for military training almost to a man; we find all the petty factions of school and college cemented into one homogenous whole. The spirit of the Nation is, after all, the final call—the one which finds us united.

Boys who go to training camps from schools and colleges are called upon to do many things which they should be equipped to do. They will have the care of their quarters; there must be mechanics, carpenters, electricians, cooks; they must wash and mend and sew. These things are not taught boys during the years that school training is compulsory. Because they are not taught many boys leave school earlier than they would otherwise do. All of these things should be a part of the school training.

Taking education from the girl's standpoint, we find, since the war, many women doing the work they have not done before; we find them taking courses in First Aid, training for Red Cross nurses, learning home nursing and gardening; we find them rolling bandages, knitting socks, mufflers and sweaters; volunteering to care for children during so many hours a week. None of these things are taught in the schools; some of them are taught in some schools, but not all of them in all schools. Girls are entitled to know these things; they are things every mother should know; they are a part of a woman's equipment for motherhood and citizenship.

As a Nation we are facing two big problems, one is the birth rate of the native American, the other is the fact that we depend entirely upon foreign labor for our agricultural work. Many today realize the seriousness and are asking why it is we find ourselves confronting these problems. Is it not due to our educational methods? Our boys and girls go through school and college and seldom, if ever, hear anything about parenthood and agriculture.

If our present awaking along the lines of agriculture is for us a permanent one, this war will be worth while, no matter what the cost to us may be. This war may also make us realize the sanctity and joy of bearing children.

The present system of education removes the children at an early age from the home, where they would otherwise be given an opportunity to learn all the details of housework. Education to the child stands for something quite apart from home; it seldom, if ever, touches the home or the home life. The school keeps the children the greater part of the day and sends them home with work to do during the few hours at home. We are robbing the children of certain precious things and giving them something in no way commensurate. There is real joy in housework, especially when all of it is done by all the family, working harmoniously together.

Vast sums of money are yearly expended upon education, but a certain portion of sums set aside for education are actually expended upon maintenance of the schools,—janitor service, maintenance of school grounds, purchase of towels, etc. In a town of 2,700 inhabitants where the total expenditure is $25,000, $4,000 is expended on janitors and maintenance and miscellaneous expenses. The work done at this cost could all of it be done by the children, at a saving of expense and also as a benefit to the children.

If each group of children had the care of their own building, there would be a pride in it which does not now exist. In places where a number of schools were maintained there would be keen competition among them for leadership in school maintenance. Monies are expended each year for repairs, many of which could be done by the boys or girls. The weaving of towels for school use, and the washing and ironing could all be done in the school. If in the work modern methods of electricity were employed, the children would soon convince their parents of the importance and value of these in the home. If laundry classes were instituted in schools, students could be doing washing and demonstrating new methods.

Jean Frederick Oberlin, who died in 1826, in Switzerland, proved the value of agriculture in the schools. Many schools now carry on gardens, but there is great opportunity from an economic, as well as an educational viewpoint absolutely neglected. Referring again to the same town from which the financial figures are taken, thousands of dollars have been expended in creating a large school lawn on the slope of a hill, a lawn where the children cannot play. How much better it would have been to plant a young orchard, which would yearly yield a fund to minimize the school budget of expenditure, where the boys and girls could have cut and pruned and sprayed the trees during the noon hours, and where many daffodils and Darwin tulips might be grown yearly for market, a joy to all those who beheld them and worked with them.

Let us hope that the war will be to us a means of bringing about a general awaking. Let us follow England's example and broaden our system of education. Let it at least spell Life to us. If the lessons which war teaches us are of value, they are equally precious in times of peace.

This magazine could use more short biographical sketches of men and women with interesting episodes in their lives; also local historical notes and quaint and humorous sketches.

Faithful Guardians of Our Coast

By LUCY E. TREAT

SINCE the Pilgrims first "moored their bark on a wild New England shore" our rocky coast has been the scene of many a tragedy of the deep and would still exact its toll of human life, were it not for the government's watchful care and protection over those who sail its waters. Through foggy nights and sweeping gales, the sailor watches for the bright flash or steady gleam of many lights along the shore. In southern Massachusetts there are many lights of great importance and interest, for not only do the rocky ledges of the northern coast imperil seamen, but the waters about Cape Cod hide many treacherous bars where Davy Jones has oft replenished his locker.

Guarding the entrance to Boston Harbor, where lie many dangerous ledges and small islands grouped together, is Boston Light, whose tall white tower on Little Brewster, one of these islands, is a welcome sight to home-returning mariners. The first rude beacon was established in 1679 and during Revolutionary days had its interior burned by the British. The next tower was built in 1716 and the present structure in 1783. In the summer of 1916, its two hundredth anniversary was most fittingly observed. On the most dangerous ledge outside of Boston Harbor is the Graves' Light, built about a decade ago. The jagged appearance of this partially sunken ledge shows whence it derives its name and why the sailor looks so eagerly for its welcome flash.

Beyond the Graves the first flash of cheer to the outgoing sailor is the 1-4-3 or I-love-you signal on Minot's Light off Cohasset. In 1848 an openwork iron structure crowned this reef but the great gale of 1851 proved too strong for it and on the morning of April 17 the Cohasset beaches were strewn with the wreckage of the light, which had been washed away in the night. Four years later the present tower was begun, a most difficult piece of work as the ledge is out of the water only on certain tides. It was completed in 1860. It first had a stationary light but was later changed to its present cheery flash.

Sailing along the Scituate shore one can distinguish a gray, weather-beaten tower on Cedar Point, which formerly guarded the entrance to Scituate Harbor. Although the light has long been discontinued, it has an interesting story connected with it, which makes it worthy of mention. As early as 1812 the old tower was standing, then kept by Simeon Bates, whose wife was a Cape Cod woman. One day when the people were away haying on the neighboring hills, a British cruiser anchored off the coast and the sailors were preparing to land on a marauding expedition. Only the two daughters, Abigal and Rebecca remained at the light. Realizing the need of swift action, the two girls seized their father's fife and drum, where it hung on the wall, and, screened by the bushes, began to play vigorously the strains of Yankee Doodle. The British sailors, thinking that the villagers were assembling to arms, retreated so quickly to the vessel that one poor "red coat" was tipped overboard in the haste.

Farther along the shore the green headland of the Gurnet comes into view, crowned with its twin octagonal towers. These lights on the north side of Plymouth Harbor serve also as a guide to vessels entering Kingston and Duxbury Bay.

In Cape Cod Bay are many harbor lights, which in the old days of the fishing and coasting trade played an important part in the logs of the local captains. Such is the Sandy Neck light, at the entrance to Barnstable Harbor, the only large harbor for storm-tossed vessels at that particular bend of the Cape. It is also a beacon for Yarmouth and other nearby towns. When the oystermen used to sail out of Wellfleet, a cheery light on Billingsgate Island kept watch over the bay but it is now discontinued. Provincetown Harbor has two beacons to guide the mariner into port, the Long Point and the Wood End Light. At one time a small colony lived at Long Point and even had a school house there, but later the houses were moved to the mainland on floating rafts of barrels.

Standing sentinel at the entrance to Cape Cod Bay is the Race Point Light, whose cheerful glow has warned many a sailor to keep off in safe deep waters, when rounding the Cape, for not far away are the pounding billows on Peaked Hill Bars, eagerly waiting to swallow up a victim. On the outer side of the Cape is one of our most imposing and most important lights, the Highland Light, at North Truro. Here is one of the most dangerous places on Cape Cod, for against these cliffs, along this shore the sea rages with terrific force, in a northeast storm and has sent many a gallant craft to the bottom. The light was built in 1797, ten acres being originally purchased for this purpose, by the government. It has a single bright flash which can be seen all over the lower part of the Cape. Longfellow's lines well describe the Highland Light:

"The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage he saw it fade and rise,
And when returning from adveutures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same,
Year after year, through all the silent nights
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light."

At Eastham, on the east side of the Cape, on Nauset Beach, are three sturdy towers, abreast of which the tides divide and run in opposite directions. To vessels coming over Nantucket Shoals, the first light which the sailor picks up on the Cape is the Monomoy Light on the long point south of Chatham. Then come the Twin Lights at Chatham, which when sighted by the mariner, following up the Cape, assure him he is on the right course.

Along Vineyard Sound and Nantucket, where the tides run strong and there are many dangerous shoals, are several noted lights as Sankaty Head, on the southeastern extremity of Nantucket, and Gay Head on the island of Martha's Vineyard. Several lightships are also stationed about these waters as the Pollock Rip and Nantucket Shoals ships.

At the entrance to Buzzards Bay, on the lonely, desolate island of Cuttyhunk, is the wooden tower of Cuttyhunk Light. Many other harbor lights are found about the bay, such as Clarke's Point and Palmer's Island, which to the New Bedford whalemen spelled home.

These are a few of the lights along this part of our shores. Many other aids to navigation have been established, such as bell buoys, whistling buoys and fog horns. But the real guardians of the deep are the lighthouses and their faithful keepers, who can say in the words of Scott:

"Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shoals my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky gem of night."

George W. Coleman of Boston and Sagamore Beach is leaving for France where he will spend four months studying the war. He goes in the interest of the National Baptist Association of which he is president, and which designs to organize its relief work in accordance with his recommendations. Mr. Coleman carries with him the good wishes of his numerous Cape Cod friends.

Our boys at Camp Devens have experienced some unusually cold weather the past few weeks, but they are bearing it cheerfully and are all in good spirits.

CAPE COD MEMORIES

By E. M. CHASE

ALONE for the day, the fast falling rain precluding the possibility of a friendly call from even my nearest neighbor, I wandered restlessly about the house in seach of something to lighten the tedium of the hours that must elapse before the return of the other members of my family.

Tired of reading and sewing, not in the mood for letter writing, I soon exhausted the resources of the lower part of the house and directed my steps to the long, low, rambling attic. A pile of boxes, covered with all the accumulated dust since the last house-cleaning, suggested hidden treasures. Old letters, paper patterns, bits of unfinished fancy work, then the treasure. It was only a bit of cardboard, blank on one side, with a star, in the center of which a number had been written with a pencil, adorning the other side. A useless treasure perhaps but it contained the magic of Aladdin's Lamp. Instantly the cobwebbed rafters vanished, time stopped its flight, rolled back nearly a score of years and I was again a worker in the South Dennis overall factory. It was an up-to-date factory in many respects. The long room, with windows the full length of each side, was well lighted and ventilated, the throb of the engine, the steady hum of the thirty-five or more machines was music in my ears. At one end of the longest bench the little strapmaker was again in her place. Strap making was the easiest of all but no one felt the least envy of "Dolly", her tiny hands looked too small to handle the bulky garments, designed to cover men of all sizes, shapes and ages. Besides her ready smile and good nature made us all her friends.

A sewing machine in the home is a simple affair to the housewife but a sewing machine run by power is quite another proposition, a stitch through a finger, followed by a wild shriek sometimes interrupted a day's monotony; but only a beginner would be guilty of such negligence.

Many little incidents, supplying the element of variety, kept us from sinking to the dead level of mere human machines. We had all read of explosions and dire calamities in other factories and when, one day, we heard a snapping sound we knew the factory was about to be blown to atoms. A grand rush for the doors, regardless of everything but personal safety, created a miniature panic. We made our exits with far greater speed than we had made our entrances in the morning. At a safe distance we turned to look back at the ruins and saw the factory standing firm and solid as it had always stood. The steady hum of smoothly running machinery calmed us and fearfully, hesitatingly, the boldest re-entered. One woman, of all the crowd, had remained inside and she calmly asked, "Why did you all rush out? It was only the steam gauge that broke."

The advent of new workers was always interesting. One man and his wife, strangers to most of us, were prodigious gum-chewers. One morning we each found a stick of gum beside our machine. By means of winks, nods, and sly whispers the intelligence was conveyed to us all that we were to chew gum and show our new workers just how ceaseless jaw-motion appears to others. Out in the cutting room the professional cutter laid his patterns on numerous folds of heavy denim, marked around them with tailors' chalk, cut out the various parts with his heavy knife, made up the bundles of work, a dozen pair of overalls in a bundle, all the while chewing gum. The owner, boss, supervisor and general factotum made out accounts, settled all little difficulties that arose, kept account of stock, and chewed gum. The man who run the felling machine felled up bundle after bundle of "legs" and the faster he worked his hands the faster he worked his jaws—chewing gum. The engineer shoveled coal, oiled the engine, noted the glass tube on the side of the boiler was full of water, indicating that no more water would be needed in the boiler, went back to his machine and made buttonholes in the overalls but never stopped chewing gum. Even the little strap maker chewed valiantly. Noon hour brought a brief respite but the chewing was resumed again. The whistle blew, work was over for the day but there was a very noticeable lack of conversation, joints were too weary to talk. The next morning our new workers were a little late, every eye was turned in their direction and they were—chewing gum, our lesson had been in vain.

For one whole day we had a change of work, the owner of the factory gave the use of the machines and the thread, those of us who wished gave our time and we worked for the soldiers engaged in the Spanish-American war.

"It's a poor buggy that won't hold six." We proved the truth of that assertion many stormy days and there were no fatal casualties.

After a time a little dispute arouse between the "cutter" and the owner that resulted in a final break. The cutter built a factory of his own less than half a mile away. Some of the workers left, some stuck to the old post. The factory was changed around for greater convenience but competition proved the death rather than the life of trade. The old factory had to close. After a time a few enterprising persons bought the building, the machinery was sold to other factories out of town and the building converted into a club house. Interest died a natural death, the building was again sold and moved away. No trace is left of the overall factory in South Dennis.

The new factory, run by the "cutter," kept on doing business for a while, then work slackened, the factory closed for a few days, then in some mysterious way it caught fire and was entirely destroyed.

* * *

The shrill whistle of the evening train roused me from my reverie. It was time to prepare the evening meal. The rain had ceased. I was again living in the present and the dreary day had passed.

AUNT SARAH AND HER CALLER.

ANONYMOUS

"CAN you come in and rest awhile?" "Why certainly, I always like to see strangers, and you are welcome to my best rocker. This is your first visit to Cape Cod, did you say? Well now, I suppose you expected to see the inhabitants stare at you with open mouth, and hear them say yew and tew, and other provincial words? It's funny what ideas city people have of Cape Codders. Why years ago I can remember my mother had a visitor from Philadelphia and she actually expected to find most of the inhabitants of our little town pretty dusky as to complexion, and when we tried to show her a cranberry swamp we found she was looking up instead of down on the ground. She thought cranberries grew on shrubs.

"What's that you say? You would like to converse with some of the old farmers or fishermen around here? You had heard that they could tell pretty big yarns.

"Well you won't find many of that kind left, the kind you read of in books; most of them are as well educated as you are, and don't go round trying to see who can tell the biggest lie. But years ago we did have two men in town who vied with each other in telling big yarns. Zeke had just arrived at the grocery store one day when he heard Jo Ryder tell the story of an enormous pumpkin that grew so fast he could see it grow, and long before the season was over it was so big that he scooped it out and made a dog house of the shell that was big enough for his New Foundland dog to occupy.

Continued on page 17

Sheep Raising on Cape Cod

By THE EDITOR

THERE is abundant evidence that Cape Cod was once a sheep raising country. In the olden days the pioneers raised sheep, carded and spun the wool and made it into cloth for wearing apparel. Today this is no longer necessary but the raising of sheep may be restored as a Cape Cod industry and its fields and hill sides may once more be populated by flocks as of yore.

Today the sheep population of the world is 54,000,000 less than it was when the war started, and the entire sheep population of the United States is only 45,000,000. The people of the country are being aroused to conditions as they exist. There are less than 1,000,000 sheep for every state in the union, and when you consider that Maine, with less than 100,000 head, has more sheep than any other state in New England you can see how serious the situation is here at home.

The west has reached its limit in sheep production, the vast ranges of that territory being turned into cattle raising and cultivated land. New England is especially adapted to a healthy and vigorous sheep population. Sheep are the only animals that can be profitably produced in New England, without being dependent on the west for feed. Clover hay and turnips, and in winter a few native grown oats during lambing and immediately after that time, are the acme of perfection of feed for sheep.

Our Cape country is the sort of country that sheep thrive in. There is plenty of pure water in ponds, springs and brooks, a great variety of grasses, shrubs and bushes, which make a combination that sheep thrive on. The cold winters give vitality and strength to the sheep. Thousands of acres of grasses, shrubs and herbs go to waste annually and when winter comes they are frozen and lost, whereas they might have been producing mutton and wool. No animal so nearly lives up to the Bible injunction to "gather up the fragments" as the sheep. They allow nothing to waste.

A flock of sheep turned out on a run down farm of 30 or 40 acres, will, during the summer, grow wool, increase their mutton size, produce a lamb apiece, and when November comes the land on which they have pastured will have been tremendously enriched. Sheep are the best partners in the world. They are willing to do three-fourths of the work and never strike.

Sheep must have good sanitary conditions. During the winter they can be fed on clover hay and turnips and should have plenty of tobacco and salt. That is all they require. After May 20 when the sheep are turned out to pasture their owner can go on a vacation, if he wants to. The sheep will look after themselves until November. Women are naturally adapted to the sheep business and sheep respond splendidly to their care. As a business proposition for women there is nothing that can compare with sheep raising, we are told.

A flock of 2,000 sheep can most economically be cared for by one owner. On Cape Cod a flock of that size could receive the necessary amount of attention and be handled very profitably. If a larger number is desired it is better to divide them into two or more flocks, with an attendant to care for each.

The sheep grower is on the top of the wave today and will continue there for years to come. As a future industry for Cape Cod the outlook is most promising if undertaken intelligently and energetically. We may yet live to see flocks in our pastures and sheep upon our hillsides. The salt marshes have attractive qualities to sheep and in many sections of the Cape it is possible to so combine salt marshes and upland as to make ideal conditions for sheep raising. There are numberless run out pastures and acres of woodland running to waste. The time is here when duty to the country requires that such waste be no longer permitted. The advantages offered are sure to be seen and taken advantage of by someone.

Farming on a large scale upon Cape Cod is no longer a joke. It is already being done. Where there is capital to be invested it has proven profitable. With scientific methods and modern machinery, backed by money, the regeneration of the Cape as a farming country is surely coming.

Fish Are Fish

"Fish are fish." Never in the world's history, probably, have prices ruled higher for all edible fishes than at the present time. Due to scarcity, the prices of certain species have been abnormally high from time to time. We remember that herring—small lots, fresh, sold as high as $10 per barrel, for bait use, only a half-dozen years ago, but only for a few days. Every kind of food fish is now fetching famine prices.

Two barrels of net-caught large herring taken in our harbor recently fetched $13, the lot, after deducting commissions and freight charges. Mackerel, fresh and salt, sell for a lofty figure. Flatfish prices have ruled higher than ever before since the fishery opened a few weeks back, and the same might be said of practically every kind of fish that is eaten. It seems to make no difference if the market is over-supplied: prices remain high, so high in fact that the request to cease the eating of meat, substituting fish therefor, for economy's sake, would tickle our risibilities if it were not so outrageously ridiculous.

Coast dwellers may find fish slighty cheaper than meat, but inland dwellers—the mass of the country's peoples—are beginning to declare that fish is as dear as is meat in the end.

One thing can be said in favor of the fish question: the advance in price does not exceed that of most all other food stuffs. Without the advance our own towns people would have some difficulty in meeting the increased cost of house-keeping occasioned by price rise all along the line. Fortunately, most of our town fishermen have experienced good success the past season, their large hauls being followed by receipt of banner prices in a ready market. One of the little motor seiners that finished mackerel catching ten days ago, is said to have carted in enough of that species to pay $1300 to each crew member for his work of, say, six months. Only little fishing work has been performed for the past three weeks, but, with the return of good weather, it is to be hoped that fish species and schools may be found as plentiful as before the advent of the high winds, and big hauls be the reward of all who engage at the work.—Provincetown Advocate.

All Around Silas

By FRANCES MASON DEAN

"BUT, my man, we want someone to cook and help us in the house," smiled Mrs. Rowland, as she eyed her unusual applicant for the place.

"I can do plain cooking," timidly ventured Silas, as he awkwardly fingered his old hat, "and I be thinkin' I'd kinder like to work indoor for a change. It doesn't matter what I do so I keep on working."

The summer people had often called upon Silas to help them make their gardens, put up their screens, calk their boats and clean their cottages. So now that he had heard of their domestic difficulties, he was coming to their rescue again, even to cook for them in their emergency.

Mrs. Rowland's face brightened as she tied a gingham apron on Silas and showed him where the tools of the kitchen were placed. "I will help you sometimes to plan the meals, make the pies and tidy up the kitchen," laughed Mrs. Rowland, as she left the kitchen.

Silas first took the yellow soap and vigorously scoured his rough hands. His kind face beamed with satisfaction as he slowly explored the little kitchen and its mysteries. "I've heard tell o' these new-fangled kitchens," he muttered to himself, "but when I cooked on the old boat my kitchen didn't look like this." Presently he stopped before all. "This top is sort of shaky—like my old hands—. Land sakes, it ain't a table at all. Somethin' hollow under there—tubs, I swan!" Carefully he turned the brass tops about until the water began to make a big noise as it rushed through the faucets into the tubs. "My sakes, how the water do come. Easy to wash clothes these days."

Finally he settled down to business and stirred up a Johnnycake, which soon assumed a crust of golden brown.

"Why, Silas," exclaimed Mrs. Rowland, when she saw the tempting cake, "you are getting on so finely that I am going to put a white coat on you and let you wait on us at the table."

"Wait on you at the table?" echoed Silas, somewhat mystified, "I have never waited on anyone but my Lord, but I'll try."

The dinner was a success, but the white coat seemed ludicrously out of place on the gaunt figure of Silas. After dinner he said to Mrs. Rowland: "I could have worn a blue coat with brass buttons better, for I was once a soldier."

Each day Silas became more useful to the little household, and his devotion to Mrs. Rowland was marked and touching.

"The family's late for dinner today," answered Silas, as one of the neighbors handed him the mail one noon. "Did you see them out in their boat when you came along the shore? The south wind's heavy. I think a storm's brewing. Guess I'll take a look along the shore and see if I can see the boat."

Silas did not return for some time. Away out from the shore a tiny boat was tossing about. An old dory was tied to the fish house. Quickly Silas cut the rope and threw himself into the boat. The storm was so heavy that several times the dory was almost upset. Finally he reached the tossing boat just in time to offer his sea-faring skill and land the Rowlands safely on the shore.

Let's Open Wide to Life Our Window Shades

By MARIE TUDOR

As women all draw half way to the sill,
Their window shades for fashion or for will,
And cut the blue of sky from out their view,
Or clip, perhaps, their vision quite in two,
I think they fear to let their eye-sight roam
Too far beyond the narrow walls of home,
Or else they fear the eyes of neighbors' wives
Will know too much about their empty lives,
Or curtain lose its tone, or carpet fade,
If they should open wide the window-shade.

I wonder sometimes if they understand
The inspiration there for them, at hand,
That out in God's own world of blue and green
The whole of life may every day be seen;
There is a constant pageant in the street
Where neighbors come as friends and strangers meet.
The windows in the house are like our eyes
Within whose depth the whole impression lies;
And if through life with half-closed eyes we've been
There's much of life that will remain unseen,
And less mistakes will surely have been made
By those who open wide their window-shade.

If we can only keep our vision whole,
Our thought will ever seek a fuller goal;
It is the vision's cramp that makes us tired,
We are not weary if we are inspired—
The line of the horizon on the blue
Enables us our courage to renew.
We know that while there is this wealth of sky
The faith within the heart will never die.
We learn that if in life we seek the good
And find but evil, we've misunderstood
Its meaning, failed the truth to recognize—
We have so long been used to blinded eyes;
Let us at last be honest, spades are spades,
Let's open wide to life our window shades.

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EDITORIAL

"OVER THERE"

OUR men are dying "over there." They are in the trenches where they are exposed to cold and discomfort, to the schrapnel of the enemy, to the bullets of the snipers, to the bombs from raiding Boches, and to the cold steel of the bayonet points in their breasts when they go "over the top." Such hazards and discomforts as they are uncomplainingly enduring cannot be imagined by us in our sheltered homes and we cannot realize what is happening to them. It may be that the sons of old Cape Cod are not yet in the actual firing line, yet they are there, or going there, to do their bit for their country and for the world. It may be long years before they return and when they do we may reasonably expect that many of them will show marks of service which will endure to the end of their lives. Some of them will undoubtedly find resting places under the shell-raked and blood-stained soil of ancient France and will there await the last trump, far from the abiding place of their ancestors.

Shall we, therefore, grumble and groan over the "hardships" we think we are enduring? Shall we complain of high prices and the many contributions we are solicited upon for? Or shall we gladly support the war and our boys in France by giving what we can afford to give, what we are obligated to give, if we are to maintain our self respect and the respect of those who are "doing their bit" for us?

To answer these questions we may assert that we shall not fall short of what is expected of us. Here on Cape Cod every call has been enthusiastically answered. We are prepared to set the country an example in patriotism which shall serve as an effective reminder of what history records in the glorious records of the past. We shall do "our bit" and then a little more and in doing it shall rejoice in our ability to respond to the demands of the times and glory in our sacrifices.

* * *

OUR TOWN AFFAIRS

MANY of the Cape towns still hold to the ancient custom of holding their annual town meetings in February, a month when there is the least doing upon the Cape and when the inhabitants have plenty of time to consider the weighty problems of the town management. We would not assert for a minute that town meetings upon the Cape are always without political guile, or that schemes that would do credit to the fertile brains of the more sophisticated of ward politicians in the large cities are unknown. It can be said without fear of contradiction that Cape politics are just as strenuous as they are elsewhere. Oftentimes wires are pulled to their utmost availability and sectional feeling sometimes runs high; but in the main the town affairs upon the Cape are well and conservatively managed and for the best advantage of the whole community. As town meeting time approaches this year the citizens are facing new problems not entirely disconnected with the problems which are facing larger communities and the need for conservative appropriations is keenly felt. The new method of taxing personal estates has not worked altogether to the advantage of our Cape towns and some of them find higher tax rates inevitable. It is not desirable, however, that a niggardly policy be adopted or that ordinary expenditures should be curtailed to such an extent as to prohibit necessary improvements. The roads must not be allowed to deteriorate if we are to retain our hold upon the summer visitors. and town property must not be allowed to become run down. There must be liberal appropriations for the maintenance of the war and things connected with it. The Cape is playing a grand part these days and must continue to do so.

* * *

REPORTS continue to come in concerning the quantity and quality of the crops raised upon Cape Cod this year. The planting program begun last spring was generally carried out and the result is all that was expected. Cape Cod soil has proved its fertility when properly and scientifically cultivated. Moral: Next spring plant more.

* * *

WHAT has become of the small boy who used to infest the town hall on annual meeting day and sell pop corn balls at a cent apiece?

* * *

WE continue to receive many letters of appreciation from subscribers. We welcome them all, especially those which say "enclosed please find check."

* * *

DON'T fail to set the old hen this spring. In spite of the high cost of grain there's profit and patriotism in so doing.

Cape Cod

Cape Cod! 'tis a tiny, shapeless thing,
A sandy crook on the shore
Of the old Bay State, where sea-birds wing,
And the Red men ranged of yore.

'Tis a section small on History's page;
'Tis a crooked mark on the map;
But it braves the Atlantic's fiercest rage
And holds the Bay in its lap.

It has sand hills on its northern strand,
Bleak, verdureless and wild,
Which makes the sailor nearing land
In a storm like a frightened child.

It has hills and dales with verdure crowned,
It has tiny lakes that lay
With pure white sand embosomed round,
Where the wavelets gently play.

It has numerous pools and fish ponds neat,
Where the Red man's winter store
Was kept from frost secure and sweet
In the simple days of yore.

But, fruitless as its soil may be,
And barren as its sands,
Its noble sons sail every sea
And traffic in all lands.

Its daughters fair and virtuous, too,
Their sea-girt homes adorn;
Their hearts, as the needle, pointing true
Wherever they may roam.

S. S.

The New Year

By MARY O. SPARROW

The New Year cometh grandily,
Like a bridegroom in his pride;
The Old Year goeth grandily,
The Old Year, that hath died.
The Old Year with its trials
Hath met victory at last;
And all its sins and sorrows
And all its ills are past.
The faith that crowned the Old Year
Hath brought hope unto the New;
And both in love are blended
As we stand between the two.
Oh! faith and hope and charity,
The blessed beacons three,
Be with us in the New Year
In the trials that may be.
And in the joys that crown us,
As we life's victories share,
Teach us that life's full lesson
Is to be and do and dare.

It is rumored that the government is to take over the buildings of the Marine Biological laboratories at Woods Hole for use of the navy.

Successful Cranberry Culture Started by Canal

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

ONE of the greatest early undertakings known in the history of the Cape Cod cranberry industry was the digging of a "canal" from Seymour's pond, to Hinkley's, in Pleasant Lake, about 60 years ago.

This was at the start of the new business of growing cranberries and added much to the trials and obstacles of a new enterprise that had to be overcome by the promoters.

Capt. Alvin Cahoon of Pleasant Lake, Harwich, was one of the best known sea captains to be found on the Cape half a century or so ago. No storm was too severe, or no feat too difficult to be performed by him. His home being located in Harwich, in the middle part of the Cape, he was obliged to walk across the Cape frequently to North Dennis, 15 miles away, where he boarded his vessel and started on his long fishing expeditions.

Making, as he did, frequent trips back and forth to his home across the marshes and swamps, he noticed cranberry vines growing in a wild state. Where sand blew down from hills above onto the plants, he observed, the vines grew much better. This method of "resanding" the vines, as it is called, as Captain Cahoon observed it under natural conditions, has been practiced ever since by successful growers.

The berries grew wild and thrived, Captain Cahoon thought, so why not plant and cultivate them and make them yield more profusely? So the skipper followed out his ideas. Each time he went over the marshes where the vines were growing he carried a crocus bag, filled it with the wild plants which he cut from the best hills, and carried them to his Pleasant Lake home. It was here that he set them out.

Captain Cahoon was a pioneer in the Cape Cod cranberry industry. Some of the first vines ever set on Cape Cod were planted by him in the spring of 1846. (Deyo's History of Barnstable County describes his early experiences as well as those of another Harwich grower and others). Captain Cahoon's vines were planted under water, and occupied a patch of about 12 square rods. During the following spring about half an acre was planted.

The turf was cleared and taken away, and the earth "trenched" so that the mud beneath would surround the ends of the vines which later were to form the roots. This method prevails today. Nearly an acre more of bog was started by the well-known sea captain in the year 1848. During the winters of '48 and '49 a tract containing nearly four acres was cleared up, but it was not set to vines, as the water was too high over the surface of the ground.

In 1850 the vines were planted in this territory, but they did not grow well, as there was too great a supply of water in Seymour's pond, along the beach of which the swamp was situated. In the meantime some of Capt. Cahoon's neighbors, one of whom was Capt. Cyrus Cahoon, had also tried to get the vines cultivated. Several plots were tried, but they would make only a slight growth, owing to the high pressure of the pond.

Capt. Alvin Cahoon then conceived the idea of lowering Seymour's pond by digging a canal through to another lake some 600 feet distant.

The lower pond, known as Hinkley's, or Pleasant Lake, was about two feet lower than Seymour's. Capt. Cahoon had noticed that there was considerable seepage of water between the two bodies of water. In order to lower the pond he had to dig a ditch five feet wide for a distance of over 200 yards, running in many places through hills which were nearly 30 feet high.

This was a gigantic undertaking at that time.

With only common wheelbarrows and very little help, Capt. Cahoon started, with the help of his small sons and one or two hired workmen. Capt. Benjamin G. Cahoon, now a resident of Marshfield, Mass., was one of the sons; he was then 14 years of age. He helped dig the stream and is today the only living person who had anything to do with the digging.

His story of the digging of the canal is, in effect, as follows: "Neighbors discouraged my father and his helpers. Begun in the fall of 1852, the small gang worked diligently and in April of the next year the canal was finished. At the completion on April 1st all the residents of the towns and villages nearby were present. They celebrated the occasion by the ringing of bells and the blowing of horns. Although the captain (my father) had sought the aid of his neighbors to pay their portion of the expense in digging the passageway from one pond to another, everyone refused to have anything to do with it. They declared it would be a failure and a waste of a large amount of money and labor. I cannot give any estimate what the digging of the stream cost. After seeing that the pond could be lowered to a great extent, they reimbursed the aged captain liberally, and admitted that their first ideas were wrong.

"The water in Seymour's Pond settled much more rapidly than had been expected. In three weeks, or by the 20th of April, the water in the lake was at least two feet lower than at the first of the month. Hinkley's pond, having a natural outlet to the ocean in West Harwich, was not affected to any great extent."

After this date cranberry bogs were made along the shore of the pond.

There has been considerable controversy as to the promoter of the scheme to dig the canal. But Captain Benjamin G. Cahoon is firm in his statement and can prove, he says, that his father took all the responsibility of digging the drain and lowering the lake. In fact, he is the only man living who worked on it. After school nights, he declares, he rolled out loads of sand, and mornings his father urged him to help a little in his gigantic undertaking.

At the mouth of the canal there was a swamp of large maple trees. This has always been known as "Maple Swamp," although it was cleared up and converted into cranberry bog. Joseph N. Atkins and Herbert R. Cahoon, both cranberry cultivators of the village, are the present owners of the property.

Bordering on the lake today are found large tracts of cranberry swamp, which yield large crops of the best berries to be found in the district. Among the owners of bog on the lake drained by the canal are Joseph W. Crowell, James F. Cahoon, Joseph N. Atkins, Emulous A. Cahoon, Darius A. Clark, Herbert R. Cahoon, J. Burleigh Atkins, Howard Winslow, F. D. Underwood and Arthur Hall.

The canal is still considered a "private" affair. The height of the water in Seymour's is still controlled by the canal, the growers keeping the water at a standard height. It is said that the water can be lowered several inches within a few hours by the tiny stream. During a drought the canal is kept closed, and in the winter it is open for several months. Herring which come into Hinkley's pond from the ocean, through the Herring River, to spawn, run up through the stream in large quantities, but the brook cannot be controlled by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission which secures the permission of the bog owners to use the stream for that purpose.

If Seymour's Pond had not been lowered considerably, it would have been impossible to construct any cranberry meadows along its shores, as growers of long experience have found that in order to raise the berries to the best advantage it is absolutely necessary to have good drainage. That means that the land where the vines are planted must be anywhere from six inches to two feet above the water's surface.

Many improved varieties of cranberries have been produced by experiments made on bogs along the shore of Seymour's. Joseph N. Atkins, originator of the famous "Atkins' Seedling," which brings such high prices in all markets, planted his first tender seedlings in plots there. Emulous A. Cahoon, grower of the beautiful, large "Improved Matthews" nursed his vines in a plot touched by the shore of the lake.

And Capt. Cahoon made this possible.

THE GAME FISH SWIMS UP STREAM

A subscriber has sent in the following poem with the request that it be published in this magazine. We don't know who the author is so cannot give proper credit.

It's easy to drift as the current flows;
It's easy to move as the deep tide goes;
But the answer comes when the breakers crash
And strike the soul with a bitter lash—
When the goal ahead is an endless fight
Through a sunless day and a starless night,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

The spirit wanes where it knows no load;
The soul turns soft down the Easy Road;
There's fun enough in the thrill and throb,
But Life in the main is an uphill job;
And it's better so, where the softer game
Leaves too much fat on a weakened frame,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

When the clouds bank in—and the soul turns blue—
When Fate holds fast, and you can't break through—
When troubles sweep like a tidal wave,
And Hope is a ghost by an open grave,
You have reached the test in a frame of mind
Where only the quitters fall behind,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

Large amounts of tomatoes have been canned and shipped by the Cape Cod Conserve Company of Falmouth, and the plant is now busy on cranberries.

OLD FISHING DAYS.

A. B. Crocker of Hyannis writes in regard to the fishing business, that his memory goes back to the early forties when there was a fleet of 30 vessels, hand-liners going to the Grand Banks on a three months' trip and returning loaded. There was a large fleet sailing from Dennis and Harwich and Wellfleet had a fleet of 75 fine vessels. Many of these vessels engaged in the fishing in the summer, and in the winter freighted oysters from Virginia to Boston. He remembers having been in Boston frequently in the forty's and seeing the fleet lying at the Philadelphia packet dock discharging cargoes. At the wharf at the same time would also be square riggers, barques and Baltimore and Philadelphia packets. Vessels in those days carried all kinds of crews, many young boys being among them. In those days a vessel stocking $2,000 or more was considered a high liner, but now we hear of vessels stocking $50,000 to $80,000 and the crews sharing $1200 to $1800 a piece for their season's work.

Mr. Crocker relates an incident wherein a Dennis vessel was fishing off Cape Cod in a thick fog when a large ship hove in sight. The captain hailed the schooner and asked the skipper how Cape Cod bore. The skipper was busy pulling in fish and shouted back, "I don't know nothin' about Cape Cod; all I know is fish is bitin' like h—l."

Rev. John Simpkins, pastor of the First Congregational church of Brewster for forty years, died in 1843. Mr. Simpkins held a high position as a scholar and theologian.

Capt. John Collins, who was prominently connected with the establishment of regular lines of steamers between this country and Europe, was a native of Truro.

John Howard Paine, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was of Cape Cod origin.

AUNT SARAH AND HER CALLER

Continued from page 8

" 'Oh, well,' said Zeke, 'that's nothing side of my cucumber. Why, I planted the seed and when I started for the house they had already begun to sprout, and pretty soon I looked behind and there were the vines right at my heels. I began to run, but couldn't outrun that vine, and by the time I reached the house I was all tangled up in it. I put my hand in my pocket and darned if I didn't pull out a full grown cucumber.'

"How's that? You'd heard that the women on Cape Cod couldn't be beat in making pies? Of course not. Why, my little nephew, Ralph, told his mother the other day, that he wished Sand pond was one big squash pie, and he was in the middle of it and had to eat his way out.

"Ralph is a queer name for a Cape Cod boy you think? They all ought to be Samuel's, Ezekiel's, Thomas's or Obediah's? Well, now, why should you think that, I'd like to know? Haven't Cape Cod boys a right to just as fancy names as your city boys? Isn't it funny that city folks think Cape Codders are all old fashioned. Why my nephews and nieces are just as smart and well educated as the city boys and girls and know all the latest slang."

"Haven't we any odd characters?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of them. Why there's George Procter; we call him the meanest man in town. He would cheat anybody for the sake of a cent. He went into a greenhouse one day and asked the price of a cucumber he saw growing there. 'Ten cents', replied the owner. 'Well, said George, 'haven't you any cheaper ones?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'that one over there,' pointing to a smaller one on the vines, 'you can have for five cents.' 'All right', said George, 'I'll buy that one', and handed over his nickel. 'Now remember that one is mine and in about two weeks I'll come and get it.'

"By the way, that man lived in your city five years ago.

"Haven't I or my husband had any adventures or queer things happen to us? Well, as I never had a husband I can't answer for him. I never saw the man that I would like to hear talk day after day.

"Didn't I ever have a beau? Oh dear yes, several of them, and I came pretty near to getting married once. He was a young fellow visiting in town and I thought it was pretty fine to have a city beau, and I had a good sized swelled head over it and snubbed the country boys right and left, and crowed over the girls until they must have been sick of the sight of me. One day he took me to ride in a fine looking buggy with a dashing horse attached to it, a rig hired at a stable, and that put the climax to my glory, for the country boys were content to use their dad's teams when they went buggy riding with their girls. Someway I felt pretty sure that Theodore would offer me his heart and hand before we returned and I was prepared to say, yes thank you, very prettily. I had the whole scene pictured out in my mind and I knew that such a dashing fellow would make a very romantic wooer. Perhaps he would even go down on his knees, just as the lovers in novels do. Oh, it would be so interesting and thrilling I was sure. Well, he was very entertaining and we had a delightful ride, but it was pretty hot and when we came to a farm whose family I knew I proposed that we get out and ask for a drink of water. It was partly an excuse to parade my fine beau before my friends. So he hitched the horse and as the family were very cordial we stayed quite awhile, and finally strayed away from the others, the beautiful scenery about the farm being the excuse. At last we came upon a rock on a knoll from whence could be seen a beautiful view of the ocean. It was all very picturesque and so my hero took my hand and gallantly seated me upon the rock, and my heart began to throb with anticipation for I knew the fatal hour had come.

'My darling', he began,
'With you of the beautiful eyes,
Like the azure of the skies,
My future happiness lies.
For you my life I'd give,
For you alone I live—'

"There he stopped and a look of fear and horror froze the rest of his appeal, and with a yell of terror he turned and fled. Looking behind me expecting to see some fearful sight, I beheld only an inoffensive black hog that had escaped from his pen. What ailed that lover of mine? It surely couldn't be that he was afraid of a hog. With puzzled eyes I watched his long legs take him over the ground in double quick time; and how he did run. He reached the buggy and in a moment the flying horse lashed by the whip was whirling out of sight. And this was the man who said 'For you my life I'd give.' When at last it penetrated my brain that he had really run away from a hog, in the midst of such a poetical proposal, I dropped on the ground and laughed until I was too weak to laugh any more. By the time my lover had driven sheepishly back, having realized I suppose, that he had left his maiden all forlorn to be devoured by a ravenous beast, the friends at the house had come out to look me up. The hero of my story weakly explained that he thought the beast a bear, having never seen a black hog, although, (so he said) he did know a white one when he saw it.

"I could see the grins on my friends' faces, and my pride received a tremendous fall, and I curtly told the brave Theodore, that he could keep on running, for the forsaken maiden cared never to see him more.

"A country lad from the farm house drove me safely home, and that ended my first and last proposal.

"But I have always wished that hog had waited until the proposal was ended as I should really like to know if he intended to propose wholly in poetry, and if he would end upon his knees.

" You must be going, did you say?

"Well, do come and see me again, for I do like to hear strangers talk, it is so very educational. I do considerable talking myself, but I am always glad to stop to hear others when they are entertaining.

"Good-bye, and be sure to come again and tell me some of the city's doings."

One--and One--and One Makes Three

By ELIZABETH MAE CROSBY.

THE face of the old captain looked wan and anxious as he paced the vessel's deck with a heavy tread. For forty years he had followed the sea—the last ten on this same schooner. It was his home and he loved it.

"She's as trim and pretty a five-master as ye ever want to see sailing the blue," he was often heard to say when in his jolly mood; but, as he gazed out into the fearful blackness of the night and heard the terrible lashing of the waves against the vessel, the lines on his face deepened. Making a trumpet with his hand, he shouted to an invisible form in the bow, "How does she stand?"

"Looks bad! Breakers to lee!" shouted a man's voice from the watch.

"All hands stand by! Work for your lives, boys! Hard to lee!" called the steady voice of the captain.

"On the shoals," came again the voice from the watch.

"My God!" exclaimed the old captain in an under-tone, but his voice was calm and steady when he shouted, "Stick to it! boys, let her luff!"

Every man of the crew stood at his post with eyes fixed and jaws set.

"She strikes! She strikes!" came from all mouths as a fearful grinding, swerving, and swaying of the vessel told that the treacherous sand bars had done their dread work.

"Boats cannot live in a storm like this!" shouted the captain in a loud tone. "We'll have to lash to the spars!—My child! my daughter!" he exclaimed in the same breath and leaped towards the cabin, but a calm voice said, "Here I am, father," and the lithe form of a lovely young woman stood beside him.

With the practiced hand of a sailor who, to use his own language, "has always handled the ropes," the old captain securely fastened her to the mast, at the same time his keen ear caught the sound of the oars of a lifeboat. "Courage! my brave fellows, by God's help we may yet be saved!"

The words were hardly spoken, when the vessel lurched, turned on her side, and with a terrible creaking, groaning, and splitting of timbers, went to pieces, leaving the crew to the merciless waves.

A voice came from the lifeboat, "Hang on! Hold to the planks! Help is at hand!"

In less than a minute the life-savers had reached the wreck—but who was left—three sailors and the senseless form of Lucile Howes still lashed to the mast. Where was the old captain? The struggle had been too much for his kind heart and it had "parted its ropes," as he would have said in his cheery sailor's phrasing had he been there, but the last cruel wave had claimed his body.

The crew of the lifeboat worked desperately to save the handful of souls that remained and then turned their boats toward the shore. It was a fearful pull. Every back was bent, every muscle strained, every cord swelled in hand and arm as it grasped an oar, and every eye pierced the indescribable darkness.

"Pull! my men," shouted the captain of the lifeboat. "Here comes a bad one! steady now. We must ride this breaker. One more pull! All right, my hearties, we're safe! thirty feet more and dry land."

The crew of the lifeboat pulled her up on to the sandy shore and began to remove her burden. The shipwrecked sailors were able to help themselves with very little assistance. Tenderly the men lifted in their strong arms the senseless form of the young woman.

"Life there yet," said one as they carried her into the station.

The sympathies of the natives of the little village on Cape Cod were thoroughly aroused the next morning when the news came from the life-saving station telling them of the fearful disaster. Hearts and hands were ready to do for the sufferers. Kind Mrs.

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Snow insisted that the young woman be brought to her house. Poor Lucile! Consciousness had not yet returned to her; but, through the good housewife's nursing and the careful attention of the town doctor, she was brought back to life, and in four weeks she had entirely recovered. Many of the village people had met her and were strongly attracted to the lovable young woman whose personal magnetism drew all hearts to her.

"Dear Mrs. Snow," she said one day when she had grown to be well and strong, "do you know I should like to stay in this quiet little town? I have no place to go now that father is dead. I have been with him on his voyages for three years."

"Don't you worry, dear," said the kind woman, "bless your soul! you can stay right here with me. I'd love to have you for company. I've no one but myself and husband."

"You are so kind, my dear Mrs. Snow, but I must do something to maintain myself. I know of nothing which I could do here. I have a good education and might be able to teach school or music in a larger place where there is more demand for such things."

"There now, that reminds me;" exclaimed the good woman, "Miss Saunders is going to get married and give up her school. I'll bet you could get it."

"Do you suppose I can, Mrs. Snow?" questioned Lucile enthusiastically, and she added; "I will! I must!"—and she did.—Five weeks from the day on which she had been brought to the kind woman's door, her life despaired of, she was standing in the school room before thirty pupils ranging in years from five to sixteen. Scholars and teacher seemed to fall immediately in love with each other.

A hush came over the room as the teacher sat down to her desk to read a chapter from the Bible. Every pair of hands, with one exception, was folded. That pair belonged to a tiny newcomer. One of his chubby members was in the air. He did not wait for Lucile to answer it, but catching her eye exclaimed, with a lisp, "Pleath, teacher, you look jutht like me!"

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The school burst into a good-natured laugh, but for a moment only, then all was quiet again. The pupils gazed from the child to the teacher; they, too, were struck by the resemblance, and even more by the pallor on their teacher's face. Why were her lips to white? They did not know that she also had seen the likeness. She asked herself, could it be? She would soon know, but she must calm herself now before these children. "We will not talk any more, dear." she said, but, before she had finished the injunction, the busy little tongue ran on, "My eyeth ith jutht like yourth, big and blue, and pa thayth my mammath wath like that; and her mouth turned up a wee, wee bit like yourth doth, 'Jutht enough to make her look pretty,' pa thayth; and your hair ith curly, tho ith mine. You look thactly like the picture my papa thowth me in his pocket every time he comth."

Agitated as Lucile was, she could not resist a tender smile. "My dear child, you must stop talking now. We talk about lessons in school you know." Then she added kindly, "You can tell me all about your mother after school closes if you want to. I should love to hear you."

The little fellow looked somewhat disappointed; but, seeing all the other hands in the room in position, he clasped his own tiny fat ones tightly together. He did not remove his gaze from Lucile's face, while the sweet lips moved in a slight whisper, "Mamma, my own mamma, it ith my mamma!"

Devotional exercises over and one or two familiar songs sung, lessons were assigned. While the pupils were busy with their problems, the teacher found a leisure moment in which to walk to the seat of the eager little beginner. She placed her hand upon his head and parted the soft curls—yes, it was there, the mark. A deathly pallor again spread over her face. There was no mistake, it was——, she dared not say the precious words quite yet.

"What is your name, dear?" she inquired.

"Francith," was the answer, and for the third time her face wore a death-like white-

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ness. "Yes, that was the name, Francis," she murmured to herself.

"Please can I kith you?" pleaded the irrepressible voice, as it piped out into the quietness of the room.

Lucile replied by placing a kiss among the curls on the spot where the dear little head bore a slight birthmark.

How she passed the morning session, she could not have told. Oh! how she longed to press the dear little form to her heart. "My child! my own sweet child!" she exclaimed aloud, when she found herself alone in the schoolroom, the children having been dismissed for dinner. Mechanically she went to her noon meal, and returned. She dragged through the afternoon in a half stupor. At last the closing hour came. She requested Francis to remain, saying that she would go home with him: When every other child had left, she caught him in her arms and the hot tears dropped from her eyes upon his sweet face.

"What makth you cry? Have I been bad?" he asked.

"No, no, my child, you have been very lovely. We will go now, dear."

They left the schoolroom together and walked towards Mrs. Lincoln's house, for Lucile had gleaned from the little one's childish prattle that his dear mamma was dead and his father, whose business kept him in the city, had placed his child in the care of this kind, motherly woman.

Ruth Lincoln, a dear girl of fifteen and one of Lucile's pupils, came out to meet them as they approached the house. "Mamma is real glad you are coming," she said, then turning to Francis she continued, "Your papa has been here this afternoon, but he did not know you were in school and he had only a minute or two to stay as he had to take the stage coach back to the depot in order to get the train. He must be in New York tonight, he said, as he sails for Europe tomorrow."

"Ruth!" interrupted Lucile, in a hurried and trembling voice, "You have a saddle horse, I believe, let me borrow it as soon as we can get it harnessed, that's a dear girl. I

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must reach the station before this child's father leaves it. There is time I am sure. The coach arrives there twenty minutes before the train is due, I have fifteen. I will go to the stable with you and help you to harness the horse. There is no time to lose. Francis, run in and tell Mrs. Lincoln I would like to see her out here, I haven't time to go into the house."

Ruth was somewhat bewildered, but she had perfect faith in her teacher. It took them but a moment to get Spark harnessed. Mrs. Lincoln came out with a puzzled expression on her face, but Lucile whispered a few hurried words in her ear and she replied with a "God haste you, my child!"

Lucile leaped gracefully into the saddle and rode off. Accustomed to horse-back riding in her girlhood, she used her experience now and urging Spark with the whip, she started him into a run that sped him over the ground in surprisingly quick time. They actually flew over the hills. Horse and rider looked like a streak passing through the air. On! on! over the uneven country road with the dust and loose stones flying behind his feet, went Spark. He seemed to know intuitively what was wanted of him and strained every nerve to do his best. Ten minutes gone, and already three miles had been covered with less than an eighth more to go. The distant whistle of an engine told the approach of the train. What if he should board it before she reached there? He must not! And Spark, urged on by the whip, dashed forward. The train comes on! It is slowing up! Now it stops just as Spark with his precious burden reaches the station, but gentle as he was, the terrible speed at which he was going and the suddenness of the stop threw Lucile forward and she was caught in the arms of a man who had been watching the reckless riding and stood ready to prevent an accident. One glance at the woman as he held her for a brief moment, caused him to exclaim, "Lucile! My own dear wife, given back to me. Thank God!"

A few hurried words from Lucile and they were on their way, in the village conveyance,

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back to the home of their child. Arrived there, they were cloistered in the comfortable parlor at Mrs. Lincoln's, where the husband clasped his wife to his breast with heart too full to speak.

"Tell me, Stanley, where you have been since that awful day in London when I last saw you."

"Don't speak of it, Lucile. O, if I could only blot that day from my memory! Wine nor any other strong drink has never passed my lips since that terrible day. O, that cruel push I gave you! just because you gently pleaded with me not to drink. I thought when you fell and struck your head against the corner of the marble slab in our room that you were dead. I tried to bring life back, but could not. I snatched our child and fled from the hands of the law, then thoroughly aroused from my intoxicated condition, I went down to the docks and boarded a vessel setting sail for Boston. The captain was a little suspicious, but I gave him a good sum of money and he allowed me to take passage with him. We had a wretched voyage and were driven out of our course to the shores of Cape Cod where we were shipwrecked upon the shoals at the entrance to the harbor of this small town, and only myself and child were saved. I searched the papers, but found no report of your death, however, it was then over two months since the occurrence; and, though it might have been in print, I would have no means of knowing it; then, too, I knew we were alone in London and unknown to everybody, therefore, you might not be recognized. I did not want to live, but reasoned that I must for our dear boy. I went to Boston and there took up my profession as a lawyer under the assumed name of Albert Atherton. I have come every week to see our child and knew that he was well cared for, nevertheless, I had grown restless; I could not sleep, and was too agitated to continue my work. Your sweet face haunted me, and I had determined to go back to London and find out what had been done with, as I believed it to be, your lifeless body, if it cost me my life."

"Strange," replied Lucile with a voice full of tenderness, "that the merciless ocean should have been so merciful to us both."

* * *

"My mamma! My papa!" shouted a childish voice, and little Francis, returning from play, dashed into the room. "She ithn't dead! She ith my own sweet mamma, ithn't she, papa?" And the loving baby face upturned to theirs brought a fresh flow of happy tears to the eyes of both parents.

"Papa, mamma, Francith," and the chubby little forefinger counted them up:—One—and one—and one—makth three—thath what I learned to thcool thith morning."

On January 1, 1862, Mason and Slidell, the two so-called emissaries of the Southern Confederacy, who were captured by Capt. Wilkes and confined in Fort Warren, were brought to Provincetown where they were delivered to the commander of a British steamer.

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The Cape Cod Magazine

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT WAREHAM, MASS.

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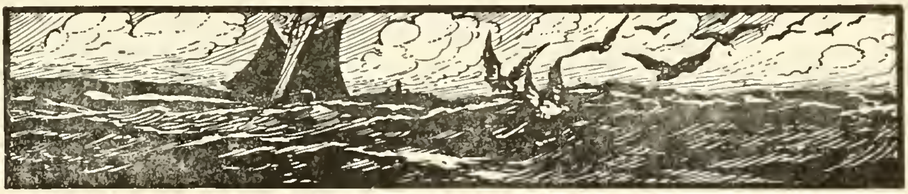
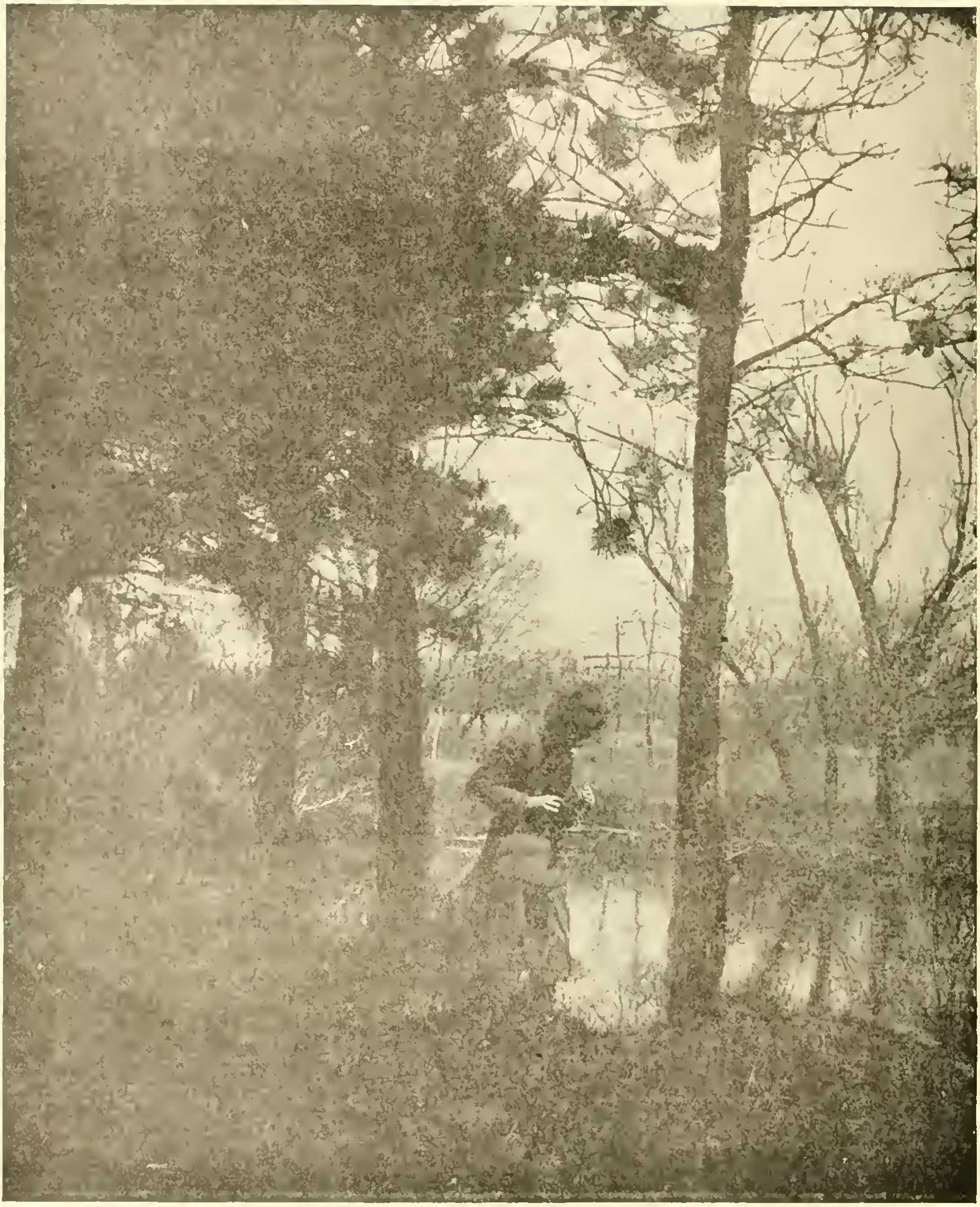




Among the Pines

Courtesy of Sea Pines Reminder

THE PUBLISHER'S LOG BOOK

AT this time we want to take the opportunity of explaining to our readers why it was found necessary to consolidate the February and March issues in one. In the first place every one knows of the interference with business caused by the orders from Washington to observe Mondays as holidays and to refrain from production on that day. We have no complaint to make concerning it, but it has sadly interfered with our program and put the plant which prints the magazine far behind in its work. We realize that our readers were disappointed in not receiving the February issue as usual. Numerous letters have been received complaining of the non-arrival of the issue, showing how greatly its monthly visits are valued and how great the interest of the public is in the magazine. It is the realization of that fact which has kept the magazine running in spite of the numerous difficulties which have been encountered. We might have been discouraged long ago had it not been for the fact that the demand for its continuance is so great that there is no other course open to us. The blow rendered our organization by the going into the army of our business manager was a severe one, but one which we managed to survive. It completely disrupted our plans and made necessary a great change in them. When Mr. Corr (Lieutenant Corr, now) left us, it threw the whole work of getting out the magazine upon the editor, an already busy man, working to the apparent limit of his capacity. The loss of the business manager involved the loss of considerable advertising as it was no longer possible to make personal solicitation and the plans for the enlargement of the scope of the magazine had to be temporarily abandoned. Then the high cost of paper struck us at a most critical time. It doubled in value and turned a small profit into a considerable loss. The drafting of skilled workers in the office of publication was another difficulty which had to be overcome.

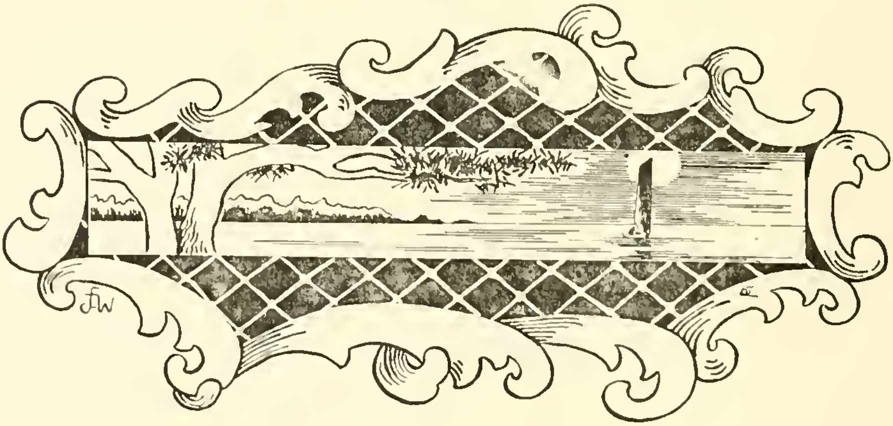
Through it all, however, we have kept steadily on. Our subscribers have stood loyally by us in the main and our obligation to them has caused us to make extraordinary efforts to fulfill them. All over the country publications have suspended, being unable to cope successfully with the changed conditions. We could not have been justly blamed had we followed their example, but instead of that we redoubled our efforts and determined to see it through to the limit of our ability.

We believe that Cape Cod needs such a magazine as we are publishing.

We believe that the publicity that the Cape region is receiving through this publication is of great advantage to it and that the results will be felt as soon as normal conditions are resumed. For that reason alone we feel that we are entitled to the support and loyalty of our clientage.

We have passed through the hardest period now and with the opening of spring feel encouraged to drive ahead and make up for what it has been impossible to do during the winter months when business activities upon the Cape are at their lowest ebb. From now on the issues will proceed with regularity and we are making plans for enlargement and improvement which will bear fruit during the coming summer.

We must not complain of the seeming lack of backing accorded us by those whom we have felt should be our strongest supporters. We needed capital most of all to establish the magazine upon a firm footing, but in the face of the extraordinary demands which have been made upon the financial resources of the people have refrained from making any strong appeal for such assistance. If some one interested in the future welfare of the Cape would come forward with an offer to place us upon a firm financial footing by furnishing the capital necessary to relieve the strict economy which we have been obliged to practice, a considerable burden would be relieved and we could go forward much faster. A surplus in the treasury would be an anchor to windward that would keep us from drifting. But it is not absolutely necessary. We can pull through by our own efforts by following the lines of least resistance and advancing slowly but surely. "Mush on" is our motto and we hope to go "over the top" in 1918.



Cape Cod Magazine

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OUR RESPONSIBILITY

By MARIE T. GARLAND

IN the various schools on Cape Cod many young women are employed as teachers. A number of these are girls just graduated from training schools and colleges, who find themselves in a new community, away from home and old associations. Many of them are, for the first time, entering into the larger world which every woman faces who wishes to be economically independent. It is our duty to receive these girls into our homes,—to do everything in our power to make them happy and contented, for only in this way can we expect them to do good work among the children.

Perhaps if we look at the situation confronting the girl who comes into our midst we may realize how indifferent we have been—even negligent. Usually a young girl graduating with honors perhaps, takes up her first post with real enthusiasm and interest, expecting to find in her work and what it brings her a full and happy life. She may succeed at once in establishing a certain harmony between herself and pupils; on the other hand this may take time,—so much depends upon the personality of the teacher. In the meantime every pupil in the class carries home unconsciously his or her impression of the new teacher. If the impression is not a favorable one, immediately a phychological barrier of defense or opposition is established between the parent and teacher, and from house to house passes among the parents the gossip of school impressions, founded entirely upon the children's reports. If the impression created by the teacher is favorable, then there is less to talk about, and the matter is soon dropped.

It is so important for a teacher who is to do good work to have the undivided allegiance of pupils, and parents can do much to bring this about. Often when a child is uncertain of his own opinion, a word or two from the parent, taking it for granted that the teacher is the right person in the right place, will go far toward establishing the right relationship between teacher and child.

Parents should bear in mind the fact that the teacher is their employee, paid by them to educate their children; everyone knows the importance in any organization of standing behind your man, so to speak,—right or wrong, stand behind him in public, and if wrong find the first opportunity to privately set him right. If we want to get good service, loyalty from those near us, children and employees, we must make them feel we are behind them in every act and deed; only in this way can we expect them to put any punch into their work. In other words, if we do not individually as parents stand behind the teachers, we place ourselves in the position of paying out money to have a certain object accomplished, and then we do everything to stand in the way of its accomplishment. We waste our money—the money we pay in taxes, to have our children educated.

Would the parents not be in a stronger position, better able to accomplish what they want if they personally knew the teacher? How many parents visit the schools? Are there not many who have never entered the school building? This is our building, paid for with our money; ought we not to take an interest in it, and at least see what we have obtained for our money, and study the system of education we are maintaining from year to year?

Then there is the teacher's side of it, from the human standpoint, from the side from which she looks out upon life, coming as a stranger into our midst. Here we have quite another responsibility, that which every mother owes to every young person, that of world wide motherhood. As we would want our own daughter received among strangers, so must we receive the daughters of another mother. We have it in our hands to make the young girl who comes to us as a teacher a power in our midst or to crush her with cold indifference. How will she best serve us? Certainly not with a crushed spirit.

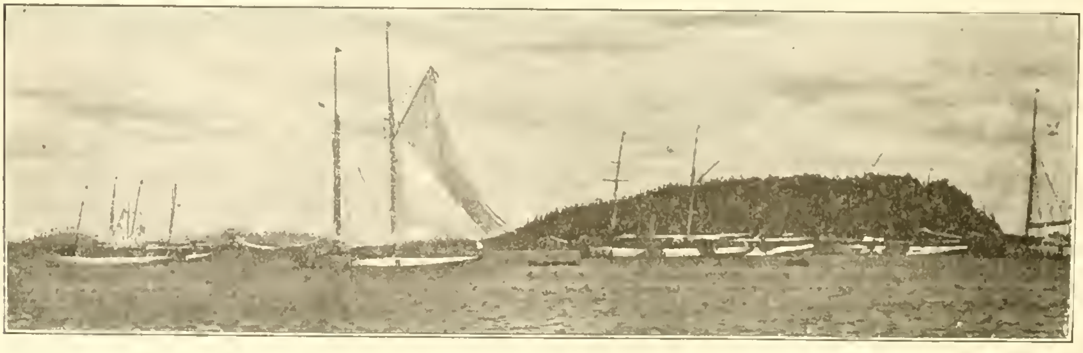
Not long ago a young teacher who had been living here came to me and poured out her heart, telling me of her life in our town, and the girl's story was a tragedy. She came to her work here full of life and enthusiasm. She had not been here long before she was made to feel that she was under suspicion, that her very joyousness, her happiness in life, were misunderstood. She was isolated as far as any social intercourse went, and never asked into a home during the school year. Women who were responsible for the suffering of this girl have much to think over; the first kindness this girl encountered caused her to break down and weep.

We should realize as parents that it rests entirely with us to protect our children, but those children are best protected whose parents are always seeking the best in others; we find what we seek always, and the mother who expects only good from her children will surely obtain it.

One of the valuable assets a young girl can bring to her pupils is this very joy of living,—the happiness which is inborn in all young hearts, the happiness which makes each day a song, a prayer to the Great Spirit which lives in us all, a prayer of gratitude for this precious gift of life. There is far too little joy in life. If we can have its influence among our children let us have it by all means, and let us prize it when we have it.

We should bring more joy into our children's lives. We must leave behind us as outworn the hateful Puritan tradition of evil in all that is radiant and happy. The old suspicion of beauty must be swept away and we must welcome her with open arms in whatever form she comes dancing into our lives.

When she comes to us as a teacher to guide and educate our children, let us take her to our hearts and thank God we have her in our midst.



A LIFE-SAVER'S EXPERIENCES

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

I had occasion this winter to visit several of Cape Cod's coast guard stations. It was cold and dreary enough at home. The snow lay deep on fields and hills, and the temperature was from 10 to 20 degrees below the freezing point.

I wanted to find out just what sort of a life the life savers—they call them coast guards now—were living, and, if possible, get a peek into the records at a few of the stations.

All the beaches along the whole of our great coast lines, except such parts as do not require stations, are patrolled during the active season every night, snow storm or moonlight, blizzard or fair weather and during the day in thick weather.

Owing to the fact that the public is not allowed to look at the official records at Uncle Sam's coast guard stations, very few people, even those who live a mile from them, know just what constitutes a day's work in this service. It is only occasionally that the public hears that a crew has gone to the rescue of a ship in distress. People imagine that the life savers have an easy time except when a vessel runs ashore with its cargo and crew.

But it is not so, for coast guard men are the bravest lot of men in government service, without exception. There is no work, no matter what it may be, that calls for more risk of life and is so full of hardships. The captain of one station told me that he has known of 10 days or two weeks of thick fog at a time when his men were constantly going and coming.

Coast guard men must be able to content themselves in a neat, modern station, located on a bleak beach, where winds and sands sweep over them with every gale. There is no protection. The station feels the full blast of the 65-mile hurricanes. They are generally located miles and miles away from the nearest residence. For instance, can you imagine a more dreary spot in winter than the tip of Monomoy Point, off Chatham, or Race Point, near Provincetown? Yet men are forced to stay there practically 10 months of every year. Is it any wonder that life savers prayed for the passage of a bill which would retire them on part pay after they had reached a certain age or had served a certain length of time? Ask any coast guard man what "Tom" Thacher and others did for them in passing a bill in the Legislature some time ago.

But what about some experiences? Here is a yarn told me by the keeper of a station in the vicinity of Cape Cod. It is typical of those told by the keepers of stations all along the Cape:

"Sometimes the work at a single wreck is enough to use up any but the very strongest men. At the wreck of the Stephen G. Hart, a boat loaded with my own and the bark's crew was swamped and all hands dumped into ice water. Fortunately all escaped but we were in our wet clothes for about three-fourths of an hour before we reached the station. At another time in the great November gale, when the Portland was lost, after working on wrecked boats most of the day Sunday, in a heavy snow storm, Monday morning at 3 o'clock we had to start for the steamer Fairfax on Sow and Pigs, a very dangerous reef of rocks a mile off to the southwest of the island. There we took off the crew and passengers and put them aboard a tug, making four trips in as rough water as you ever saw.

"At another time we took the crew from a four-masted schooner and we were four hours pulling to the station, one man bailing a good part of the time and the boat's crew expecting that we might founder at any moment. Such jobs as these I call hardships, and they put an awful strain on a man's nerves, especially on those of the keeper, who has all the responsibility. It is no light thing to have the lives of your men and perhaps a ship's crew besides, in your keeping.

"We took a crew from a barge stranded on the island east of us in one of the worst thunderstorms I ever saw and we didn't land them much too soon, either, for we got them at 10 P. M., and by morning she was broke into kindling wood. My station has sent to the general superintendent's office about 250 reports of wrecks of all kinds of craft, from catrigs to steamships, in its 25 years of service."

Here are some notes from the diary of another station keeper: "June 10th, 1897. Schooner Walter Miller, from St. John, N. B., for N. Y., lumber laden, crew of five. Capt. William B. Barton and wife, stranded two and one-half miles north of station in a N. N. E. gale. Crew taken off with the breeches buoy; women and men much used up from exposure. Taken to station and cared for. Cargo was taken ashore and vessel saved after much trouble."

"Feb. 9, 1899. Schooner Richard S. Leaming, Capt. W. J. Loyd and nine men; coal laden, stranded two miles north of station; zero weather. Boarded by life saving crew at flood tide, strong northwest gale blew her off. Crew hung by, went to sea with her, had no sails and no anchors, sails blown away and anchors lost; set distress signals, and was taken in tow. Towed inshore from an offing of eight miles, made fast to a barge at anchor. When gale abated, was towed to Boston."

"March 11, 1900. Schooner (three masts), Capt. E. C. Wordan and nine men, coal laden from Baltimore to Boston. Blown to sea, lost sails and crew used up. Had been on short allowances. Sighted by crew, colors union down. Boarded her, started for Vineyard Haven, a leeward port; wind shifted to the W. N. W., anchored on Nantucket shoals. Set signals and a tug came to us, would not take us until gale abated; demanded food, went to tug in surfboat and got three days' supply. Next day wind went down, tug underwriter was sent to us and towed us to Provincetown, life saving crew and boat returned by rail."

"Feb. 20, 1901. Schooner Clara Jane, Capt. R. R. Mooney, crew of one man and two women from N. Y. for Boothbay, Me.; coal laden, carried away foremast off Cape Cod light; run before the wind, colors union down; boarded by the crew and cleared away wreckage; took all day. Anchored close to station 4 A. M.; following morning the captain burned torches; boarded the ship and took her to Boston as the captain was sick."

It will be noted that most shipwrecks occur during the winter months, and, of course, generally in heavy storms. The crews are often driven into the rigging, and forced to cling to it sometimes for hours at a time, their hands and feet not infrequently being frozen. The coast guard men who go to their aid, also often suffer terribly from exposure. Sometimes they are spilled into icy water, and obliged to fight to save their own lives.

One of the most interesting experiences was told to me by the captain of a station on the lower Cape. On Feb. 13, 1902, he said he was called to the aid of the fishing schooner Elsie M. Smith, of Gloucester, in charge of Capt. Charles L. Nickerson and 17 men, bound from the fishing grounds with a fare of cod. The craft had stranded two miles south of the station in a northeast gale. Snow was falling thick. The patrolman saw the ship when she struck and burned two Coston lights as a signal to show that he realized the craft was in distress. He then reported to the station from the south patrol house 400 yards from the wreck over the telephone.

The beach apparatus cart was taken out and the crew made quick time in getting there. On their arrival the crew found that the ship was breaking up and that some of the sailors had attempted to land in their own boats and were lost. A line was sent out and landed across the rigging to which some of the men were clinging. It fell in reach of the captain and he made it fast; the hawser was sent out and fastened, and then the breeches buoy was sent over the big waves. The rescue began. The 16 remaining men, nearly exhausted by their trying experience, were quickly pulled ashore. Two brothers were lost in attempting to land in their own boat. Three others put out in a boat; two were lost and the third was later found unconscious on the beach and was cared for by the life savers.

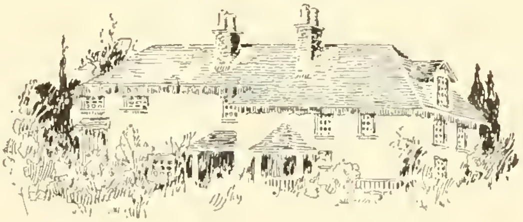
The schooner went to pieces. It was a cold bitter night. As fast as the men were landed they were rushed to the small watch house in which there was a warm fire. This alone saved them from getting badly frozen, as all were soaking wet and exhausted. The life saving crew worked in the chilly water sometimes waist deep. Had they not attempted to launch their own boats and row ashore, all the ship's crew would have been rescued. The captain left his men to look after the gear and took the fishing crew to the station, facing a blinding snow storm. On their arrival at the station they were given medical treatment and dry clothing. They were later sent home.

It has been reported that the government plans to take the life savers and put them in other branches of service, on account of the war. In that case, Cape Cod's dangerous shoals and sand bars would be left unguarded. To experienced skippers this plan hardly seems practical, as they say that coast guard men in this district, at least, would perhaps be in a position to render more aid to suffering humanity here than elsewhere. Theirs is a noble work. They are everybody's friends.

The Cape Cod canal was built for the sake of humanity. It has undoubtedly saved the lives of many seamen as well as valuable ships and cargoes. The number of whecks is considerably smaller now. Very few ships sail around the Cape, compared with the number which braved the winds and tides five years or so ago.

Hail to the life savers, the bravest lot of men in Uncle Sam's service!

NOTE—The author wishes to express his thanks to Capt. James H. Charles, of the East Orleans coast guard station, and to Capt. Darius Weekes, of the Cuttyhunk station, for information which they so kindly furnished.



THE WINDS OF MARCH

By HATTIE V. SMITH

Blow, winds of March, o'er hill and dell,
And whisper softly to the flowers;
Tell them that winter's reign is o'er,
And soon will come the April showers!

Go tell the violets asleep
Beside the brook, that spring is here,
The robins and the wrens have come,
And chilling storms they need not fear!

Blow, winds of March, o'er hill and dell,
We do not care how wild you blow;
The sun is shining bright and clear,
And soon will melt the lingering snow!

When spring puts on her robe of green,
And for a season sweetly smiles;
We soon forget your tempests rude,
Deluded by her charming wiles.

Blow, winds of March, o'er hill and dell,
And wake the flowers and melt the snows;
The skies are blue, the world is fair,
We do not care how wild you blow!

Sweep o'er the land from north to south,
Your roaring gales we do not fear;
Go tell the world, the whole wild world,
That winter's gone, and spring is here!

BEING AN INVALID

By EARL LEO BROWNSON

I wasn't always an invalid—my wife will tell you that. I was the picture of health when she married me, or I married her—I can't fully decide whether I should say: "she married me," or "I married her." Anyway, we are married, which ever way you put it.

I was going to be a missionary—that is, we were going to be; but just before we were to sail to Christianize the Fiji Islanders, I read in the daily paper about a missionary being roasted alive. I got cold feet—I never could stand cold feet, even after I was married—I took a severe cold—my wife's great-uncle died about that time leaving her a comfortable fortune—and I have been an invalid ever since. I really feel quite well, thank you, at times; but my wife won't stand for it. Whenever I show symptoms of recovery, she reminds me about the roasted missionary and calls in the family physician—I say family physician with the broad meaning of the term—he calls so often and makes himself so much at home and appropriates so much of our money that he really seems like one of the family. And he calls us by our first names.

If I have all the things he says I have, I wonder he dares leave me for ever so short a time—I might die, you know, and he couldn't afford that. He has a new touring car this season. I have noticed that he is paying closer attention to me than ever before at two dollars a visit. I have wondered if there are complications setting in requiring this unusual solicitude on his part. Touring cars are expensive—I would like one myself; but my wife says that, with the high cost of living and other unusual expenses, it will be impossible to have one this season. My wife is a dear soul—but I do think she put too much emphasis on "other unusual expenses." And besides, the doctor wouldn't let me use it if I had one.

The doctor called earlier than usual yesterday. He has a new set of tires and a chauffeur, he tells me. Yes, it would have been better to have been a doctor. I thought being one before I decided to be a missionary. The doctor looked worried after taking my pulse, and walked up and down the room with his hands behind his back. He would very much resemble Napoleon if he didn't wear whiskers. It was evident that there was something new the matter with me and he was undecided just what it should be. I hoped it wouldn't be expensive. Finally, he stopped in front of me, striking his most telling pose, which would be comical if the business were not so serious, and in a solemn and impressive voice said:

"Strange, very strange. I was reading in a medical journal, only this morning, of a new and baffling disease just discovered, and here I find you have all the symptoms but one."

I could hear his touring car coughing under the porchcochaire. He is extravagant with his gasoline.

"Are you sure you haven't overlooked it, doctor?" I asked. "You had better look again. It might be hiding somewhere."

He opened the door and looked into the hall with a Sherlock Holmes expression on his face. He looked disappointed when he turned to me—evidently it was not in the hall.

"Don't give up for one little symptom, doctor," I said encouragingly. "You may find it later."

"That's just it—it doesn't always appear at first, that's what makes this new disease so baffling."

"Diseases shouldn't baffle—it isn't nice of them," I replied.

"We must not run any chances," the doctor ventured, after a thoughtful moment. "Go to bed and I will see you this afternoon. Put plenty of pillows under your feet and keep your head as low as possible—the symptom may show up by the time I call."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," I replied, "symptoms are very nice about showing up—it really is remarkable how you doctors ferret them out."

"Not remarkable at all, my dear fellow, it is our business," he replied. With that he departed and left me to my own solemn reflections. I don't like developing symptoms.

By the time the doctor called in the afternoon I did feel rather queer. I was sure he would find that elusive symptom all right—I had several for him to select from. My back ached, my legs ached, my head ached—it would be hard to separate the aches—they all blended into one big, ramificating ache (if that means anything) that made me ready to vote the doctor a wizard at developing symptoms. My feet were cold and had gone to sleep—I wished it had been my head, but that was burning up and felt, as I imagine, the doctor's new tires must feel under high pressure.

The doctor wore a satisfied smile. Everything he wears fits him perfectly, even his smile. He didn't look so much like Napoleon to me as he did in the morning—he looked more like—well—he looked as a man does when he has appropriated your goat.

"Let me see your tongue," he said with a professional air.

He has seen my tongue at least once a day for the past ten years. I have hung my tongue out so often for him to inspect that it has become an involuntary action. I often wake up in the night and find that my tongue has absentmindedly strayed out onto my chin—and my wife says I snore—that's another symptom.

"Looks bad," said the doctor. "There are convolutions at the edges and it is somewhat swollen, unmistakable symptoms."

"Then I have—whatever it is—without any doubt?" I asked.

"Without any doubt," replied he.

"Anterior-Polly-Molly-something" he called it. I asked him why it couldn't be "Interior-Tom-and-Jerry" just as well. He looked more than ever like Napoleon and said my levity was another symptom.

With the assistance of my wife, the doctor put my feet down and my head up. That helped some; but my blood seemed to have forgotten the way to my feet. However, with much rubbing and coaxing, they induced it to make the round trip, and I felt better.

The doctor took my wife into the hall to give her instructions he didn't want me to hear. Invalids have acute hearing though, and I heard him say: "Keep him well covered up and put hot water bottles to his feet."

That sounded good—my feet were still cold—they always are, more or less.

"Don't give him anything to eat or drink before I call in the morning," he continued.

I was starving and had not eaten or drunk anything since my toast and toddy in the morning.

"He is in a very critical condition and must be kept very quiet."

The touring car snorted, almost like a human thing.

"We will have to operate if he is not decidedly better in the morning."

I would be better in the morning all right—I had no doubt about that.

"It will be necessary to puncture the spinal cord and draw out several drops of spinal fluid."

"Puncture the spinal cord"—was he talking about me or his machine!

"That will relieve the pressure at the base of the brain and he may recover."

"May recover!"—I could hear my wife weeping softly—dear girl. Live—well—I guessed I would live.

The doctor closed the door softly as he went out. His machine sputtered at him for staying in so long—or so it seemed to me—and then he sped away.

The invalid business was becoming serious. My wife came into the room. She was

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CAPE COD

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Editorial

WAR WORK AT HOME

IT is not necessary to appeal to the farmers of the Cape to continue and renew and increase their efforts. They will do it without any word of appeal because they understand the needs and opportunities of this great hour when the fortunes of mankind everywhere seem about to be determined and when America has the greatest opportunity she has ever had to make good her own freedom and in making it good to lend a hand to men struggling for their freedom everywhere.

Last year the increase in the production of crops on the Cape was most wonderful. Not only did this go a long way toward relieving the food shortage, but it advanced the value of farm land and showed that the soil of the Cape can be depended upon to produce crops such as were not heretofore believed possible. It has been a popular fallacy that the soil of the Cape is barren and unprofitable to cultivate. This has been proven false. The soil of the Cape is capable of great production when properly cultivated. Cape Cod can raise crops of staple products sufficient to supply her needs and have a surplus left over to sell outside its own territory.

The great need is for cooperative work Each community should organize for farm work. The supply of seed and fertilizer should not be left to chance but should be carefully calculated and secured. Community ownership of plows, sprayers and heavy machinery is urged. It should be seen that the proper tools to do the work effectively are at hand, that experienced men are at the service of the community for breaking up the soil at the proper time, for saving the crops by spraying when needed, and that a sufficient amount of labor is available for doing this farm work.

The young people can aid greatly in this work. Farming is healthy out-door life and the children who work in the garden will not only be doing their country a service but they will be benefitting themselves at the same time. Every boy and girl should be given a plot of land to care for and be made responsible for its proper use. In the long summer vacation they will have ample time which could not be better utilized.

If the Cape can raise its own food, to a large extent, it will cease to be a burden upon the rest of the country, help relieve the railroad congestion and secure its independence from future food shortages.

* * *

WAR TIMES

IT is absolutely impossible to forecast the effect the war will have upon business on Cape Cod this summer. Frankly we are at a loss to know what is in store for us in the way of summer business. But no matter what happens the Cape can be depended upon to take care of itself in any crisis that may come.

In war times, as in normal times, the shrewd business man always comes out on top. The shrewd business man is he who looks ahead and comes to a conclusion and then backs his judgment to the limit. We have in mind a merchant who bought heavily last fall when other merchants were buying only enough goods to get them through the season. Instead of cutting down stock as most merchants did, this wise one laid in a greater stock than ever and he now has a storehouse full of goods that couldn't be replaced at the present time for nearly double the money. He has not complained of lack of business, as others have. With his big stock of goods and an advertising campaign more extensive than ever before used, he has come "over the top" with flying colors. He went after business instead of waiting for it to come to him. While others were bemoaning the short hours and "heatless Mondays" he was busy doing business all the time. He figured it out that when others were "marking time" was his opportunity to "march on" and the wisdom of his logic was proved by the results.

We believe that the war brings to the front many factors that in normal times lie dormant. There are many men capable of rising to an emergency and turning it to their advantage, but something unusual has to come along and wake them up. In and about the Cape there are many opportunities waiting for those who can see them and in developing the resources at hand the progress and prosperity of the community lies. This is no time for pessimism. Don't listen to the croaker. Make "business as usual" your motto and put all your energy into making it come true.

* * *

NEARLY two-thirds of all the coal that comes to New England is brought by water and practically all of it either passes around the Cape or goes through the canal. This winter many of the vessels got frozen up. If our waterways are to be kept open through the winter months there should be an ice breaker capable of doing effective work stationed in some convenient harbor.

* * *

THIS has been an unusually hard winter for most of us, but spring brings the promise of better things.

CAPE COD men gave up the sea as an occupation because better opportunities were offered ashore, but now that America is to have a real merchant marine hundreds of them are preparing to lead a seafaring life.

* * *

NOTHING is gained by faultfinding unless it carries with it a helpful suggestion for improvement. Anyone can find fault but mighty few are able to show sensible remedies.

* * *

VINEYARD Sound was practically closed to navigation by the ice this winter and thousands of tons of needed coal was delayed from reaching its destination on that account.

* * *

THE automobile is a real necessity and there need be little fear that it will be classed as a useless luxury and its use prohibited.

History is likely to be repeated if the present war is long continued. The Cape was a heavy sufferer during the Civil War. Its inhabitants were mainly engaged in commerce and fishing and when these failed many were obliged to seek new fields of enterprise, and in order to do so were obliged to remove to communities where suitable industries were already established. At the present time the Cape has little manufacturing industry and the high wages paid in the productive centers are bound to lure many Cape people away from their native soil.

The name Cape Cod was originally intended to apply to the extreme end of the County of Barnstable, but the Cape as now known includes the whole of the county from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown. Indeed, to a great many people it means the whole of Southeastern Massachusetts and people in Boston and beyond speak of "going down the Cape" when they visit Plymouth and New Bedford.

BEING AN INVALID

Continued from Page 11

smiling bravely but her eyes were red—she believed all Napoleon told her. If he had left me standing on my head much longer I would have believed him, too—but in a normal position I was rapidly getting back to my normal condition—he wouldn't carve my anatomy—while I lived, anyway. I sat up in bed with a jerk as a Jack-in-the-box might pop up. My wife threw a fit, but I jumped out of bed—Polly-Molly and all, and caught her before she fell to the floor.

"Don't do that again, dear," I said, "you frighten me."

A look of terror came over her face—she thought I was developing more symptoms. There was no help for it—this new disease would have to run its course—unless I got up and ran away, so I got back into bed—a good place to be at bed time.

I slept like a horse—that is—I had a terrible nightmare—the doctor was puncturing my spinal cord. I awake with a start—you have to start to awake—if you didn't start you wouldn't awake.

The doctor's car was puffing petroleum perfumery on the morning air below. He sure was an early bird; but he had yet to catch his worm. I peeped out of the window. He had a surgical-looking grip in his hand as he got out of his car. My spine was still in commission as was shown by the little shivers that chased each other up and down it.

I slipped on my trousers and slipped out of the window onto the piazza roof and slipped down a post to the ground in front of the astonished doctor. A good deal of slipping—you will say—for so short a time, but I am some slipper when I get going.

The doctor tried to grab me, but I eluded him—I am as elusive as an elusive symptom when I really try to be. I ran fourteen times around the yard and wound up with a backwards somersault in front of the doctor. I learned to do that when I was a kid in the Y. M. C. A.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Napoleon," I asked, "do you think I need any puncturing this morning?"

He shook his head sadly as he turned to my wife, who had appeared on the scene. "Too bad," he said, "the disease sometimes takes this turn. You will have to watch your husband closely or he will do himself harm—his trouble has gone to his head."

The butler, the cook, the chauffeur and the doctor—after strategic maneuvers—if I may apply such extensive words to so small an army—succeeded in capturing me by my fore—or I should say—four extremities, and bore me—not without some resistance on my part—back to my lair. I said lair, because they handled me as though I were a beast. The cook insisted on bending my arm back until the shoulder joint cried for help. He thought I was a side of mutton, I guess. The chauffeur did the cranking act to my other arm till it felt like a wilted collar. If your collar has ever wilted, you know how it feels. He thought I was a touring car, evidently. He ought to have known from my capers in the front yard that I was only a runabout. I don't know what the doctor thought I was—whatever it was, it didn't need to be handled with care. James, the butler, as usual did his duty nobly—he carried my right extremity as carefully as though it had been a bottle of Mum's extra dry. They laid me in my little bed and the doctor summed up his diagnosis. He said that owing to the unexpected turn my disease had taken (diseases don't always follow the "straight and narrow"—they are quite human in their ways) an operation wouldn't be necessary, but a keeper would be. He was evidently going to turn our home into a zoo—Napoleon had won another victory.

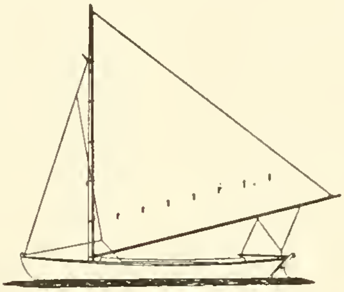
A guard was stationed at my door and another on the piazza roof—the animals had to be kept out of the front yard.

My wife was sorry for me, of course, and ditto for herself. It was bad enough having an invalid husband, but a dippy one—I can't tell you how she feels, she is too kind to tell me. She knows I am crazy because Napoleon says so.

I got lonesome yesterday, so, to assist Time to hike on his weary way, I printed a motto on the bosom of my dress shirt—it was of no use to me—the shirt I mean. I pinned it to the wall of my room. It reads:

"Once an invalid, always an invalid—don't get the habit."

The doctor says that is another symptom, so what's the use—I wish I had been a missionary.



FLAT-FOOT FOSTER

By CAROL WIGHT

"Flat-foot Foster," a quaint old name!
So you'd like to know why he bore the same?
Yes,—I was one of his crew. Draw nigh,
Don't interrupt, and I'll tell you why.
"Flat-foot Foster" of Orleans Town,—
When he planted his foot it stayed flat down;
For those were the days when Cape Cod men
Would match your moderns one man to ten.
Yes, Foster was born where the sea gulls fly
And never a sail could pass him by.
He took an oath when his voyage began
He'd not turn back for devil or man.
Gear of the best and cable stout—
In a storm he'd heave her anchor out
And ride the gale though it broke her back
At the harbor-mouth—but he'd not put back.
The waves might wash her from stem to stern,
But Foster would smile and hold the turn
And the minute the storm would slack; "All sail!
Up anchor, boys, and to hell with the gale."
And he'd make his port and return, I say,
E'er some of the others got under way.
How did he do it? By brawn and sweat;
Just listen, you've something to learn, as yet.
When the anchor was fast and she wallowed and rolled
Till you felt the cargo would burst the hold,
He'd make for his cabin and straight begin
To tune the strings of his violin.
Though the winds might howl and the waves might roll
That was naught to the storm in Foster's soul.
As the horse-hair started across the strings
You could hear the song that the tempest sings,
And the moan of the waves on a low lee shore,
And the shout of triumph those waves upsend
When they split a vessel from end to end.
You could hear the sea-gulls' shuddering cry
As if dead men's souls were a-drifting by.
You could hear the crunch of the crowding ice
As it crushed some groaning craft in a vise.
You could feel the North-wind's numbing breath
As it sealed men's lips with its kiss of death.
Then soft and wistful the notes would sigh
From that violin, until with memories' eye
You could see the Gulf Stream slap and swash
On a derelict's deck that was all a-wash,
And the warm Atlantic for miles and miles
One heaving mirror of azure smiles,
Undimpled, save by the flying fish
Or some huge sea-turtle's lazy swish—
So soft the music would float and flow
From the throbbing heart and the trembling bow.
So we listened in awe at that cabin door
Till the sound died down and the storm was o'er.
A sea-born spirit, a sea-born brain—
Ah, when shall I meet with his like again?
But I love to think though my captain's gone
That his soul, like the ocean, still rolls on;
For 'tis men like him that we need today
Where our nation's destiny points the way—
Men like Foster of Orleans Town,
Whose foot stays flat when it's once set down,
Who will ride the gale till the cables crack,
And in spite of the devil, will not turn back.

THE SHIP'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

By LUCY E. TREAT

IN a dark corner of some musty loft, whose darkened beams and discarded nets exhale a reviving odor of salt, we discover now and then a relic of sea-faring days, which arouses our imagination and carries us back to the days when our merchant marine sailed the seven seas. Sometimes we find this relic standing erect as an artistic adornment for the lawn or garden, a glorious figure, pointing seaward with an expression of longing and rapt devotion. Whether it survives from some wreck, with visage marred by time, or whether it gives a touch of the picturesque to some modern tea-room, where it hovers over the door in welcome, we greet it gladly as the voice from a bygone day.

Wherever we meet this lonely spirit of the past it reminds us of an art now almost extinct, of a period when the wood carver's chisel was busy creating a figure-head for every gallant craft. In the era of the wooden ships, before the grim, gray monsters of ocean travel had robbed sea-faring life of much of its romance, the figure-head gave to the ship a personality and endowed it with a soul. The story is told of one sailor, who really fell in love with the ship's figure-head, a beautiful maiden. So enamoured did he become that every night, during the dog watch, he would crawl out on the bowsprit and gaze for hours at the object of his love.

Since the earliest traders of antiquity, the Phoenicians, set sail on the Mediterranean in ships whose prows were adorned with their protecting deities, until the last ship of our merchant marine had furled its sails, the suitable adornment of the ship's head was a work which required loving labor and skill. In those ship-building days of old, the ship's carver had a responsible task, for it was he who could beautify or mar the graceful prow of the ship.

There were three styles of figure-heads, the fiddle-head, which boasted of a simple scroll turning inward like the head of a violin, from whence its name; the billet-head with the scroll turning outward, and the carved figure-head, which on a number of large ships was a life-size figure. Some of the early war vessels had their prows adorned with the carved billet-head, some were graced with a figure-head. The ship Constitution originally sailed into battle with a Hercules, symbol of strength, at her bow. Later old Neptune presided over the ship and at last as Old Ironsides her prow bore only a carved scroll. The battleship Olympia sailed into Manila Bay with a life-size figure of Victory at her prow, holding over her head an American eagle. At the Charlestown Navy yard is a fine collection of figure-heads which have led our ships into battle. In the old State House in Boston is a similar collection of figure-heads from our merchant ships, also a complete set of ship carving tools. Here is a life-size figure of Mercury, with his winged sandals and pointed cap, skillfully carved and handsomely gilded. These collections show the wide field of choice open to the carver.

Given a sweet-smelling log of fragrant cedar and a sharp set of tools, what could not the imaginative carver conceive and fashion as the suitable adornment for a ship's head? It was on the Australian and California clippers that the artist expended the most time and work. What more beautiful "bride of the sea" could be found than a clipper ship of graceful lines, her hull beautifully ornamented with the carved figure-head, with her name carved on the shining black name-boards, with the gilded ends, her deck fittings of expensive teak or Spanish mahogany, with snowy canvas fluttering in the breeze flying the United States flag and ensigns?

Many of these ships took their name from historic characters and were presided over by figure-heads of these individuals. The statesman, Daniel Webster, was evidently a most popular model as at least two ships, two brigs and several schooners bore his name and his massive head on their prow. Other favorite figure-heads were the American Indian, with tomahawk upraised, the American spread eagle and various dieties of the deep. The ship Nightingale bore a figure of Jenny Lind. Sometimes the mariner took especial delight in having a ship adorned with vividly painted serpents, mermaids, dolphins and other monsters of the deep.

Many of these figure-heads survive around the wharves or in the ship chandlers' stores. For many years there stood before the nautical store of Samuel Thaxter & Son, an effigy of Admiral vernon, which was wrought by one of Boston's most famous carvers and coppersmiths, Mr. Shem Dronne. In 1770 the Admiral first took his stand on Boston's street with a quadrant hanging over his right arm. Although changes have occurred in the firm and several removals made, the admiral has always gone along too. Mr. Dronne also made the "grasshopper" on Faneuil Hall, the gilded "rooster" on the Hanover street church, and the carved Indian which has stood so long on the old Province House in Boston.

In this era when figure carving in wood was at its height the wood sculptor found other work for his hands besides marine carving. Evidences of this are found in many places in New England. Before the mansion of that self-appointed Lord, Timothy Dexter, the eccentric character of Newburyport, there stood on high wooden pedestals, in imposing array before his gates, many of the presidents of the United States, and other heroes. Here, in friendly proximity, wrought skillfully in wood, of life size, were figures of Washington, Hancock, King George, Bonaparte, Lord Nelson, and other historic persons. These works are all of merit and interest but marine carving and figure-heads have an individuality and romance all their own. We find many of these as the surviving portions of wrecks.

After the tragic wreck of the brig St. John in 1849, the figure-head was found by Capt. Abram Hall and nailed up over his marine outfitting store at Cohasset. The ship Cordelia, wrecked in 1807, carried a Norseman's head on her prow. This carving is now on exhibition among the relics in the Pilot Boat Columbia on Scituate sands. There is a story of a lost figure-head of a maiden, arising suddenly from the waves, overgrown with barnacles and sea-weeds, before the startled gaze of a ship's crew, who for a few minutes thought it a living person.

With the decline of our merchant marine our commerce was carried by ships flying other flags than the Stars and Stripes and many of the handsome clippers were stripped of their adornment and made into barges. With the passing of the figure-heads, seemed to pass away, also, the bold, hardy mariners of yore, the typical Yankee Jack Tars. When the presiding geniuses of the wooden ships were cast aside, what was more natural than to see the steady decline of our merchant marine and to witness the dying away of the ship carver's art. Neither could survive the loss of the protecting spirit—the figure-head.

THE OLD-TIME WOOD PILE

HOW many of us can remember the old-time wood pile that used to repose in the back yard of most Cape Cod homes? And how many of us wish that we had such a wood pile at our door today?

Such a thing as fuel shortage was not known then, and the coal supply was not of great importance. Those who had woodlots went into the woods in the winter and chopped until they thought they had sufficient wood to carry them through the year. This fuel supply usually consisted of both red oak and pitch pine. It was carted home and sawed up and left in a big pile to season, which it did very rapidly when the March winds came.

The green pine limbs, with the needles adhering to them were also carted home and chopped up into stove length and this constituted the kindling supply. When dry these limbs and the pine needles became like tinder and would start a roaring fire as soon as a match was applied.

Thus, at the back door, was a year's supply of wood and kindling. It was always a generous supply, usually allowing for an ample surplus, for no greater calamity could have been conceived than a shortage of fuel.

Many a small boy, now grown to manhood, remembers the time when he had to go into the woods every Saturday and help trim out the limbs with a sharp hatchet. Then when the wood had been carted home it usually fell to his lot to chop up the limbs while his father sawed up the cord wood. When the skating or sliding was good and fish were biting through the holes in the ice it was often an irksome task, but one that had to be done.

It was also the small boy's task to transfer the wood in the big wood pile to the wood shed when it had become sufficiently seasoned and to pile it up in even rows. From this supply he was supposed to keep the big woodbox in the kitchen filled.

Those were the days when everybody worked, including the "littlest" boy, and when thought was taken for the morrow and supplies of all kinds provided against the time when they would be needed.

The Underwood family of Harwich descended from Rev. Nathan Underwood, a native of Lexington, Mass. He was a revolutionary soldier and settled in Harwich in 1792. He was popular and successful as a citizen, being several times elected to the legislature, and was also a shrewd business man and a scientific farmer.

"How I envy you seafaring men," said the sweet young lady. "It must be wonderful to gaze on the broad expanse of the ocean and breathe the clean salt air." "Yes," replied the stoker, "it must be."

Chatham harbor was named by Champlin "Port Fortune," a designation which seems very fitting in view of the prosperity that place is enjoying at the present time.

CAPE COD SAND

By E. MIDDLEMAN

These lines are respectfully dedicated to Captain C. Lawrence Barry who insists that Cape Cod boys have some of their native sand in their systems.

A callow youth named George there used to be,
Whose home was down in Chatham-by-the-sea;
A youth too modest, as the tale will tell,
Let other youths be warned by what befell.

George paid his court to Alice in his way
Which from our own experience let us say
Was not the way that should have been pursued;
We know how dark-eyed maidens should be wooed.

And what of Alice? Need I pause to dwell
And paint the type of girl you know so well?
Petite, brunette; her movements, form and face
Left naught to be desired of girlish grace.

These two, one moonlight night, strolled by the shore
And sat where countless lovers sat of yore;
A youth a bit more ardent, then and there
Would sought his love and longing to declare.

Expectant, Alice waited for the word;
Moments passed by—but not a sound she heard.
Then plaintively these words rose o'er the strand;
Said George, "O dear, my shoes are full of sand."

Then up sprang Alice from the sheltered nook;
She cast on George a pitying, scornful look.
Her eyes were flashing and her cheeks were red;
"Get that sand in your system, George," she said.

NOTE—For Chatham read any town name of two syllables on the Cape. Towns with names of three syllables are barred on account of the feet. Not the girl's feet. I refer to the meter.

The practice of religion was compulsory and the ministers were paid out of the public funds. These ministers were, as a rule, worthy and learned men. Severe penalties were imposed on scoffers and skeptics. In 1807 the very dogs of Orleans were church goers, though they were not welcome to the meeting-house. In that year Mr. Benoni Baker was appointed by the town to prevent dogs from coming into the church on the Sabbath, and was paid for this service.

Joe Lincoln of Cape Cod

WHEN the warm days of summer come, if you find it impossible to get away from the city for even a short vacation, there is one thing you can do which is next best. Get a "Joe" Lincoln story and read it. The cool breezy language will soon make you forget the heat, and after you have read long enough to forget yourself, you will smell the salt air blowing toward you from some point in Cape Cod.

Joseph Crosby Lincoln is a true product of Cape Cod. He was born at Brewster, Massachusetts, in 1870. His father was a sea captain, and died when little "Joe" was only a year old. Like many other men who have gained prominence, Mr. Lincoln owes much to his capable mother's early training. Mrs. Lincoln had accompanied her husband on many of his trips, some of them perilous and full of adventure. The responsibility of training a boy according to good old-fashioned principles did not daunt her.

In his book, "Our Village," Mr. Lincoln describes his boyhood home. Although they had a front door it was never used, every one entering by the side door. The front door he tells us, like very good and respectable people, was not popular. The back door led to the woodshed, with tubs and woodboxes—always waiting to be filled—so that was never a pleasant port of entry for boys. Each house had boxwood borders leading from the front gate to the door, adorned with big shells on either side. And the parlor, that pride of all New England housekeepers, with its Brussels carpet covered with big roses; its slippery haircloth furniture, upon which it was impossible to sit still, thus keeping you on a continual nervous strain, lest you should land in a heap in the middle of the floor. The marble-top table with its huge glass globe covering all sorts of floral atrocities done in wax; a hair wreath and family photographs on the wall; the old melodeon with "Gospel Hymns No. 1" reposing in a

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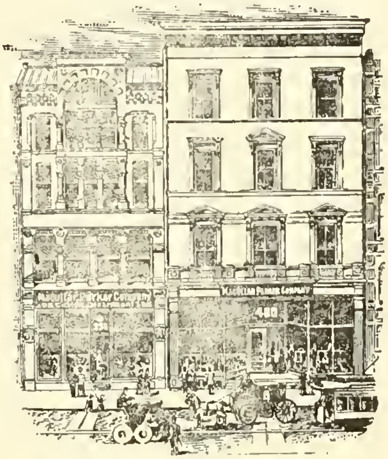

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sactimonious manner on the top, everything stiff and prim with a close, musty smell, and a chill which struck to the very marrow of your bones. For these sacred parlors were often opened only once or twice a year, and then only for some important occasion like a funeral.

The happiest part of the house was the "settin' room"—its lamp on the centre table, with a paper shade, the old-fashioned rockers, the air-tight, roaring hot stove, with a cat purring beside it. Then there was a worsted sampler and "God Bless Our Home" motto, with, best of all, the sound of the distant surf coming in through the window.

Their neighbors were all sea captains, and, as is the custom in all small places, everybody knew everyone else. And so, "Joe" Lincoln, during his boyhood, became familiar with the people, the delineation of whose characters, manners and customs were to make him famous. The tang of the salt air in their veins, and the dry humor of their ordinary conversation is delightfully refreshing as portrayed in "Mr. Pratt" or "the Postmaster." It would be simply impossible for one of Mr. Lincoln's types to walk across a room and sit down. He always "heaves to" and then "comes to anchor."

Lincoln's early education was received at Brewster and at Chelsea, Mass. On arriving at the age when all Cape Cod lads ship as cabin boys, his relatives decided he should become a banker instead of a sea captain. Consequently they placed him in a banking house in Boston, but figures did not appeal to Mr. Lincoln; he wanted to write, and began with poems and short stories.

From 1896 he was for three years associate editor of the "League of American Wheelman Bulletin." Then the fad for bicycling abating, Mr. Lincoln decided to try New York as his next venture.

Though all his early life was spent among sea captains, he does not use actual people in his books. But his characters are all so true to life that the Cape Cod natives swear they know the people he portrays. Mr.

Longer Life To Shoes

"ALBO" cleans and whitens Buck, Nubuck, Suède, and Canvas Shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"DANDY" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "STAR" size, 10c.

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies' shoe dressing that contains oil. Blacks, Polishes and Preserves ladies' and children's shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS", 10c.

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I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition, write today for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure". Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's *Absolutely Free.*

JESSE A. CASE
Dept. C. BROCKTON, MASS

To Newsdealers

Newsdealers not receiving the "Cape Cod" direct from the publishers can secure a supply through the New England News Company, Boston.

Lincoln declares that is impossible. You may make use of a phrase or of a story. You may get a certain impression from a person and build up a character from it. But to make use of an actual person would not do in fiction for people in real life are not dramatic enough.

His first story was published in the Saturday Evening Post. Many others followed in quick succession, several of which, woven into a plot, gave rise in time to "Cap'n Eri.'"

This was Mr. Lincoln's first book with the exception of his "Cape Cod Ballads." It proved conclusively to him his ability to sustain a reader's interest throughout an entire volume as well as in short stories.

The next book was "Mr. Pratt." Though written several years ago, it still retains its popularity. Mr. Pratt's philosophy is often quoted, and his ideas concerning the "simple life" are certainly enlightening to anyone not familiar with that phase of living.

Mr. Lincoln has been writing best-sellers ever since at the rate of two each year. His books have shown a decided improvement since the first one was published. And there seems to be no end to the material from which he draws.

One of Mr. Lincoln's most pronounced traits has always been his extreme modesty. Even after his "Cape Cod Ballads," and his early stories brought him some degree of fame, he insisted on signing simply "Joe" Lincoln, until his editors persuaded him to use the more dignified title of Joseph Crosby or Joseph C. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln is a firm believer in system. Every morning from 9:30 to 12:30 he spends in his study at hard work. As he is his own best critic, he believes in devoting sufficient time to his work to make it satisfactory to himself.

Some writers may be able to dash off a story in a short space of time, but that is not Mr. Lincoln's way. Everything he has published is the result of painstaking work. He considers himself neither a genius nor a highbrow, and does not wait for an inspiration

Big Aches from Little Toe Corns grow
Are you suffering from foot troubles because your last shoes were bought to please the eye and not fit the foot? There are thousands who are fitting the foot and at the same time pleasing the eye by wearing the Jordan Hygienic Shoes. Write today or our Booklet G, on
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Advertisers can talk to more than 10,000 prosperous people through the columns of this magazine.

or for his muse to come to him. All he requires is paper, and a soft stubby lead pencil.

His reading is wide and varied. He is fond of Kipling, Mark Twain, Stevenson, W. J. Locke, and Winston Churchill. He prefers a cheerful story. A morbid view of life is distasteful to him. His own books are all optimistic, full of good sensible philosophy, and always ending happily. He might be able to write a gloomy book but it would not be a true "Joe" Lincoln story.

It is the cheerful optimism of his salty characters, that makes his books so popular with invalids and with those who have found life's voyage rougher sailing that some of the tubs anchored off Cape Cod.

The summer of 1913 Mr. Lincoln and his family went abroad, spending most of their time in England. There they lived in a delightful old house in Buckinghamshire, and were charmed with the hospitality and kindliness of the English people. Part of the summer was spent on the continent, mountain climbing in Switzerland being one of their happiest experiences as pictures taken at the time testify conclusively.

For the past few years Mr. Lincoln has made his home in Hackensack, N. J. He lives in a big white colonial house in the best residential section of the town. He is a good citizen, and takes an active part in the municipal affairs of Hackensack. His interest in educational matters occupies part of his time, for he is a member of the board of education. For 14 years he has been a member of the board of trustees of the Unitarian church. Although not a regular clubman, he is a member of the Union League club and of the Hackensack Golf club.

The Golf club has its course near his home, and Mr. Lincoln plays a few holes every day. This is his favorite amusement when away from Cape Cod. But about the middle of June each summer he, his wife and son Freeman motor to Cape Cod. Then fishing, swimming and sailing become the order of the day.

—Book News Monthly.

More Live Poultry Wanted

Broilers, Roasters, Fowl, Ducks, Guineas, Etc., Eggs and Veal

Highest prices paid and we'll take all you can send. Daily cash returns; no commission taken off. We are the largest handlers of live poultry in New England.

Write for weekly price sheet, shipping tags and free directions for making model poultry shipping coops.

Paid up capital of $400,000. Reference: Fourth-Atlantic National Bank of Boston.

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The Oldest Practical Cleaners in the City

Clothes do not make the man,

But the man or woman who have their clothing cleaned pressed, repaired, altered, etc., by us, will make the other fellow sit up and take notice.

Say! If you could only walk down the street behind yourself, and see the spots and wrinkles In That Suit you would ring us up right away.

Bell-3790. Auto-1344. Over 32 years at 47 William St.

WE PAY PARCEL POST ONE WAY

NOW, ALTOGETHER FOR A BIG SUMMER BUSINESS! :: :: ::

Advertise in Cape Cod and pull business to you. Rates in the magazine with 10,000 readers are as follows:

1 page per issue	$24.00
½ page per issue	12.00
¼ page per issue	6.00
2 inches per issue	3.00
1 inch per issue	1.50

If you want Cape Cod business you must advertise in the magazine that Cape Cod people read.

SANDY NECK

By MARIE TUDOR

A stretch of sand dunes in a sapphire sea
Are topped with wind-rent scrub of brush and tree,
Or, naked as the sea,
Clear-cut against the sky
Rise in their nudity.
They form an outstretched arm along the shore
That hold within its grasp in sheltering fold
A mile of emerald marsh and shallow bay.
In constant struggle with the sea
This arm fights on for its identity;
In storms it shifts and takes,
It gives and thereby makes
Its wall against the sea.
Gathering here with full Atlantic sweep
The northeast wind in winter carves these dunes
In deep curved drifts like snow, with here and there
A tree protruding. Some are topped with soft
Beach grass, green scarab-hued, seen now in tune
With the warm yellow ochre of the dunes,
Piled high against a sky Italian blue.
Alone on Sandy Neck I always find
An echo to my mood, to all of life.
Of life and death's release.—
Its all consuming strife,
Its joys and pains surcease.
The past, the present, and the future here
Converge for me in act and thought, to be
The intrusive moment of infinity.
I face alone the earth and sky and sea,
And look with timeless eyes on destiny.

A number of Cape Cod mariners, long retired from the sea, have responded to the country's call for the manning of our ships and have returned again to their avocation. Some of them are the older men, long past the prime of life, but still vigorous and capable of rendering great service to their country in its hour of need. The restoration of our merchant marine is one of the vital duties of the country and one which will find great sympathy on Cape Cod, which has ever been interested in maritime affairs.

Provincetown, with its population of only a little over 4,000, has a service flag with 244 stars to its credit. It flies from the town hall and is a source of pride for every citizen.

The Cape Cod canal has been blocked up a large part of the winter by the ice in the bays. If the canal is to have its full usefulness in winter it must be equipped with an ice breaker capable of keeping the channel open even in the severest weather.

Send this magazine to a soldier "over there," or to a sailor doing his bit at home or abroad. It will come to him like a message from home and messages from home are the most desired things our soldiers and sailors need.

A new industry has been instituted at Buzzards Bay which is growing rapidly. It is a jewelry factory which now employs nearly 100 hands.

The first chart of the Cape sufficiently clear for identification was prepared by James Verrazzano in 1529.

FOR SALE

One of the finest locations on Cape Cod. A house of 9 rooms and bath, would make an ideal location for a hotel. Situated near ponds, pines and bathing beach. Scenery and location unsurpassed in a beautiful neighborhood. For terms apply to **L. C. HALL, Wareham, Mass.**

Long Neck Poultry Farm
BUZZARDS BAY, MASS.
Breeders of
Single Comb Rhode Island Reds

Eggs for setting of 15 . . $1.50
100 Eggs 8.00
Day Old Chicks, per 100 . 18.00

PLACE ORDERS NOW FOR MARCH AND APRIL HATCHES

"Oh, the song of the sea—
The beautiful song of the sea!
The mighty note from the ocean's throat,
The laugh of the wind in glee!
And swift as the ripples flee
With the surges down the shore,
It bears me back o'er life's long track,
To home and its love once more.
I stand at the open door,
Dear mother, again with thee,
And hear afar on the booming bar
The beautiful song of the sea."
—Cape Cod Ballads.

The number of men furnished by Cape Cod in the Civil War was about 3,700 and the total war expense to the towns of the county was $308,985, exclusive of the $90,934.84 which was raised and paid in state aid to soldiers' families during the four years of the struggle, and which was reimbursed by the state.

In 1717, during the "Bellamy storm," the sea forced a passage through the Cape very near the boundary line between the present towns of Eastham and Orleans and a whaleboat sailed through from the bay to the Atlantic ocean. This passage was finally closed by the united efforts of the people of that section.

"So Jimmy has been half drowned again, has he, going out in a rowboat against my express order? Well, I am going to cure him of his love of sea travel by the homeopathic method."

"How's that?"

"I am going to take him to the woodshed with me on a whaling trip."—Baltimore American.

Cape Cod was given its name by Bartholomew Gosnold because his ship the "Concord," was so "pestered" by codfish that many of them had to be thrown overboard. "This name," said Cotton Mather, "it will never lose until shoals of codfish be seen swimming on its highest hills."

BUSINESS "AS USUAL" WITH AN EXTRA EFFORT TO GO "OVER THE TOP." :: :: :: :: ::

Those doing business on Cape Cod and those who desire to do business with Cape Cod during the coming summer season must put forth an extra effort to combat the effect that the war is having upon general business affairs.

It is the patriotic duty of every business man to keep his business running to the extreme limit of its capacity in order that war taxes may be paid and other obligations met. If business "falls down" the war efforts of the United States will be greatly handicapped.

Advertising is the 42 Centimetre Gun of Business.

It puts things across with vim and vigor. If you want to help keep business prosperous during 1918 increase your advertising appropriation and make that extra effort that brings increased success. If the advertisements of the business men of Cape Cod show that Cape Cod is still alive and doing business at the old stand, business will come to it, as it will come to other localities which make an effort to obtain it.

The Government recognizes advertising as a factor in keeping up production.

Classified Advertisement Department

Advertisements under this head cost only 2 cents a word for each insertion. They are cheap and effective. Cash payment should accompany order. Why not give it a trial?

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—This magazine wants a representative in every town on the Cape, to solicit subscriptions, collect on renewals and look after sales. It is a good chance for a live young man or woman to utilize spare time to good advantage. Exclusive rights given. If interested, write at once to Cape Cod Pub. Co., Wareham.

The Cape Cod Magazine

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT WAREHAM, MASS.

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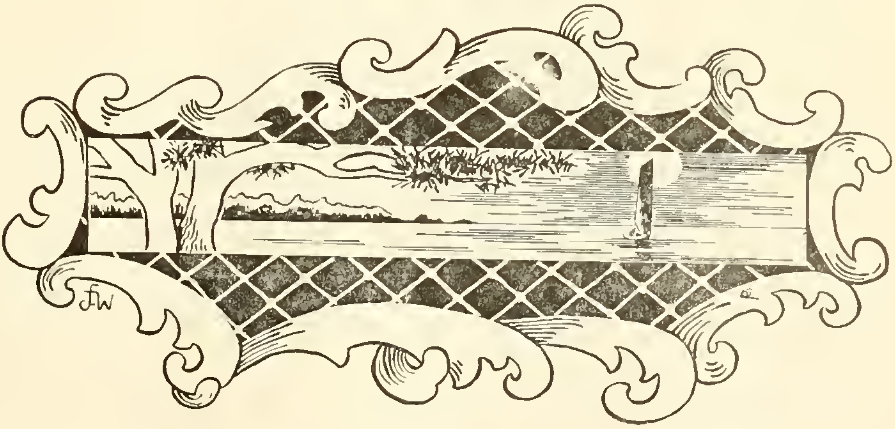

THE PUBLISHER'S LOG BOOK

WHEN Spring dawns upon Cape Cod, to the resident there, it seems as if a period of heavenly beauty had been entered upon. After the winter, with its winds and snow, its storms, its gales, its fogs and damps, its advent is most welcome. Spring harbingers the summer and summer truly is the time of times, the season of seasons—on Cape Cod.

The first warm days of Spring, balmy with breezes from the south, laden with their salty smells, the cheep of the "pink-wink," the call of the robin, the swelling buds, proclaim that the waiting days are over and that activity is at hand. After the more or less dormant state of nature during the winter the coming of Spring gives pleasure and courage.

It is house cleaning time, house painting time, fence repairing time. It is the time to make everything within and without spick and span. Even the faces of the children shine with an unusual brightness as though freshly scoured with soap and water.

The Cape, in Spring, begins to "spruce up," to put its best foot for'ard, as it were. When the summer visitors come the Cape must be at its best. The roads must be groomed until they offer no impediment to the swiftly moving wheels that soon will begin to glide over them in ever increasing numbers. Dooryards must be raked and lawns fertilized. Brush and rubbish must be gathered up and burned.

The Cape has learned that appearances count, that first impressions are lasting and that it pays to be neat and clean. It is true that there are still ugly and unsightly objects which are permitted to blot the landscape. Blatant sign boards are in some localities still permitted to offend the optic nerves, but such localities are growing fewer in number and the time is fast approaching when every locality will banish them from their bounds.

What a contrast the Cape will present this summer to the battle scarred fields of Europe where destructive force is pitted against destructive force and where misery and want result! What a place Cape Cod will be this summer for the partial forgetting of the sordid war problems, what a place for rest and recreation, what a place for recuperative days for the gathering and storing up of health and energy for the more strenuous times to come! To the tired business man a vacation on the Cape will be as much desired as the days of "repose" accorded the soldier upon the firing lines at stated intervals in order that they may "come back" with renewed vim and with more effective strength. As the summer playground of the nation the Cape plays its part in war times as in peace times. It gives more than it receives.

Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. III APRIL, 1918 No. 12

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

OVER THERE AND BACK AGAIN

By L. C. HALL

NOT many lads of scarce nineteen have had the interesting experiences and done their bit in the manner of a Cape Cod boy who has recently returned from France after nine months over there in the American Field Service working for the French.

Last June, as college years were ending, units were formed in many of our institutions of learning for ambulance work in France. At that time Harry W. Besse, eighteen years of age, was a student at Tufts College and with the consent of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Besse of Wareham, he joined the unit of that institution and with it sailed for France. Upon arrival there the young men were asked to volunteer for work with the French army as drivers of ammunition trucks and did so willingly. These cameon drivers, as the French call them, have been described in an interesting article written by the famous war correspondent, Will Irwin, in the Saturday Evening Post, and those who have read the article can have a very clear idea of the work that Mr. Besse was called upon to do.

His term of enlistment was for six months and he served the entire term with honor to himself and at the end of that time found himself unscathed, though many times in danger.

He was the driver of a 5-ton Pierce-Arrow truck and his work consisted in conveying from the "parks" at the end of the railroad lines, ammunition and other supplies to other "parks" near the firing line. Often his work required the delivery of ammunition to the batteries themselves and at such times he found himself under fire with shells bursting uncomfortably near to his explosive-laden truck.

He relates one experience wherein his escape from injury was little short of miraculous. The Germans were shelling a road over which the ambulances had to pass. The weapon used was a big naval gun which was some twenty miles away. With clock-like regularity these shells were falling in the road at intervals of a minute and a half. The convoy of trucks, of which the one driven by Mr. Besse was the fourth in line, waited under the shelter of a hill for the bombardment to cease. The captain of the convoy gave orders for the drivers to start immediately after a shell had exploded, trusting to the interval between shots to get them safely over the danger zone. There was a mis-calculation in time and the truck in which Mr. Besse was the driver reached the spot simultaneously with one of the Boche shells. The shell burst within a few feet of the truck and flying fragments filled the air. Mr. Besse does not attempt to describe the sensations which he felt at that time but contents himself with stating that nearly 100 shell fragments hit the car he was in.

This is only one of the many incidents showing the dangers of the service in which this young lad was engaged. A great deal of the driving was done at night, without lights, and the difficulties can well be imagined of safely navigating a five-ton truck over roads riddled with shell holes and with the roar and flash of the guns as a constant reminder that any minute he might be "out of luck," as he expresses it.

While Mr. Besse was engaged in this work he gathered much information concerning the manner in which the war is conducted. As an American, helping the French, he had many privileges, and used every opportunity to gain information. He has a remarkably clear idea of the situation over there and is able to explain many of the things that have puzzled those who rely upon the newspapers for their information. He can explain graphically the methods of trench warfare, the effect and purposes of barrage fire, the deadly gas bombs, and other accompaniments of the war. At one time he saw 11,000 prisoners being taken to the rear and held converse with some of them, thus gaining the German viewpoint of the war. He brought home many interesting souvenirs, among them being articles of French equipment and a German officer's belt buckle bearing the impious words, "Gott Mit Uns." This he secured from a prisoner "by persuasion."

Mr. Besse's location was in that part of the front which has now been taken over by the American forces, north of Verdun. He visited many of the ruined towns and cities and is able to describe the devastation and ruin caused by the three years of almost constant warfare. His admiration for the French "poilou" is almost unbounded. After three years of fighting he says that the morale of the French army is 100% perfect. "Never," said he, "has there been any truth in the statement so often heard that the French nation has been 'bled white,' and never has the French nation lost courage. France has put 10,000,000 men in the field out of a total population of about 40,000,000 and the casualties have totaled more than a million. Still the people keep their spirits and dismiss with a shrug of their shoulders attempts to sympathize with them. 'C'est la guerre,' they exclaim, and let it go at that."

Those who have not been "over there" can have little realization of the task that confronts the Allied nations. It is the opinion of military authorities that assaults en masse can never accomplish the defeat of the Germans, neither by assault can the Germans break the Allies' lines. Trench fighting is a method of warfare that renders such things impractical. Even though it were possible to drive the enemy from their trenches the advance must be very slow as infantry can advance no further than the protection afforded by its big guns and a drive of five miles at any one time seems to be all that it is practical to make. When the enemy shall have been driven back that far the attack must be stopped and new lines of entrenchments formed until the artillery is brought up and the operation repeated. What we read about in the papers as attempts to capture the enemy's trenches are usually local raids with the object of entering a section of trench and capturing some prisoners with the hope of obtaining from them some information of military importance.

The French have adopted a policy of retaliation. If the Germans throw a bomb, the French throw over two into the German trenches. When a German battery breaks loose the French attempt to return double the number of shells that are received. So far as possible the intent is to convince the Germans that whatever they do in the way of harrassing the enemy they will be made to suffer two-fold for it.

These are some of the things Mr. Besse tells about in his interesting way. He modestly refrains from saying much about the part he played himself during his six months with the French, whom he learned to greatly admire. After his term of service was up he joined the Y. M. C. A. forces for a while, acting as messenger and an operator of moving picture machines in the "huts" of the American forces. After nine months away from home he decided to return. The comparative safety of Y. M. C. A. work did not have such a strong appeal for him and away from the constant roar of the guns he had more time to think of his comfortable American home and the longing grew to revisit it. Not yet twenty years of age, he expects to go back before the war is over, for he is convinced that it will not shortly end and that there will be plenty of opportunity yet for him to serve his country as he served the French.

The spirit of the young man is one that cannot be too highly commended. The fascination of the great war is strongly upon him and after a vacation at home that he has well earned, it may be expected that he will again cross the water, this time to join with the American Expeditionary Forces and there let his knowledge and experience be utilized for the making free of Democracy.

In the meantime he can do much to enlighten the people in this country in regard to things concerning which they have but a hazy idea. So far as we know he is the first Cape Cod boy who has actually visited the front and returned to bring the story of it. He is a good speaker, for one so young, and the clearness with which he outlines the situation and his understanding of military aims and practices is a distinct revelation to those who have been privileged to hear his story.

If you like the Cape Cod magazine tell your friends about it.

DOWN OUR WAY

By WARREN ELLIOT CARLETON

Down our way the salt breeze blows
O'er marshes pink with meadow rose,
And there the golden sunset glows
Across the bay.
Cool waves play on silver sand
Where countless miles of sea expand
In this delightful wonderland,
Down our way.

White sails twinkle far and near,
And distant threads of smoke appear
On the horizon when it's clear,
Each summer day.
And music is not lacking there
To charm the soul and banish care,
For tuneful birds sing everywhere,
Down our way.

And in the night when all is still
The loon jeers at the whippoorwill,
And myriad insects lisp and thrill
Till break of day.
And voices ring from boats afar:
"Funiculi, funicula!"
With tinkling banjo and guitar,
Down our way.

The fairest spot on earth is ours,
This paradise of song and flowers.
I doubt if Eden's choicest bowers
Were half so gay.
For there the salt breeze ever blows
O'er marshes pink with meadow rose,
And there the golden sunset glows,
Down our way.

Thought for the poor was not lacking in the early days of the Cape. In 1664 Andrew Hallett of Yarmouth "gave a cow or heifer, in calve, for the benefit of the poor of said town." It was ordered that the animal be delivered to Thomas Payne and that for the next three years he should have her and the milk and one-half of the increase during that time. After the three years were up it was decreed that the poor of Yarmouth should have her and the increase disposed of as the townsmen from time to time might see fit.

SKIPPERS SPIN STRANGE STORIES

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

"WELL, the mate was three sheets in the wind, the ship had lost her fore-s'il, the wind was blowin' at seventy-eight knots an hour, and we was in a pretty mess."

The aged Cape Cod sea captain, now retired, cast an eye toward a tiny cloud in the northwest portion of the compass, and predicted rain. His long, white beard, tobacco stained, reached nearly to his waist. A pleasant smile lighted up his face, which was not wrinkled and begrimed as might be supposed but on the contrary, glowed with ruddy health.

"Tell you some experiences? Lord, my boy, it would take a month of Sundays to tell you anything worth hearin', but take that easy chair and make yourself right to home. Now, where in all creation did I put that pipe o' mine, and I'll be jiggered if I aint's lost my tobacco in the bargain." (An intermission of ten minutes is here granted, during which time the captain finds his smoking material, fills and lights his pipe, adjusts his "sou'-wester," and incidentally refreshes his memory with hair-raising incidents that occurred some thirty or forty years ago.)

The quaint sayings and idioms of Cape Cod captains delight visitors to the little sea villages. No neighborhood would be complete without one or more of these veteran skippers.

Years ago the Cape was the very nursery of the world's finest seamen. It is not so now. The seafaring men have retired from active business, and the only work they do is to run a small fishing shanty near the shore, swap sea experiences and amuse summer vacationists with weird sea yarns about shipwrecks, sea serpents, pirate fights and a hundred and one other subjects.

"By gol," said the skipper, as he drew a whiff of tobacco smoke and sent it whirling in a circle toward the ceiling. "By gol, if that warn't the worst time ever. Oh yes, I recollect all the details just as clear as if it happened yesterday, although that was nigh on to 60 years ago. Gosh all hemlock and crawlin' cod-wollopers, didn't it blow and warn't the boys scared?

"This is the way it all happened: Up at North Dennis, Cape Cod, in the year '55, there was built the clipper ship, the Wild Hunter. This is a true story, and I am giving you all the particulars just as they happened. Oh, by the way, the Dennises all used to boast of some mighty brave seamen—now you can just reckon on that. You couldn't beat the Snows, the Kelleys, Searses, Cahoons, Otises, Crowells, Nickersons, Thachers, Doanes, Princes nor the Nyes when it come to steering a ship in a tight place.

"Be that as it may, however, the Wild Hunter was launched late in the fall of '55. She was warped easily down 'Quivet Crick, and down into the water. There ain't enough water there now to float a little dory, hardly. No, sir, you couldn't sail a toy boat there now and not get her stranded on the mud flats.

"The Wild Hunter was nigh onto 1,100 tons and one of the finest ships afloat. Why, blast my top lights, couldn't that ship sail? Well, I reckon so. Couldn't nothing come in with her, now you put that down in your note book and print it in big handlines. She could creep up on any steamer anywheres on the seven seas and walk by her like she had her anchor overboard.

"She was towed to Boston. We rigged her up there and loaded her with a cargo of general stuff, miscellaneous goods and numerous other articles. We was bound for 'Frisco. Yes, sir, going 'round the Horn. I jined her in Boston, and I tell you I was mighty proud of that vessel. We sailed January, '56. In other words, as you might say, we did something like this: The first order comes from the mate, who is floor director, that is, he has charge of the deck. 'All hands, ready for stays,' says he. Everybody goes to his position. There ain't no delaying or slicking up, I tell you, when you hear those orders. 'Tacks and sheets," says he. 'Aye, aye, sir,' says all hands. He hollers at the man at the wheel, what you folks call a pilot, 'Hard down.' 'Main topsail haul,' he shouts. Then, 'Let go and haul!' By that time the ship is full on the other tack. Then the mate says, 'Flat down with your sheets and haul your bowlines taut,' and 'belay all.' Then we was off. Of course, you will understand all this plainly.

"We went 'round the Horn all right,—was just 120 days making the passage. The ship and everything being new, and rigging on her in cold weather, there was lots of work to be done in order to get everything ship shape, before getting to 'Frisco. Lord, wasn't it cold rigging that ship.

"Well, I reckon it was cold. Why, the thermometer registered 87 degrees below zero in Boston harbor. And it froze the water clear through to the bottom in some places. And it was into July before it thawed out. Well, after discharging the cargo and taking on ballast, we set our course for Calcutta. We had a fine run, with the usual number of squalls and tempests which are always found in that part of the Pacific ocean. Why, hist the flying spinnaker, it ain't no uncommon thing for a blow to come up and have seas 249 feet high, wash the decks. Everything went along smooth until we reached off the Caroline islands. Then the devil let loose. And no mistake. We was running along with the wind abeam when the cry of 'Pirates, pirates' was heard. Well, we swung off the ship so as to bring the wind over the starboard quarter, and all the stern sails was set.

"The old girl went bowling along at 15 knots. When we got time to look around, we found that we were surrounded by the dreaded Chinese pirates, the biggest devils that ever sailed the seas. The pirates in those days used the 'proas,' boats from 40 to 60 feet long. They carried from 40 to 50 men each. About that time the wind began to blow. Oh, I guess it blew, and there ain't never been no wind like it since.

"The wind blew so hard and the rigging was set up just right and if it didn't play 'Annie Laurie 'I'll give you my old boots. It blew close onto 78 knots an hour. We threw out some oil, however, so there was no seas. These pirates we run into didn't appear to have any firearms. They would surround a ship, close in on them from all sides, board her and use the stink pots. Then the devils would murder all hands and loot her. Talk about your glue factories. Back in those days all ships carried two or more small cannon and a number of muskets. The pirates would confuse the captain, causing him to change his course so as to avoid them and lose his headway. Then she would be 'in irons,' when she had lost her steerage way. Our ship, the Wild Hunter, was in charge of Captain Sears, of East Dennis. He didn't know the word fear. He wasn't the kind of man to give in to rascals.

"The captain just kept his course, he didn't budge an inch. As we approached, the devils began to fire both cannons and muskets. Well, I wish you could have seen those pirates. They opened a lane through and the old Hunter slipped through, belching fire and smoke, from broadside guns and muskets. Some of the boys got down on their hands and knees and prayed. But me and Captain Sears stood at the wheel and kept the old ship going right along.

"Say, some of them pirates jumped overboard, others committed suicide, and some held up their hands ready to be taken prisoners. As we passed through that lane we saw one of our big guns on the starboard side had clean cut away the mast of a great big proa. Yes, sir, cut it down just like a jackknife cutting down a toothpick. And our muskets killed those Chinese rats off like a mowing machine cutting down hay. Some was killed, some was wounded and some were shot outright. Then hell broke loose.

"Some odd thousand of those rats threw stink pots at us, and they yelled like mad, they were so fierce. We held our breath, gathered up some scores of those stink pots and threw 'em overboard. After we got clear of the fleet of proas, we went back to our course, sent up Old Glory, and gave three cheers and a groan. Then we proceeded on our way to Calcutta, where we arrived in due time. Say, you ought to have seen the look on their frightened faces as we sailed away and left 'em in that mess. How is that for bravery, boy?"

The captain looked wise. Then he looked out of a window, cast a glance or two at the ocean, which was beginning to get rough, and then settled down in a still more comfortable position.

"Now I've got a little, short incident that I want to tell you," he continued. "Here, set down your notes on this piece of newspaper. You want to be sure to get 'em accurate, you know, so as not to make any mistakes.

"Did I ever tell you that story about that race I had with a monster sea serpent, and how the mammal when he saw he was beaten, committed suicide by cutting his throat with his knife-like tail and——"

But the writer had to catch a train, as he was far from home. Being so amazed at the captain's wonderful sea experiences, he threw his pencil into the ocean, put a piece of sea weed on top of his head, and donned the captain,s yellow oilcoat instead of his own eight dollar broadcloth raglan.

Before leaving, however, the skipper said: "If you will return tomorrow, I will tell you that one about the shark that held old Cap'n John Seaver in his jaws for three days and ——"

The author was back in the captain's fish shanty at 7:30 the following morning.

(To be continued next month)

Note—The yarns that the old skippers spin for the amusement of summer visitors and others are founded upon facts, but the captains, of course, use their imaginations to a great extent.

A SCENE AMONG THE DUNES

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY

By MISS MARY ISABEL BOYNTON

ARDELLA Hinckley stood on her back porch enjoying the beauty of the summer morning. When Ardella had gone to the porch rail to shake her checkered tablecloth she had not intended to tarry; a dozen housewifely tasks awaited her within doors, but once outside the very glory of the morning held her.

She stood now, checkered tablecloth neatly folded over one arm, looking across her back garden where the tomatoes were turning red on the vines, and the variegated shells of the pole beans made a bit of color in the little sandy enclosure, to where the sea, tossing restlessly so far as eye could see, met the silvery white beach at the very bottom of the garden. One big schooner some miles out, was just getting into the wind, and the sails bellied out into huge dun-colored wings. The fleet of small boats in the distance Ardella knew was the fishing boats. One fragile row-boat with a single occupant tossed about like a cockle shell on the vast expanse of water.

Away to the horizon the morning mists still hung, having been not quite chased away by the mounting sun, whose rays turned the sea from green to silver, and finally to exquisite topaz while Ardella looked.

To the north, up the beach, she could see a solitary figure silhouetted against the sea and sky, and although the distance was too great for her to distinguish the person or his occupation, she knew it was Charles Augustus Bassett digging clams. A little smile curved the corners of Ardella's mouth as she looked at the figure. There had been few mornings since Ardella could remember that she had not seen Charles Augustus, but the sight always brought that tender smile to her lips, and a half humorous look to her eyes that always seemed to shelter laugh-lights in their blue depths.

Charles Augustus and Ardella had been born neighbors, in the little Cape Cod town, and inclination made them playfellows. No one had ever disputed Charles Augustus' right to escort Ardella home from singing-school or church, and as for Ardella there had never been a fleeting thought for any man but Charles Augustus.

Down through the years Charles Augustus and Ardella had been "goin' together and gettin' nowhere" as uncle Silas Nye expressed it to an inquisitive visitor. Charles Augustus grew a little thinner and a little more silent as the years passed that changed Ardella's girlish figure to a plumpness quite matronly, and freely sprinkled the soft brown hair with gray. That Charles Augustus and Ardella were made for each other was quite plain, yet the years drifted by and they did not marry. Charles Augustus and Ardella were reticent on the subject, but interested friends discovered a reason for the delay. Eldad Hinckley, the paternal grandparent of Ardella, with whom she had lived since the death of her parents in her early childhood, was old and feeble and crabbed to the extent that it taxed even Ardella's gentle and patient disposition to live with him. When the old gentleman passed on to his final reward—or punishment—opinions differed as to which it was likely to be—then the young people would marry. But the old captain finally went to his somewhat doubtful future, and still Charles Augustus and Ardella did not marry, and another reason was forthcoming. Charles Augustus' mother and aunt, both feeble and aging, lived with him and would have to share the home with him and his wife. After the trying years Ardella had spent with her grandfather it was small wonder she did not wish to assume this new burden. Then the mother and aunt passed on to their final rest, and yet Charles Augustus and Ardella did not marry. Ardella continued to live in the little house in which she had lived all her life, and Charles Augustus lived alone in the one in which he had spent all his days, with only a little garden to separate them. And the reason for this peculiar state of affairs was certainly the very last one that any of their friends could possibly have imagined. It was the simple fact that Charles Augustus had never asked Ardella to marry him. Never for one minute did Ardella's loyalty and faith in Charles Augustus falter. She knew he loved her; knew it as the flower turns towards the sun even before it is visible in the East. Knew it as the bird hears the call of the South before the cold of autumn comes. Their love had been a slowly developing comradeship, not a suddenly awakened flower of passion. But however satisfactory the situation was to Charles Augustus, it was far from satisfactory to Ardella. She was made for a home ruler; made to mother her brood. She realized how incomplete her life was, yet not once during all the waiting years had she by word or act given Charles Augustus reason to feel he was not meeting her fullest expectations. She belonged to a generation that must wait to be won.

This morning as she stood there on the porch watching the lone figure on the clam flats, something of the injustice of it all came into her mind and a little sigh flitted across her parted lips. She did not know that she was so much a part of the man's life that he did not miss the completeness of their union. Did not realize, any more than he did, that he took her a little too much for granted. Not once since Charles Augustus' mother and aunt died had Ardella gone into his house when he was there, but often when he was off for a day's fishing she would slip through the gate of the fence that divided the two small gardens, go into the house, revelling in "tidying up" a house that was never very untidy, for Charles Augustus was a good housekeeper, simply because it belonged to the man she loved, and many a loaf of snowy bread, spicy gingerbread or odorous pie was left on his table seemingly by fairy hands, although there was never any secret about the visits or the viands, and Charles Augustus enjoyed knowing she had been in his house quite as much as she enjoyed going.

The sun mounted higher in his journey towards the zenith, the distant mists disappeared and the new day was fully born, and with one last look at the figure on the clam flats Ardella disappeared within doors.

The morning work done, Ardella, hammer and twine in hand went upstairs. The crimson-rambler was becoming altogether too neighborly. Not only was it climbing behind the blind in Ardella's room and interfering with the catch, but it was actually climbing into the window. For a week Ardella had been intending to train the rapidly growing branches back, and now the opportunity was hers. She tucked her skirts between her knees and gingerly climbed out of the window onto the shed roof and from this vantage ground began her task. She handled the vines gently, as if they were sensitive, living creatures, forcing them carefully away and back from the window and with tacks and loops of stout twine tacking them securely into the clapboards, not bruising so much as a single leaf.

Suddenly, with hammer poised in mid air, she listened. She thought she heard her name called. Yes! there was no mistaking it this time, and it was Charles Augustus calling her. But how odd his voice sounded! It sounded excited, and yes, one might almost say it carried a note of fear.

Livelier than she had climbed out Ardella scrambled in through the window dropping the hammer on the chamber floor and scattering tacks as she ran through the entry and down the narrow stairs.

He stood there in the middle of Ardella's clean kitchen, hatless and coatless, the dripping bucket of clams at his feet—and if anything was needed to convince her of the unusual in the situation, this disregard of the spotlessly clean floor was sufficient proof—mopping his mouse-colored hair with a huge bandanna handkerchief. Ardella stood spellbound in the doorway.

"Why! Charles Augustus," she cried. "What is the matter? Are you sick or—"

He stopped manipulating his head with the handkerchief. His mild blue eyes seemed to be devouring her.

"So you're here, Ardella!" he gasped. "You ain't gone nor nothin'?"

Ardella walked farther into the room.

"Gone! Did you ever know me to be gone anywhere? I'm about as stayable sort of a person as you'll find, I guess. For the land's sake, Charles Augustus, are you crazy?"

Charles Augustus looked about him helplessly; Ardella promptly pushed a chair towards him, and he sank into it.

"I had an awful dream last night, Ardella," he said solemnly.

"Well," she answered spiritedly, "I don't see's that's any excuse for you to come messin' my clean floor up with clam water."

For a minute he regarded the floor with conscience-stricken eyes, then his gaze returned to her face.

"But, Ardella," he said, "it was about you!"

"Must have been a nightmare by the way you're goin' on!" she crossed the little distance that divided them, and shook him by one shoulder.

"You ain't got a sun-stroke out there on them clam flats have you, Charles Augustus?"

He shook his head mournfully. "It ain't no sun-stroke that's done it," he assured her.

"What did you eat for supper?" she still had her hold on his arm. "You didn't go and eat any of that mince pie I carried over, did you? You know you promised me you wouldn't never again at night after that time you scared me most to death by goin' on so in the middle of the night, out in your garden, hollerin' murder." She stood over him like a mildly reproving angel.

He looked up into her face and she drew back hastily, a little quick intake of breath parting her lips. There was an expression in Charles Augustus' eyes she had never seen there before. "No," he reiterated, "it ain't no sun-stroke, and it ain't no mince pie. Last night I dreamed I went out on the flats and dug some clams and brought you some—just as I've done—and I come to the door and knocked two or three times—just like I've done—and you didn't answer, and then I come in and the house was deserted. You'd gone. You wasn't dead, but just GONE, and I knew you wouldn't ever come back. Nobody told me so, I just knew it. It tore me all up. I couldn't sleep any more, so soon's 'twas daylight I got up and went out on the flats, but the thing kept hauntin' me, so I come up to make sure it was only a dream, and I found the house as I dreamed it was, and I knocked two or three times and you didn't come and—" he got up from the chair, "it was all like the dream! The terrible loneliness, the emptiness of everything! Life without you! Why! Ardella, you are my very life!" he was half a head shorter than Ardella and was looking up into her startled face with tenderly pitiful eyes, "and I guess —I guess I went pretty nigh crazy!"

"Well, I'm here, and you're here, and it was only a dream anyway," she said soothingly, backing away a little.

"Yes, but—" Charles Augustus stooped and picked his hat up from the floor, twirling it nervously between his hands, "but Ardella, I can't bear to leave you here alone in the house, somethin' might happen to you! and—and Ardella, did you ever think we might—we might—get married?"

Ardella was silent. Really, the way Charles Augustus put the question there was not much she could say. The old hat twirled faster as he talked.

"I used to think of it before your grandfather died, and I knew you wouldn't leave him. And after he went—well, you know how feeble mother and aunt Polly was; I couldn't ask you to come over there, and I couldn't leave them. Then they went too, and somehow—I don't know how 'twas, but we was so comfortable livin' like we did, I was afraid to ask for fear it might spoil everything if you didn't care thet way. And, Ardella, don't let it make any difference between us, but oh! I want you! I need you. Will you marry me?" He held out both arms, and someway, neither could tell just how it happened, Ardella's head was on Charles Augustus' shoulder and his arms were about her.

The sun ran his course unnoticed. The bucket of clams remained on the spotlessly clean floor. The old clock ticked the minutes

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CAPE COD

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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Editorial

IT is all wrong, this idea that we can finance a war on the production of necessities alone. America has become the richest nation in the world, not by hoarding, but by spending. No one can save money unless first given the opportunity to earn it. The profits of business do not come from raw products, nor from the trafficking in absolute essentials alone. We can sustain life by subsisting upon the coarsest of foods, by clothing ourselves in the roughest of garments, and by living in the merest shelters. But if we do this we sink to the level of the Chinese Coolie, or the Russian Bolsheveki, and become poverty stricken in the extreme. We can finance the war and retain our property by living and spending as we have been accustomed to do. Any other course will disrupt business and throw men and women out of employment and force them to become public charges. When you buy an automobile out of your surplus earnings you help pay the wages of workers of all classes and grades. The production of an automobile begins at the mines and ends at the private garage. So called luxuries support the profit-making industries, and the profit-making industries pay the war taxes. It is wicked and foolish to advocate the curtailment of industry under the supposition that it is non-essential. Any industry that uses raw materials and makes them more valuable as finished products and which pays wages and helps support workers is essential to the highest degree. Just think for a moment what would happen if the manufacture and sale of automobiles, of pianos, of jewelry, or of other so-called luxuries, should stop. Billions of capital would be tied up in idle factories and machinery and failures would result by the thousands. The ability of the government to finance the war would cease and all of its preparations would become ineffective. This nation has been able to come to the financial rescue of the Allies because we have been a nation of spenders. The fact that we have been luxury-loving accounts for our having surplus money with which to supply them. The Allies did not turn to China for financial relief because China subsists upon the severest economy, it produces nothing but essentials and is never very far from starvation. It is the spending nations that have the sinews of war. Money must be made before it can be spent. Cripple the business interests of any community and the whole community is crippled. Apply these facts locally. Don't wear that old, frayed suit of clothes until it drops to pieces. Don't put off buying the automobile you need. Don't take your money and bury it in the garden until such time as you need it to buy Liberty Bonds or to pay your war taxes. Keep it in circulation by buying what you need to make you comfortable. Use it to pay your bills. Keep industry booming and there need be no fear of hard times or financial ruin. Help old industries to continue producing and encourage new ones to start.

* * *

CAPE COD is looking forward to a very successful summer season this year in spite of the war conditions which prevail. Inquiries for accommodations are already being received, the prospect is that there will be a large influx of summer visitors this year. Last year many who would otherwise have visited the Cape were deterred by the submarine scare and went to inland resorts instead. This timidity has passed away and will have no effect the coming season. Should the spring be a warm one as it is anticipated it will make for an early season and longer stays. While there were a very large number of tourists last year, in the majority of cases their stay was not as long as has been usual. There were a great many week-end parties and the hotels mainly depended upon the transient custom instead of the regular vacationists who come and stay all summer. The cold spring last year kept the cottages from renting as freely as usual. It is expected that the Cape will gain by the general prosperity of the country. Many who have felt the strain of war conditions will seek needed rest and recreation during the warm months and there is no better place than the Cape to find perfect rest and healthful recreation.

* * *

THERE are some shrewd business men who are of the opinion that there is not enough cooperation upon the Cape for its own good. They point out the apparent fact that the different localities are each engrossed in their own affairs and give very little attention to the Cape as a whole. There are even those who feel that this magazine does not pay enough attention to their particular locality, but it can readily be seen that the whole Cape is its field and that it is not particularly interested in any locality. The reason why some localities are mentioned more frequently than others is because some have more public spirited people who see that publicity is not lacking and that their features are properly written up and enlarged upon. We are very much dependent upon the efforts of the friends of the Cape for the material with which to fill these pages and make use of such as comes to hand. We try to avoid "press agent" stuff, such as is on the face of it intended to influence readers through high praise and flowery descriptions, but like to receive matter in which the human interest element is not lacking and in which personalities and local color are the predominating features. There is an inexhaustible supply of material such as we desire hidden away in the brains of Cape Cod people. Some of it is historical, some artistic, some humorous, and all of it interesting. High literary talent is not especially necessary in order to write a readable article, although it should not be too crude and amateurish. A perusal of our pages will give a very good idea of what we want and what we believe our readers want. We are riding no hobbies and have no set rules that we require authors to adhere to. All that we want is good interesting matter, reflecting the characteristics of Cape Cod life and features.

* * *

BY this time the plans for planting have mostly been perfected. Cape Cod is preparing to do her "most" in the line of food production. The big farms are in better shape than ever having been enlarged the past year. There are several hundred acres more productive land on the Cape today than there was a few years ago. Farm tractors have cleared up rough land and the virgin soil thus brought into use will yield better crops than has lately been deemed possible on the Cape. The use of modern machinery on these large farms in a measure will take care of the hired help problem. The smaller farms are all preparing to be worked with more vigor than usual and the small gardens will be more numerous than ever. The war has proven an awakener for agricultural activities on the Cape and the results have been truly astonishing to those who have heretofore considered farming a non-profit producing industry.

* * *

ONE essential to the prosperity of the Cape is the railroad schedule which will be given this year under government control. For many years past the railroad company has made up its summer schedule with a view to giving the very best service to the travelling public. There have been frequent and fast trains which have made travelling to and from the Cape very comfortable and convenient. It is hoped that the government may continue such a schedule this summer. Any curtailment of trains will be a great disadvantage and a distinct injustice to a section that is so dependent upon good railroad service for its prosperity. Concerted efforts should be made to present this matter in a forceful manner to those officials who will make up the schedules. Such a vital thing should not be left entirely to chance.

Cape Cod Boatmen

By ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

Near the wooded shores of Waquoit,
Leading out to "Great South Bay,"
Lies a little land-locked harbor,
Where the children use to play.
Building tiny boats for pleasure,
Sailing them around the shore,
Osterville, that quiet village,
Known to fame in boatmen lore.

When those children grew to manhood,
One was destined to great fame,
Built the famous "Cape Cod Cat Boat,"
Called the "Crosby Cat" by name.
Known to all the world of boatmen,
As the safest boat you know,
When the summer zephyrs fan her,
Or when winter breezes blow.

Used by all the hardy boatmen,
Fishing Cape Cod's dangerous shoals,
Stood the test of time and danger,
Landed safely many souls.
From Cuttyhunk to South shoal light-ship,
Where they have to "carry sail,"
In the roughest kind of weather,
Take you through the "howling gale."

Not a thought of fear or danger,
When the tempests' roar they hear,
And the storm clouds quickly gather,
Home their splendid boats they steer;
If the storm sweeps down upon them,
While for land they swiftly run,
They will "beat it to the finish,"
They are boatmen, every one.

Early every morn in summer,
Up around "Old Buzzards Bay,"
You will see their white sails gleaming,
As they catch the sun's first ray.
Out from hidden coves and inlets,
Boatmen "coax the morning breeze,"
As they leave their cosy harbors,
Nestling 'mongst the hills and trees.

Martha's Vineyard has her boatmen,
Nantucket, and Hyannis, too,
Woods Hole and "Dear Old Falmouth,"
Sail their boats in waters blue,
Sandwich, Provincetown, and Wellfleet,
On the "inside of the Cape,"
Masters of old Neptune's fury,
Handle boats of every shape.

Sturdy boatmen of Old Harbor,
Iron nerve and oaken heart,
Recognized the whole world over
As past masters of the art,
They are fishers of the ocean,
"Cross the Bar" and east they sail,
Out into the broad Atlantic,
Where the "dolphin wags his tail."

Every morning see them gather,
Down "inside the Chatham bars,"
Skimming 'round among the breakers,
Ere the fading of the stars,
"Jump the surf" and off they head her,
Out into the open sea,
"East south east to rocky bottom,"
Spain the nearest land to lee.

Off they go those fearless boatmen,
'Til they "sink the land" behind,
Nothing seen but heaven and ocean,
When they cast their hook and line.
If a storm comes down upon them,
"Whistling wind" and blinding rain,
Thirty miles of foaming surges,
Must be crossed the land to gain.

They will fight the angry waters,
In those famous Crosby boats,
"Working every trick" they know,
To carry sail and keep afloat;
"Buried in the flying smother,"
As they "weather Pollock Rip,"
"Head her right in for the breakers,"
Tumbling on the outer spit.

On they come up to the harbor,
Waves are breaking high in air,
Watching every angry comber,
Looking for an opening there;
Skim along the "outer breaker,"
Act just like a living thing,
Rush in on a foaming billow,
Like a sea bird on the wing.

All have safely reached the harbor,
They have crossed the dangerous bars,
Fishing 'round the shores of Cape Cod,
Is no place for "old jack tars,"
He must be a thorough boatman,
Not a man that handles ship,
Just a level-headed Yankee,
You can take from me the tip.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY

Continued from Page 11

away solemnly while the lovers reviewed the days gone, and more perfect ones yet to come. Ardella had come into her own. Her long budding romance had blossomed.

"We'll be married soon," Charles Augustus declared boldly, and Ardella nodded consent, a little mist of happy tears dimming her eyes that Charles Augustus saw and misunderstood.

"Am I hurryin' you too much?" he asked anxiously. "Don't let me be selfish, Ardella, Have I been too sudden?" and being a person who possessed a sense of humor, Ardella hid her face on one of Charles Augustus' conveniently near shoulders, and from its shelter said in a choking voice:

"Do not worry. You are not hurrying me, and—and it isn't too sudden!"

* * * * *

The prolonged courtship of Charles Augustus and Ardella had long ago ceased to occasion surprise or comment among their friends, but the announcement of their engagement and speedily approaching marriage acted like an electric shock in the community. It was food for conversation at the store, in the home, at the sewing circle. Everybody was pleased, the general opinion being that Charles Augustus, with his easy going, none too ambitious nature, had the best of the bargain. Yet the pleasure was not unmixed with some doleful foreboding, for as Grandma Paine said:

"When a man and a woman live alone and single so long as Charles Augustus Bassett and Ardella Hinckley has, they get terrible sot and odd in their ways, and for all his mild ways everybody knew Charles Augustus is odder than Dick's hat-band, and sot as a stun!" to which opinion Grandpa Paine took heated exception, saying, he "Guessed Ardella had some sotness on her side, considerin' she was old Cap. Eldad Hinckley's granddaughter!"

Charles Augustus would have walked direct from Ardella's kitchen to the parsonage—once started on the road to matrimony there was nothing slow about Charles Augustus—but Ardella would not listen to the idea. She would not forfeit all the delights of being an engaged woman, and she was to be married in the little parlor of her own home, so Charles Augustus had to be satisfied with the promise of a wedding early in September.

Ardella had had her dream of being married in white, but she was too old for that now, and contented herself with a gown of wisteria colored broadcloth that would serve both as wedding and going away gown. Many an hour she spent by the west window in her kitchen sewing on some piece of her simple trousseau, with Charles Augustus sitting opposite her, happy, but looking as helpless as only a man can under such circumstances.

One of the first things they had decided upon, after arranging that Ardella should rent her house after she went to Charles Augustus', was a wedding journey. Ardella was particularly keen on the subject, and the idea was wholly agreeable to Charles Augustus, and it was this very question, broached one August evening as they sat on Ardella's porch, that came near proving the prognostications of Grandma and Grandpa Paine to be not wholly without cause.

"I've wanted to go to Boston for quite a spell," Charles Augustus said, breaking one of the not infrequent silences that fell between them. "Cap'n Nye says it's changed a sight since I was there last, and now we can take our trip there."

"Oh! no," Ardella answered hastily, "we can go there for a day some other time. They're always havin' excursions to Boston, and we could go real cheap that way. I want to go to New Bedford. I haven't been there since I was a young girl, and I've quite set my mind on goin' there."

Charles Augustus cleared his throat, and when he spoke, although she could not see his face, Ardella knew that his lips had tightened.

"We can go to New Bedford any time, and besides it will be more stylish to go to Boston." Was it possible Charles Augustus was making an appeal to Ardella's vanity? It was several minutes before she spoke.

"I am sorry," she said, but the gentleness of her voice did not deceive Charles Augustus as to the determination of her purpose, "but really we must go to New Bedford. My cousin Rilla Ryder, she that was Rilla Kelly, lives there and I want to see her, and then—" she hesitated—"it may seem silly to you, Charles Augustus, but years ago, when I thought sometime I might go on a wedding journey"—he wondered uneasily who Ardella could have been thinking of in those far away days, "I made up my mind to go there. There is a street there lined with beautiful trees. I want to walk down that street with you, Charles Augustus."

"If all you want is to walk under some trees, we might just as well stay right here at home and walk down Main street," he said stubbornly. "And anyway, them special trees probably died years ago," he added ungallantly.

"Perhaps so," Ardella admitted, "but they still live in my memory, and—and—I kinder want to realize some of my dreams," she said a little wistfully, and there the matter rested, to be brought up again and again, in the days that followed, never to be satisfactorily settled, as each held obstinately to their original idea. Neither harbored any unpleasant feeling toward the other; to Charles Augustus the days were all too long that stood between him and the time he could claim Ardella as his own. He followed her about like a faithful dog, watching her with adoring eyes.

To Ardella the days sped on wings, for they were such happy and busy ones, and yet neither could, on that particular question, bend their will to the desire of the other.

Whatever dreams Ardella had cherished in regard to her wedding day could never have been surpassed by the day itself when it came. One of those glorious September days, the air mellow and warm as old wine; a dav when Nature seems to pour a portion of all the chief delights of all the seasons into one day.

Charles Augustus and Ardella were married at noon by the young minister of their church who had been with them but a few months, and to whom the marriage of these two middle-aged people seemed a most prosaic affair. There were a few old friends to witness the ceremony, after which a dinner —one of Ardella's own cooking—was served, a dinner that made the young minister wonder at Charles Augustus' dallying so many years, and then the depot wagon came and when the four o'clock train stopped at the little Cape Cod station, Charles Augustus and Ardella stepped aboard, she with her small, brand new grip, and he with his large, but no less new suit case, and his mileage-book tucked securely in his vest pocket.

Everything seemed unreal to Ardella, even Charles Augustus. The last few hours at the house seemed like a dream through which she had walked as a witness far apart, and not as the chief character. It was only when Charles Augustus spoke to the conductor as he passed over the mileage-book that she returned to realities.

(To be concluded next month)

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, POET

1792—1852

THE author of the famous song, "Home. Sweet Home," John Howard Payne, was not born on Cape Cod as is sometimes stated, but was of Cape stock on his father's side.

His paternal grandfather was William Payne, Esq., a highly respected citizen of Eastham, whose father, Dea. John Payne, was for thirty-four years clerk of that town, and his father, Thomas Payne, was a settler at the Cape as early as 1653. The facts of this article are taken from a sketch of the poet by the late Josiah Payne of Harwich.

John Howard Payne, who was an actor and dramatist as well as poet, was the son of William Payne a distinguished school teacher, and his mother was Sarah Isaacs of Jewish origin, who is said to have been a person of great beauty and much intelligence.

The poet was born in New York city June 9, 1792, soon after his father's removal from Easthampton, L. I., which town was his mother's home.

The father received an invitation to establish an Academy in Boston, removed there in 1799 where the son attended school.

He showed much talent in elocution and was allowed to take part in school "exhibitions" and early in life really wished to become an actor. To this his father and family were opposed so he began writing criticisms for newspapers and to use his pen for other contributions.

We are told when about twelve years old he became acquainted with Woodworth, afterwards distinguished for poetical writing, but at this time publishing a child's paper and assisted him in editing.

He was a precocious youth rapidly advancing in his studies and all the time wishing to act upon the stage. His father intended him for a mercantile career, but finally withdrew his objections and the enthusiastic youth of plain and somber Cape ancestry was allowed his heart's desire, appearing first in New York theatres and later in Boston and in many leading states. In Richmond, Va., he was very well received and introduced to some of the best families.

Later, he made professional visits abroad and while in Paris turned attention to the literature of the stage, resulting in many plays of his own production.

In "Clari, the Maid of Milan," an opera, occurred the popular song, "Home, Sweet Home," destined to become so widely known. This was first brought out in 1823. The copyright was sold to a Mr. Miller. Soon after the sale he wrote to his sister of his confidence in having "bread and cheese for the rest of the year."

After residing abroad nearly twenty years he returned to his native land where his reception was most cordial.

A public dinner was given him at City Hall, New York, attended by a large number of literary and professional men when the following toast was given:

"Our distinguished countryman, John Howard Payne—The family of Literature welcomes him to the Home whose praises he has so sweetly sung."

In 1841 he went to Tunis, Africa, as American Consul, receiving the appointment in President Tyler's administration. He also received a second appointment and died in Tunis in 1852 in the 60th year of his age and was buried there in a Protestant Cemetery.

Thirty-one years later Mr. Payne's mortal remains arrived in this country for their final resting-place in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown, D. C.

Doubtless his Cape heritage of salt sea air and sand, colored and strengthened his whole life.

To Woodrow Wilson

By SAMUEL W. HALLETT

Wondrous little Mayflower, fraught with perfume sweet,
Flower of sacred freedom in God's hand made meet
To bear a band of exiles to Cape Cod's barren shores,
Shed thy precious fragrance the whole world o'er and o'er.
The compact of our fathers, three hundred years ago
With liberty of conscience did'st set our hearts aglow.
Again thy sails we hale unfurled
To bear Democracy throughout the world,
To serve mankind for mankind's sake
And naught of wealth or gain ourselves to take;
Not empires, not thrones, nor power to hold,
Not lands nor coffers filled with gold,
But sacrifice and love, and prayer
That we may willing be ourselves to share,
Our blood to shed, our hearts to bare,
That darkness in a world of light
May nevermore usurp the right
To trample treaties sacred bound
Ten thousand leagues beneath the ground
And Christian ethics to degrade
By murderous intrigue, foully laid.
Ourselves to give, ourselves to spend,
That wars forevermore may end,
That peace and truth, fidelity and love
All else may rise triumphantly above.
Wondrous little Mayflower, fraught with fragrance sweet,
Bear our humble message our President to greet.
Tell him his mighty words and deeds a full response have found
Wherever men and women tread on the Pilgrim's Holy Ground.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

Note—The following is a copy of a personal letter forwarded to this Magazine by Hon. Thomas C. Thacher. It was written by Lieutenant Bernard S. Carter, Mr. Thacher's son-in-law, to his wife. In the same regiment with Lieut. Carter are several Cape Cod boys, including Captain Fletcher Clark of Sandwich and Collins Baker of Yarmouth.

February 13th, 1918.

I can now tell you that for the first time I am writing in my dug-out, that romantic but uncomfortable spot. I am once more in charge of the pioneers so that I am in the regimental dug-out, a most luxurious spot between the first and second lines. We occupy a kind of rabbit-warren or quarry in a hillside so that besides being almost absolutely safe we are dry and warm. We are occupying a sector along with a French regiment and of course we share these quarters and eat with the French officers. I have a delightful time jabbering with them and they are most complimentary about my French.

We reached the city of our destination yesterday A. M. at about 6 o'clock, and went up to a Canteen supported by Mrs. Harjes for breakfast. She had left two days before but I left a message with the English ladies in charge for transmission to mother. The town was pretty well battered up—I thought terrifically so at the time but my ideas on batteredness have changed. We walked four miles or so to a little village behind here where our supplies are kept. The country we passed through was unbelievably desolate and bleak—not a tree standing and all the ground ploughed and churned by shell-fire and meshed with rusty mazes of barbed wire. You see the Germans have been driven back from this region quite recently and a battle has been fought all over this area.

The village where we waited until sunset was just a pile of stones, except for part of the church, and here and there a solitary wall or chimney left standing. About 150 yards away the French were sending up an observation balloon. As I happened to be watching it, a German plane suddenly darted out of a cloud, there were a few streaks of smoke, the plane scuttled back to its cloud, something dropped like a stone from the balloon, and then opened out into a parachute with a man dangling onto it, and finally the ballooon burst into flames and its charred remains beat the parachute to the ground a few yards from us. It all happened in ten seconds and was a most sensational introduction to this charming warfare. Captain Bisbee and I wandered over the old German trenches on a hill nearby and watched the anti-aircraft guns trying to pot the Boche planes. It all seemed a very lazy and futile process and the little brown and white puffs of smoke looked innocent enough. We climbed down into vast empty dug-outs filled with every kind of debris—enough old German helmets and arms to fill an entire department store.

I left most of my baggage piled behind the altar of the church and started our walk to the front line. By the time we topped the crest of the ridge which separated us from the actual front it was dark, so I couldn't see many details. It was very weird and dreary. No features of the original landscape were left except the roads and there they have to keep repaired. A pile of stones represents a farm and a mass of shell-craters a field, but the weirdest effect is given by the tree stumps. They look so human and angry, especially at night, and assume such fantastic shapes. The trenches we could spot by the constant rise of star-shells and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. At first things were curiously quiet as after all in that desolate zone there is nothing left to make a noise—it sounded like anything but the front line. Then suddenly a heavy French battery opened up, lighting up the whole sky with its flare and shelling heaven knows what. This got the Boches sore and for the rest of the night they gave our sector hell. We finally reached headquarters here and I reported to the Colonel. Henty et al seemed delighted to see me. I was just in time for supper and after a good deal of French conversation I went to bed early.

I woke this A. M. to a rainy, misty day, and then suddenly realized it was the 13th—what a change from three years ago. I think it is a good omen that this should be my first day in the front line.

Hunty took me for a visit to the front line trenches this A. M. and it was an experience I shall never forget. Owing to the mistiness we were able to travel over the surface instead of in the tortuous communication trenches. We first traversed the mere bare white skeleton of a village and a crushed out one at that, then across some open fields to a forest through which the front line trench runs; it is the park of a great Chateau and must have been beautiful once as it has long straight vista-avenues radiating through it. The roads were simply lined with piles of material left by the Germans—great heaps of shells of all calibres neatly packed in wicker containers, hand grenades, wagons, caissons, huge auto-trucks, wheelbarrows, helmets (one with a hole clear through it and very messy inside)—it was the first time I realized what the "wastage of war" could mean. Everywhere were shell holes, some huge, old and filled with greenish water, others made last night. We had to walk carefully as every few yards there lay an (as yet) unexploded shell; one I measured was almost four feet long. When we reached the woods the desolation seemed worse than ever, not a tree was intact, some entirely uprooted, some lopped off half-way, all of them scarred and dead and dreary. We went a long way along an alarmingly straight avenue, camouflaged as it was enfiladed by German machine guns, and finally reached a company headquarters where part of my pioneers were building shelters out of logs which were only too plentiful. We saw no Germans, much to my disappointment, but then one rarely does when one wants to. The captain's shelter (the ground is too swampy for dug-outs) was hit by a shell last night and completely obliterated; he didn't happen to be in it at the time and yet was furious as he lost all his equipment for it caught fire and what was left of it was still smouldering when we got there.

Well, I must stop and consult with "mon cher collegue"—the French pioneer office. The afternoon strafe is on and shells are popping round quite close, but I am quite safe in here so don't worry.

GRAINS OF SAND

Letters of a Cape Boy, by CAROL WIGHT

DEAR Mother:—The minute the train left Buzzards Bay and I started to breathe the pure Cape air I began to feel my old strength return, so you need not worry about my health any more. I dreaded to leave our home in New York and come here in the winter time and I feel how great a sacrifice it is for you to let me go and how generous of Aunt Ida to invite me, for I know that with father in the war you could not afford to send me just now without stopping Florence's music. I know, too, how much music means to her and how much she cares for her brother to offer to give it up, and how thankful I am that she didn't have to. I was thinking of all this as the train rumbled through the green and white snow-drifted pine woods, passing the ice-covered ponds—they look so much smaller when frozen over—and the russet cranberry bogs, when all at once as the engine slowed up I saw the old station in a cloud of white steam and Uncle Will waiting for me beside his car, quite like a sentry on duty, so firm and erect did he stand. He was very kind, but also very solemn and so was Aunt Ida when she welcomed us at the home, her bonnet on her head and her gloves in her hand. She gave me a hug and a kiss and fairly lugged me into the dining room where the hot dinner was steaming on the table.

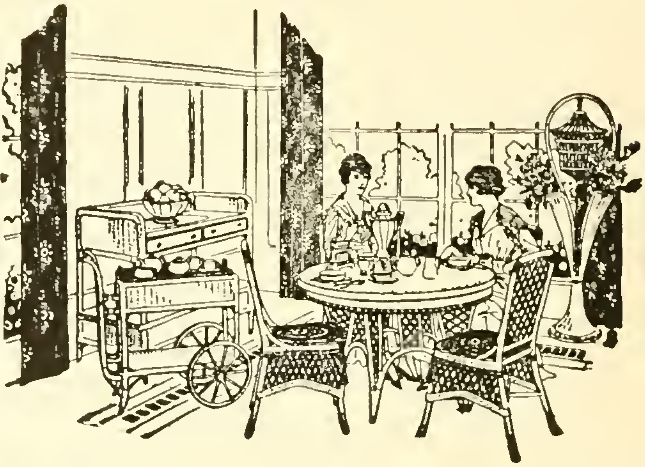
Everything seemed so subdued at first that I felt constrained when all at once Uncle Will said: "Put on your coat again, Saddington, we are going to the church. John has been sent home dead. He is the first boy of our town to be killed in the war."

I had hardly time to feel the sad truth before we were entering the dear old white church, which surely had never been crowded before as it was on that cold winter day. I saw many faces that I knew, but I hesitated to smile recognition even to a dear friend, and kept my eyes fixed on the casket in front of the pulpit and listened to the funeral service in a stunned sort of a way, for I could not take it in and I kept gripping the seat of the pew to reassure myself I was not dreaming a bad dream.

I wish I could tell you what was said by the preacher and the other speakers, but I can't, for maybe it was the long journey, or my sickness, or my deep friendship for John, who was lying there in the coffin, draped in the American flag; but I could not fix my mind upon what was being said, for I could only watch the faces of the people, as they paid their silent tribute of sorrow to the dead.

When the service was over and the church was empty and still and I was waiting while Uncle Will and the others were conferring in the vestry room, a longing came over me to see John's face once more before they carried the body to the grave. Yes, it was the same curly brown hair I had clutched when he carried me on his shoulders in the surf, the same kindly face with so much good in it and even the closed eyes did not look strange, for, as you remember, he had a way of closing his eyes and smiling almost imperceptible when anything pleased him. As I looked into the dear face of my dead friend and felt we were alone together and that his jokes and his laughter and his sea stories could never cheer me more, I began to realize how much his life must have been to him and how great the sacrifice he had so cheerfully made—when a hand was laid on my shoulder and Uncle Will's voice sounded in my ears.

"Saddington," he said, "I want you to feel to the full what John's death means, for it means many things more than I can tell you,



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but at least this: A few months ago we were a torn and distracted country, each man going his own way for his own pleasure and profit, now we are a united country, where every man, more and more under wise leadership, shall tread the way for the common good and the common safety, even though that way leads to the last and greatest sacrifice that a man can make. For the real life, the true life consists in doing for others and in sacrificing ourselves for others. It was for this that John left town voluntarily, bravely, without bluster, and gave up his life for you and me and all our hundred millions and came back, as you see, dead. Nor was one drop of his blood shed in vain, but that scarlet thread of kinship binds us closer together than ever before. The boy from Texas, the boy from Oregon and the boy from Florida, feels a new meaning in these proud words, 'I am an American,' because of the life which our Cape Cod boy has lived and the death he has died.

"And so as you and I look at that flag that enfolds him, a ruddier glow gleams from the scarlet stripes and a holier light from those silver stars, and every man in this unconquered land, from the austere leader in the White House with the hope of a world in his hands, to the humblest fisherman, is richer in all that makes for a nobler life because of the death of this boy of ours and the lesson for you and for me, Saddington, and for all men, is simple and plain:

"Obey your chief cheerfully, promptly, efficiently, for in no other way can you help him to carry his great burden and help him lead the country to an abiding peace.

"And, Saddington, as deaf people can read from watching the lips of the living, the words which they cannot hear, so I know that could we read on the lips of the dead the syllables which we cannot hear, John's last words would be: 'I have served my country and obeyed her laws in life and in death.'"

Then Uncle Will took me by the hand as we stood there with bowed heads as the pall bearers entered and bore the body from the church and togther we followed it to the

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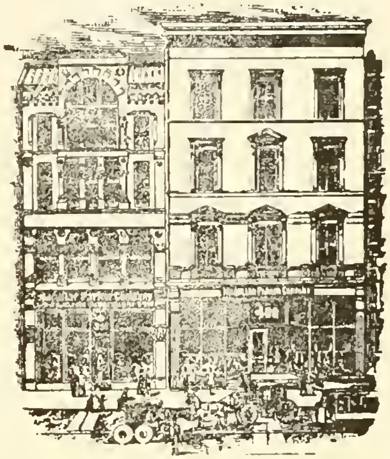

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grave. Then as I heard the sand and gravel rattle on the coffin I began to understand why the very soil of our native land is so sacred, for is it not hallowed by the best and bravest blood of our noblest citizens?

I feel too solemn, somehow, to write more. Give my love to Florence. I hope she won't take John's death too hard, but think not that he is dead, but how he died. In my next letter I shall write of more cheerful things—of the life here in winter, of the good old Cape ways and the good Cape people. As my heart is always with you, I need not send you my love.

Your dutiful son,
SADDINGTON.

THE LURE OF CAPE COD

By KATHARINE PARKER THORE

THE rutted roads of sand have been transformed into smooth, hard highways, winding like black ribbons from Middleboro to Provincetown; with her perfect roads, her excellent hotels, and that safe waterway from Buzzards Bay to the opposite curve of Cape Cod bay (the canal), the Cape is the Mecca for seekers of health, of gayety, of investment.

But even yet, to those who do not know and love her, the name suggests long stretches of sandy wastes with marsh grasses fringing its single road. There is a postcard sold in the village stores picturing an imaginary Cape Cod with people gathering clams from the trees, while a web-footed woman plods through the sand and feeds the sea gulls. It is typical of what Cape Cod isn't and what some people persist in thinking it is.

The Cape is a land where hills, densely wooded with pine and fir and young oak, roll away into shadowy distance, while at Truro you have the beauty and grandeur of the wooded hills of Norway.

All through the Cape automobiles slip

Big Aches from Little Toe Corns grow
Are you suffering from foot troubles because your last shoes were bought to please the eye and not fit the foot? There are thousands who are fitting the foot and at the same time pleasing the eye by wearing the Jordan Hygienic Shoes. Write today or our Booklet G, on
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To Newsdealers

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along the firm state roads like mechanical toys on a nursery floor; they wind past farms and cranberry bogs, beautiful residences and meadows of lush marsh grasses; the roadsides are a tangle of wild grape and blackberry vines, where wild flowers run riot.

In the summer they are a tapestry of wild roses, creamy Queen Anne's lace, slender spires of blue chickory and orange lilies, with the pale spikes of the Bouncing Bet and woven through with the glitter of golden rod. The Bouncing Bet, or soapwort, is a characteristic blossom of the Cape. It is a home-loving flower that fills the dooryards of gray old homesteads with sheets of rosy color.

Larkspur and hollyhock, crimson and pink roses splash their vivid color against weatherbeaten farm houses and modern bungalows with the same democratic spirit with which old-time wagons and shiny automobiles draw up at the little railway stations together.

Sometimes the road shows the ocean, sparkling and blue or misty gray as its mood may be; then it vanishes behind the wooded hills or the white, low-lying sand dunes. There is a picture in the American room of the Boston Art Gallery, "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," by Elihu Vedder, which shows just such shining banks of sand.

Nearly all of Cape Cod is covered with green, but you can cut through it anywhere from Plymouth to Provincetown and find yellow and white sand beneath the veneer of verdure; and everywhere it is studded with lakes and ponds, shining like jewels in the sun. The summer sun brings out the glory of color like a prism; sometimes for contrast, a silvery fog drifts in, soft as gray chiffon.

There is something pathetic in the way the homesick English Pilgrims gave the names of the England across the sea to the brave little new towns—Barnstable, Plymouth, Yarmouth, Brewster, Harwich, Chatham, Eastham, Wareham.

Provincetown, with the sweet sand irridescent in the sun, the summer guests and the artists' colony, is very lovely, but how bleak and drear it must have been that November, three hundred years ago, when the Pilgrims first saw it. No wonder the Pil-

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JESSE A. CASE
Dept. C. BROCKTON, MASS

grim mothers only wanted to stop and do their washing.

In the winter when the fog rolls in and the wind blows over the narrow Cape and the sea dashes over Chatham bar, it seems as if the bent arm of that Cape was shaking its fist, clenched over Provincetown, in impotent wrath at the turbulent sea; but right across the shoulder is that band of blue-gray water, the Cape Cod Canal, that lets the boats slip safely through, sheltered from the winter turmoil. Miles Standish and George Washington had visions of that waterway.

From all quarters of the wind the Cape calls her people; from New York, from the Middle West, the far West, from everywhere in New England people come, summer after summer, to the woods, the wild flowers and the sea. In quaint brown houses, in charming bungalows, in luxurious hotels, they revel in the summer coolness, the warm bathing, the rush of boats through foaming water, the deliciousness of fish straight from the water and vegetables grown at their doors.

It is a wonderful vacation land, this Cape Cod; and it offers great opportunities for investment for the far-sighted, for, as a shrewd old real estate man said long ago, "God Almighty's made all the shore property He's goin' to."

In settlement of a controversy between sachem Yanno and the people of Yarmouth, about the title to lands, John Alden and Lieut. Southworth decreed that the title of the inhabitants be confirmed and that the sachem have paid to him six coats, six pair small breeches, ten hose, ten hatchets, two brass kettles and one iron kettle.

That sheep raising was once an important industry on the Cape is shown by the fact that it is recorded that in 1773 there was a "terrible fire in the Sandwich wood, attended with great destruction of sheep."

THE GOLD TEA KETTLE

Mr. Howard N. North, of the Oriental Tea Company, the oldest tea and coffee company in Boston, is an optimist so far as Cape Cod is concerned. In a recent letter sent to the hotel men he says: "I want to see all you men bound closely together in ties of friendship and mutual interest. May I not act as an agent carrying to you all cheerful good news one to the other. May I not be the 'travelling optimist' of the Cape? Cape Cod is coming strong—now is the time to boom it."

Mr. North says that he noticed last year that there seemed to be a lack of co-operation among the hotel men, and thinks it is too bad that they are not more closely bound together as an organization, as the Cape is going to be the biggest resort district in the future, and this is the time they ought to boom it. He says that he never remembers seeing in the hotels of Boston, where tourists stop, signs calling the guests' attention to beautiful Cape Cod.

This lack of co-operation of which he speaks has been apparent to others who have tried to interest the hotel men in doing more publicity work for their mutual benefit. This magazine acts in the capacity of a press agent for the entire Cape, but lack of co-operation in the past has somewhat handicapped its efforts. Not an issue should go to press during the summer season that does not contain the announcement of every hotel on Cape Cod. Its readers reside in every state in the Union and depend upon it for their information and would be glad to patronize the Cape hotels to a greater extent upon their visits if more information concerning them were at hand.

It is time for the hotel men of the Cape to wake up and assist in booming the region in which they are.

Member of Boston Council, No. 44, U. C. T

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The Cape Cod Magazine

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT WAREHAM, MASS.

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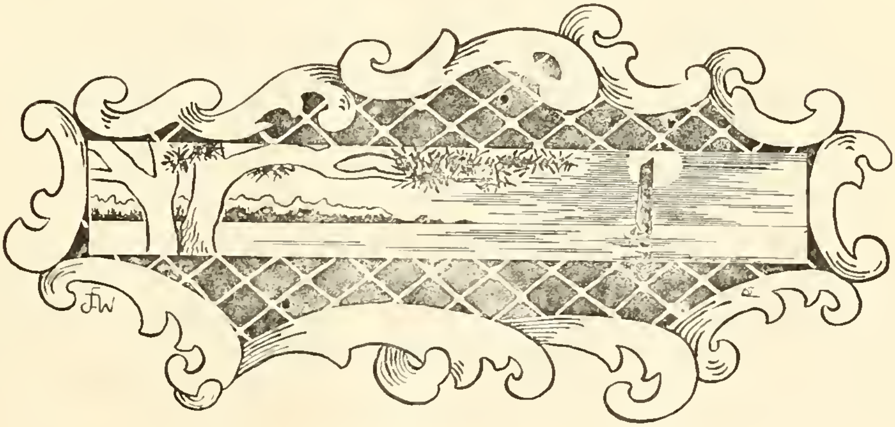

THE LOG BOOK

NO magazine has more appreciative or loyal subscribers than "Cape Cod." We are constantly in receipt of letters such as the following, in fact we have so many that it is impossible to answer them all. We like to receive them and it gives us encouragement to continue our efforts in the face of the disadvantages which all publishers are laboring under at the present time.

> "Cape Cod,"
> Wareham, Mass.
>
> Gentlemen:—I enclose with this my check for $2.00, having taken the liberty to send you a remittance for two years' subscription instead of one.
>
> I wish I could make you feel how pleased I am when Cape Cod Magazine comes to me. It brings back to me the summers that I spent on the Cape and it seems to me, as I look the magazine over, I can actually breathe again the salt air and see Buzzards Bay.
>
> I trust that nothing will ever induce you to change its rather old-fashioned way of getting at things. To me it is so different from other magazines that it contains additional charms.

Showing how the magazine is inspiring new writers to try their skill at story-telling the following letter is of interest:

> Editor Cape Cod:
>
> I do not know anything about story writing but since we first began to see Cape Cod three years ago it has seemed part of us and of our summer life on the Cape. As I have read the magazine I have noted that some of the contributors seem to have written just tales of their own experiences. Because these little chronicles are "Capey" they are interesting to all of us, so I have tried to write about one of my experiences and hope you will find it sufficiently interesting to publish.

To all of our subscribers and contributors we owe a debt of gratitude. They have stood loyally by us and given us great encouragement. So long as such interest continues we shall keep up our efforts and have courage instilled into us. After all, the magazine is the product of the enthusiasm of our friends and the friends of Cape Cod.

Cape Cod Magazine

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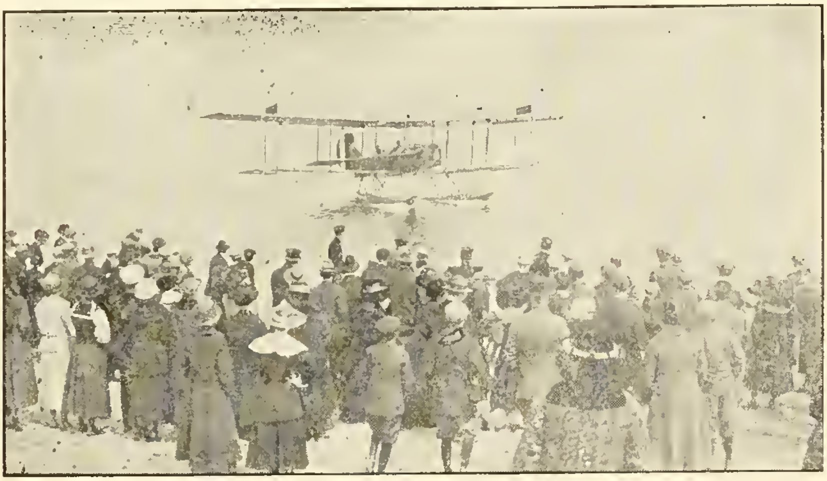
CAPE COD AND THE WAR

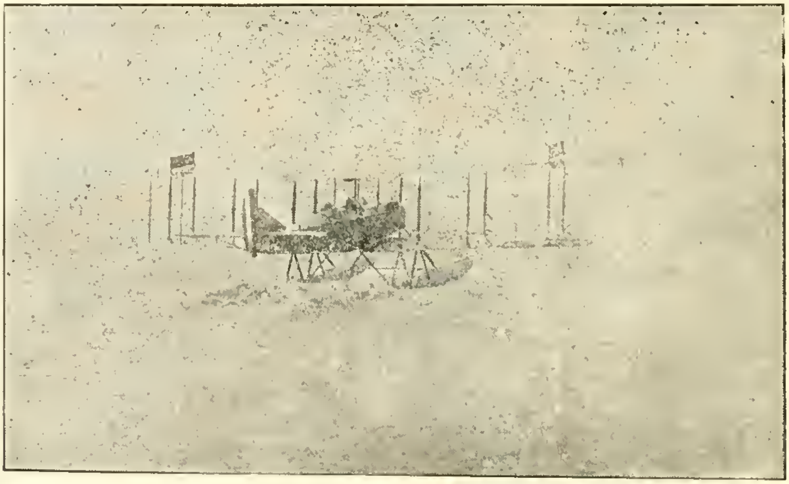
By L. C. HALL

THE popular supposition that pictures Cape Cod as a barren, unproductive region, without natural resources and chiefly noted for its quaint and unique characteristics should be dispelled. It should be known that Cape Cod is better watered, better soiled, better wooded and better provided in every way with the bounties of nature than many other sections of New England. The sand of Cape Cod has been much told of and has loomed larger in the popular conception of the people of the country than has been warranted by the facts. It is true that Cape Cod has sand. Not only is there sand upon its shores but there is sand in the characters of its people. He who seeks to find sand upon the highways is doomed to disappointment. He who expects to find sand in the streets of the villages has a surprise awaiting him. The sand is in its proper place, beneath the surface of the soil and upon the shores where it adds picturesqueness to the scenery but where it does not get into one's shoes unless one goes out of the beaten paths for the purpose of acquiring it.



Seaplanes attract attention when thev come to earth after a flight

It is a fact that there are no better roads than are to be found upon Cape Cod. They are smooth and hard and extend everywhere. They are free from dust in summer and from mud in spring and fall. They are admirably adapted for use, both for pleasure and business. Cape Cod is an automobile country. Old Dobbin, if she has not long since passed to the happy herding ground, grazes peacefully in the pastures, while the Cape Cod people glide smoothly from place to place in their gasoline propelled vehicles. The grocer brings his supplies in an auto delivery wagon, likewise the butcher and the fish man. Wood and coal is delivered in an automobile truck and long distances covered in short spaces of time. Villages distant from each other have been brought into close touch and sympathy and the people are neighbors whether they dwell upon the shores of Buzzards Bay or within sight of Provincetown harbor.


Skimming Lightly over the Water

Thus, in peace times, Cape Cod is a busy place. The lazy fisherman is a myth. The clam digger is a business man and all dwellers upon the Cape are as much engaged in productive labor as those who live elsewhere.

It has long been a source of supply for other places. Many freight cars are needed to carry these supplies to market. From Provincetown and Hyannis go large quantities of fish to distant points. From Wellfleet and Barnstable are shipped many barrels of clams, grown upon cultivated ocean bottoms, farmed as intensively as are the shore lands. From Cotuit are shipped the finest oysters found upon the city markets. A great industry has sprung up in the great fish freezing plants which are found at various places along the shore. The cranberry industry had its conception here and vast amounts of capital are employed in such production. When our soldiers in France sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner it was Cape Cod cranberries that added zest to their appetites and proved a welcome accompaniment to their roasts and turkey. It is an industry that utilizes thousands of acres of waste lands and which gives employment to hundreds of its people.

It has manufactories also. In these days of crippled transportation facilities we find at Sagamore an immense plant, not only building cars for our own railroads but also building them for France where they are so sorely needed. When our soldiers over there are entrained in the French wagon-lits the chances are that they were made on Cape Cod and shipped over there in big crates. There are smaller industries that make furniture of original and antique design, jewelry to adorn and numerous other necessities and luxuries.

Agriculturally the Cape is one of the most important sections of the State. Where else in the old Commonwealth can there be found such large and well equipped farms as those at Falmouth, Barnstable and Buzzards Bay? They have every modern appliance known to scientific farming and have acreage enough to provide for large activities.

Cape Cod a barren waste! What is a more ridiculous conception?

Cape Cod in peace times is a busy place, but in these war times there is no section of the country doing more for the general good than this same right arm of the Old Bay State. No section has furnished more men in proportion to its population than has the Cape Cod region. They are upon the seas lurking in wait to destroy the Hun sea-tiger. They are upon the transports carrying our men to the scene of battle. They man the big battleships, the submarines and the little wasps of the seas, the submarine chasers. Upon land they are training in the camps, or are over there where the schrapnel is flying the thickest. They have volunteered in numbers far exceeding those who dwell in cities and the draft has hit the Cape with exceptional severity. In some communities practically all of the young manhood has gone. Today the war is taking more and more. Labor is scarce and workingmen are difficult to find. Many who have not gone to join the fighting forces have left their peaceful homes and have gone where the ships that are to win the war are being fabricated. They can be found in the ammunition factories and in the engine rooms.

Cape Cod is sorely hit by the war. It is bearing its burdens without complaint and is indeed glad that it can do its part in the task of the nation.

The visitor to Cape Cod this summer must come prepared to perform many of the tasks that have been performed for him heretofore. He must not expect to find such expert service or to have at his beck and call men to do his will. He, too, must bear his share of the burdens. He must do some of the chores and must doff his kid gloves on many occasions. The vanishing of the younger men removes from the employ of the summer visitor those active and agile men who have heretofore driven his automobile, sailed his boat, and mowed his lawn. In the outdoor life to which he will be forced the summer visitor will be benefitted. He will learn to do many new and useful things and will find joy in them. He will have to take conditions as he finds them and we are of the opinion that he will none the less enjoy his summer. It is the day of sacrifice and service and Cape Cod is both sacrificing and serving.

Cape Cod has gone "over the top" in all its war activities. Its full share of Liberty Bonds has been subscribed for. It has made liberal contributions to the various causes and its people are actively engaged in Red Cross work. It has willingly sent its sons to the line, even though it has denuded it of its best blood. If the war continues Cape Cod may find itself in as serious a condition as it did in the Revolutionary War when it is recorded that there were not enough men left on its soil to till the land and provide for its own sustenance.

As in those days the old men, young boys and women may be called upon to do the work of the strong and vigorous, in fact the call has already come to some extent and this summer many tasks will be performed by those who have not heretofore been active workers.

In all the wars of the country Cape Cod has suffered severely. It has been denuded of its population and has had very little opportunity to gain from war activities as have other localities. It is far removed from the centers of war work and the big pay incidental to it and does not receive many of the benefits of increased commercial activity that is reported in other parts of the country.

One can readily realize that a war is in progress by a visit to Provincetown where many war ships visit and where the blue jacket is much in evidence; by seeing the coast patrol station at Woods Hole or the aviation training camp at Chatham. Occasionally a hydroplane is seen hovering above some village or winging its way swiftly from point to point. Through the Cape Cod canal there are frequent passings of war vessels of various kinds and from out to sea there is sometimes heard the booming of heavy guns showing that the fleet is engaged in target practice.

Town officials find their labors added to by their activities as boards of public safety and the fuel commissioners find work to do in carrying out the orders that come from Boston or Washington. Service flags fly from almost every home and from the churches and clubs, speaking eloquently of the men that have gone. Letters from "Somewhere in France" are printed in the local papers which are doing their full and complete duty in aiding the government in giving publicity to the many war activities. Nowhere in the country is patriotism at a greater height and nowhere else will be found a better spirit among the people.

Everybody on Cape Cod is busy—there are few slackers. To do "their bit" is the aim of every man, woman and child and they are doing it to very good purpose.

GRAINS OF SAND

Letters of a Cape Cod Boy

By CAROL WIGHT

Dear Mother: I woke this morning to the song of a robin. How my heart went out to him for he had come to announce the spring and how pleasant it was to think that our cold New England was rolling out of the long bitter winter into the glorious sunshine of a new world. There he sat chirping in the willow and his joyfulness was contagious, for at breakfast everybody was in the best of spirits, and still he sang on unconscious of our praise.

"Saddington," said Uncle Will, "that fellow has put me in such good humor that you and I are going to take the day off." So as soon as I could slip into my coat I was seated in the auto beside Uncle Will and we were gliding along the smooth Cape roads and after stopping here and there at points of interest with a longer stop for lunch, we at last reached Stage Harbor, Chatham.

The white fishing boats were rocking at their moorings in the blue waters of the harbor; the ocean, a greyer blue, was booming on the "back beach" beyond and near the wharf some marines were firing at a mark—so much I had noted when Uncle Will jumped from the car and led the way to a grey rock at the waters' edge in which was set a copper shield bearing the inscription:

"Samuel de Champlain
The first White Man on these Shores
Landed here October, 1606."

"You will find his Voyages in the library," said Uncle Will abruptly. "They are very simple French written by a very great man and as well worth reading as some of the French books you read in school. I am not now going to tell you how he came here in search of a milder settlement for the colonists at Port Royal, nor of his fights with the Indians on this very shore. All this and more we shall read together another time. What I want you to feel is that here on this spot stood the first white men who came to Cape Cod and those white men were Frenchmen, and that the first flag to be unfurled here was the flag of France. So today the flag of the United States is unfurled across the sea to protect France in her hour of need, and under these two flags are battling our Cape Cod boys. In fighting for this nation we are fightign for one of the greatest nations the world has ever known. By 'great' I don't mean it has an army like Germany's, or a navy like England's, but that it is great in soul, great in literature, great in art, great in music. A people who have a wonderful way of living in an ideal when the world around them is falling to pieces, till that ideal, which is born of their own soul, becomes at last a new and nobler world. Other nations have had liberty besides France, but it is France alone who has made Liberty a goddess and worshipped daily at her shrine. It was France, our sister Republic, who fashioned and gave us, as a Palladium, the beautiful statue that graces the harbor at New York, as if to remind us that in preserving our liberty, we live, and in losing our liberty we die as a great nation. I want you to understand the sincerity, the single-hearted devotion of this great people to their ideals and to the truth that only he that loseth his life shall find it. In short, Saddington, it is because there is so much that is great and noble in France, so much that is bound up in the welfare of mankind and in civilization itself as we in America understand it, that we are fighting shoulder to shoulder with her in this war. We love France because she has at all times, plunged into battle as the avowed champion of this Liberty in which we live and move and have our being as a nation. You will not wonder then that this Champlain was a great navigator, a great discoverer, a great soldier, as Panama, Mexico and North America can bear witness and a worthy son of our great ally, France, and I must tell you what a Frenchman of his own day thought of him.

" 'O, patient and laborious spirit," he says, 'greater than Fortune herself, to what far-distant coast have you not sailed and without fear? And were you not right? For the soul of man is a fire, that so long as it is confined in the prison of the body, will never cease to torture itself and urge us on to new trials and achievements'."

"This is the spirit of France and of her son, Champlain. He was born in the little village of Brouage that looks out on the sea like any Cape Cod town, and he died in the great country to the north of us, and where he is buried no man knows, but this does not matter, for his true resting place is in our hearts and the current that flowed from his heart is but another of those scarlet threads that bind us to our ally, France."

As we rode home I could not help thinking how much there is all around us, if it could only find a voice, to remind us of our duty and our destiny. At last we turned into the yard and Aunt Ida, who knew well enough the purpose of our trip, had draped from the window to welcome us home, the beautiful flag of France. As the tri-color rippled softly in the evening breeze our robin of the morning perched on the top of the window, singing away as if his heart would burst.

"He is telling us not to worry," said Aunt Ida, coming out to meet us, as we stopped to listen, "telling us that everything is in God's hands and that with our help, all will be well with France."

No more now,—but, O how I miss you even though I know that our separation has taught us how dearly we all love one another.

SADDINGTON.

THE GILLIE FLEET

FELIX J. KOCH

FUN,—and yet worth while?

Well, if you've ever been out on the ocean in a big, modern motor-launch, ready to breast the highest wave; to try every storm that may be encountered; then come to quieter waters and fairly skim the blue sea, you'll be willing to admit that there are very, very few sports in which boys,—men, even,—can take part now, that have the equal of this! As to value, well, if you could see the loads of fish brought to port each such journey, 20,000 pounds, sometimes, in a single cargo, and could realize what that means toward helping Uncle Sam with his food-supply, you would realize that the task is well worth while, indeed.

Next time you're up in New England, or, should you live there, get to Gloucester, arrange, if you can, for a trip with the gillie-fleet. The "gillie" boys, as the Yankees call them, will be aboard in numbers and they'll make you welcome, rest assured.

'Round Proctor's Wharf, when you come, twenty-two boats, chances are, will be discharging cargo, or making ready for another run and you take your pick of which you'll board. Gasoline may be high, or no, but those boats go out every day, unless off for a several days' trip.

Arrangements made for your own outing, chances are you'll to bed, to be up early, for the boats leave port at two, latest three, in the morning, to be at sea for the best fishing-time.

Along with you will be the other gillie-boys, who look to sorting fish and odd jobs, and, beside them, the crew and six seiners along. Chances are your captain will have hit on a forty or fifty-mile run this day, though sometimes the boats go as far as Newport, or beyond.

Half an hour, an hour, you ride merrily over the ocean, but without sight of fish.

Then, suddenly, when you least expect it,—Lo,—a sudden cry of: "Fish!"

Someone remarks that you're at depth of 150 fathoms here, and instantly the seine is dropped. Half an hour, an hour, they may leave this in the water, to collect all the fish there may be, then they bring it up. Herring and shad, mackerel and bluebacks, you never saw such a lot in your life!

Hundreds, thousands, it appears, there are of them; you understand now just why it took all six men to work the seine.

The load is so good that the men resolve to come in at once, that they may sell and get the gold. If the lot is poor they will stay at sea and drop again and again. Only, they know that on land, these war-times, the food is scarce and high, and the sooner they bring in their new catch, really the better for all.

On that trip the boys help, sorting catch, mending seines, looking to engine now and then, doing the thousand odd jobs life aboardship requires, and learning the big trade withal.

They often learn to prepare meals for the crew; food for from two to five days' sail will be taken along. They know how to feed the gasoline to the machine; from four gallons up will be used per hour, and boats usually take full 80 gallons along.

Meanwhile, as they get chance, they clean boat and tidy, for they love the ship as their own home. Boats for this purpose are 34 feet in length, 11½ feet in width, and each boy looks to the day when he'll have $1,000 saved up and can possess such boat of his own.

The boys study the work round the mast used for hoisting the fish from the sea; they study the troll, which is used in the winter, and they learn why bluefish are used as bait and why herring. They grow conversant with the prices of fish and can tell you each day whether stated fish bring $2.00, $2.50, or some of them their fish $6.00 the barrel. Sometimes a boat will clear $50 a day on its load,—not every day, that,—and then the little Italian lads, the "gillies" so-called, are happy indeed.

Tired?

You forget all about being tired when father, uncle, makes such haul as that.

So, too, you don't realize that things take on monotone; but are eager to be off and away, forthwith for more. Each of the boats has its boys and on all life's the same, so what more could a lad ask?

At three you are up; along with the rest. The captain takes the engine and steers, the other men sit 'round deck and smoke. Come real daylight, they stand and one goes up in the cross-piece of the mast to scan the sea, while the others study old ocean's surface from the deck. Every eye is alert for the sighting of a school; usually you see the fish quite near the surface.

Howsoever, maybe it's just one of the boys who sees them first and he gives the signal call: "School!"

Instantly the man in the mast leaps down; all available men go into the seine-dory. The motor-boat is kept running, but the seine-dory with its five is off already at sea; the sixth man remaining behind to tend boat. Quick as a wink they are off to where the school was seen and the trap is set all about. It's quick work, that,—boys, along, know the need of haste, and it don't take over three minutes, as a rule.

Trap fixed, fish believed inside, the pulling the purse-line comes next. Little by little the trap grows smaller here; 'til the fish are all massed and a dipnet can be used to bring them out.

A signal is passed to the motor-boat; it comes to the trap; the dory, too, pulls alongside. The seine comes to rest between seine-boat and motor and fish are dipped squarely aboard the last-named of these.

Continued on page 24

SKIPPERS SPIN STRANGE STORIES

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

(Continued)

"WELL," said the captain, "you're looking pretty well, how're feeling? By gracious, but you're an insistent sort of a chap, so I suppose I'll have to tell you that story about that big rescue I figured in one time.

"We were off the Magdalene Islands mackereling. It had been quite calm for a day or so. But the trouble was we hadn't caught a very big fare of fish. So the cap'n suggested that we change fishing grounds. Hoisting anchor, we set sail for another climate. We sailed pretty close to the wind and hove alongside another vessel, as we were pretty well acquainted with both the cap'n and crew, they all being from the same fishing port.

"I tell you there's nothing like having and meeting friends, no matter where you be.

"It being calm as I said before, we shot up alongside the other ship. I forget the name of her now. We got within a few fathom of t'other boat, within speaking distance. After exchanging social conversation and talking upon the current events of the day, we made preparations to get under way.

"And then came the trouble. In getting up to within a few fathom of t'other ship, we came under her lea, as, of course, that is the only way to get anywheres near another craft. Well, to make a long story short, what do you suppose we done in getting out of the way of that schooner? By gracious, we would have done all well enough if the wind hadn't of commenced to blow. By gol, how it blowed! I went before the mast when I was 11 years old, and went to sea for nigh on 60 years, but I'll be damned if I ever saw the wind blow like that. Why, from almost a dead calm, the wind rose inside 20 minutes to a hurricane. At least calculations, I should judge it blowed at least 84 knots an hour. That's a fact.

"By all that is holy, if we didn't have a bad time getting out of the way of that ship. Oh, it was fierce. We went to luff up into the wind. We ketched our flying-jib stay in the mains'il of t'other ship and turned her turtle in less than a jiffy. Yep, she capsized, and there she laid with them great high mountains of seas a-washing over her.

"There was about 55 or 60 craft around in the neighborhood, and they all struck out for the ship in distress. Be it known, after a ship is capsized, one that has a fair-sized fare of mackerel aboard, you can't right her up again. No, sir, she's a goner. This ship had in several hundred barrels of the biggest mackerel you ever saw. Why, them mackerel was so big, some of 'em, it took only six to fill a barrel, and one of 'em tore a seine all to pieces with his fins.

"Well, the ships all gathered 'round, all in a bunch together, then some of our crew, including me, took axes, picks and hammers, climbed on the side of the boat, direct over where the other crew was in the cabin, cut a hole in her, and rescued all hands.

"Inside a few minutes the ship filled with water and went to the bottom, making such a whirlpool that it drawed down two of the other ships after her. Yes, drawed 'em down, and they never came back, either. How is that for an experience, boy? I reckon there used to be doings to sea back when I was a young shaver."

The skipper yawned extensively, then stroking his long, white beard, resumed:

"Now, if you want to hear a interesting tale, I've got one for you. I only tell this on certain particular occasions, but, being as you're a pretty good seeming sort of a feller, I'll make an inception in your case. Here goes:

"We was off George's, and had had pretty nice luck. We had filled up the old ship and had about made up our mind to up anchor and make for port. I cal'ate the wind had been blowing. If I'm any judge, it had blowed somewheres near a 90-knot breeze. All of a sudden it died out, quick as a wink; went from 90 miles an hour down to absolute zero, not a breath moving. I'll admit it had kicked up quite a sea. I recollect the seas was so big that when we went down between two it took us 13 minutes and 43 seconds to come up on top of the next wave. By gorry, it was fairly rough, no mistake. As I was saying, the wind died out. Then came some choppy seas, and the tide run terrible. It run so fast, that while we was waiting for some wind to spring up again, the strong tide inside of 14 hours carried us direct off the coast of Florida."

"Yes," interrupted the writer, "but have a heart, give me a straight, unvarnished account."

"O. K.," said the captain, "you wanted a story, I'm giving 'em to you. Hereafter don't interrupt me, for I lose my train of thought. It was so almighty rough that the ship rocked like a cradle, and rocked all hands to sleep, including me an the cap'n. It stayed that way for two days and two nights, rocking us meanwhile. And we kept right on sleeping all that time.

"However, to continue, and resume our original story, we started for port when we gained sense enough to know where we was going and what we was doing. All went well without a mishap for a day. Then, by thunder, one day when the first mate was on the bridge, looking for a speck of land in the far distance, what should he spy but a real, sure-enough sea serpent.

"Yes, sir, a true one such as ain't never been seen since or before. Now I will describe it to you in minute detail, briefly. He was about 60 feet long and had a head like a horse. His whiskers resembled some hay-like material. Two great big horns extended out on each side of his head. His body looked like an elephant's. The thing was green with red stripes round his body. Oh, I cal'ate he was about 10 tons displacement. He propelled himself along by means of two sets of paddles like one of these side-wheeler steamers that runs from Woods Hole to Nantucket. Oh, what a noise he made going through the water. Once he headed direct for us, but one of the crew threw one of our mackerel at him"—('Did he kill him?' panted the reporter)—"no, he didn't kill him, but warded him off so's he set out on another course.

"This here account was told by two of the crew. A lot of landlubbers suspected that they had been using too much spiritus frumenti. But we never carried any on our ships; no sir, you can just put that down in your note book and print it in big headlines.

"After that, all went well until a little later. This happened in the morning, about 3 A. M., just before daylight.

"In the afternoon there was happenings. The wind increased to a 15-knot breeze. We was sailing along as fine as could be, making all preparations to reach port by dark, sure.

"We was sailing along, sailing along," (the captain's memory was a bit hazy here) "sailing along, when the cap'n looked off our starboard bow and ketched sight of that 'ere sea serpent that we had run into that very morning. Would you believe it? He had his mate with him. Everybody saw 'em that time. Yep, made out affadavit, and promised to look any Sabbath school teacher in the eye and tell the same story. There was two monsters. Well, the cap'n warn't a man to be beat in anything. I forget the name of the vessel and the cap'n's name, too. But he says to all hands, 'Trim in, there, boys, we're going to have a little sport with them dam things, means they are bound for port, too.' We trimmed in our sheets pretty close, as we was sailing close to the wind anyhow. The trouble was the wind didn't blow much, only a 45-knot breeze—pretty moderate.

"Anyhow, we got along pretty slick. We got within about three or four fathom of them sea serpents, and for a while it was nip and tuck as who would win out. By and by I says to the cap'n, 'Let me take the wheel and see what I can do to them 'ere monsters who's going into port with us,' says I. 'All right,' says he, and he gives the wheel to me. I orders the boys to trim in a little bit closer and (so as to use their spare time to good advantage) ordered 'em to get things ship-shape so as to be ready to go into port.

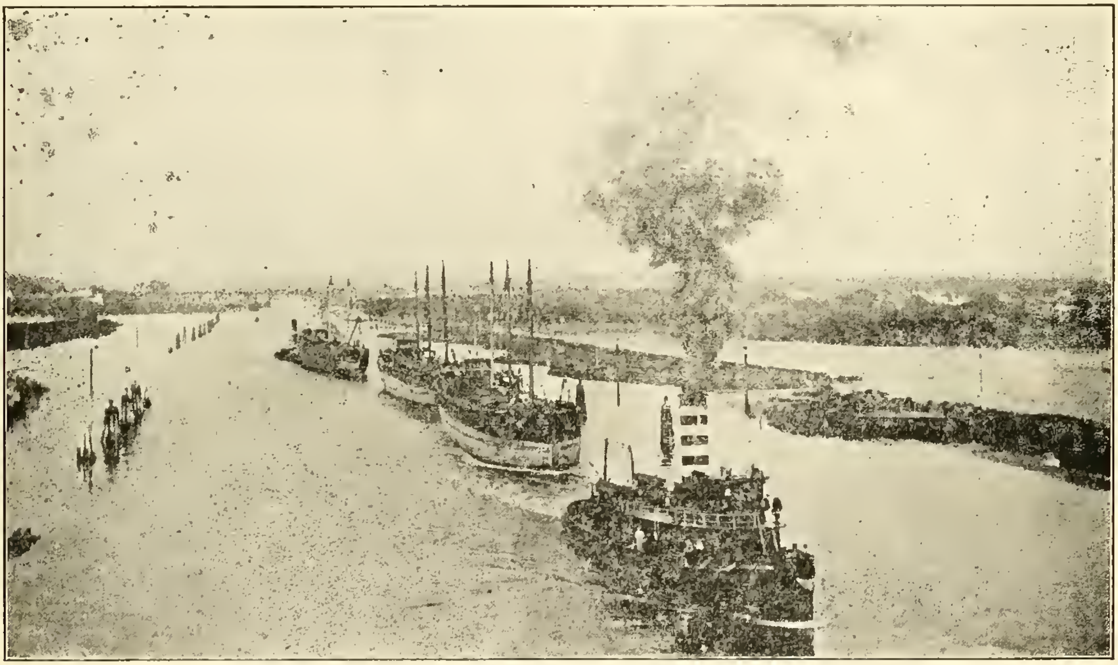
"Five minutes after I took that wheel we passed them critters like they had their anchors overboard. I looked back, and, by gol, them things, seeing we had the best of 'em in the race, had gone mad.

"Yes, one of 'em bit his mate with his long, wiry teeth, and if you would believe it, he got so clean mad that he ate his mate and swallowed him, by chowder. And then, seeing us leaving him behind, he committed suicide by cutting his throat with his knife-like tail. Does it not sound remarkable?

"Did I ever tell you that one about the volcano that we ran into out in the midst of the Pacific while Jim Snow and me was crossing in a 15-foot yacht and—"

"Good bye," said the writer, as he staggered out the door, just as the skipper took a swallow from a quart bottle of cod liver oil.

(To be continued next month)



HEAVY TRAFFIC IN THE CAPE COD CANAL

All over Cape Cod the tourist sees the brown folks (sometimes black) from the Cape Verde islands, a picturesque, half-African race. You see them riding their bicycles over the roads they helped to build, or working in the fields. Soft-voiced Portuguese children, with skins like brown velvet, gather and sell berries and beach plums. These people have become sophisticated by association and residence with the native people, though when they came from their island homes near the equator they scarce seemed civilized. The Cape has learned to depend upon them for its labor and their departure for other localities gives it deep concern. They are more peaceful than other alien races and seldom give trouble to others. They harvest the cranberries, build the bogs, man the boats, bring in the fish, and work wherever there is work to do.

The severe winter has caused considerable damage to the cranberry bogs, those that were not flowed being badly winter killed.

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Editorial

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

ALL over Cape Cod land is being broken for a planting campaign which will exceed anything ever known before. Upon the large farms great tractors are employed in drawing the plows that break up the soil upon the large areas which will be planted to staple crops, like corn, potatoes and beans. On the smaller farms and for the gardens the horse is still employed to good advantage and in fields and back yards the soil is being turned up preparatory to working. Not only the men, but the women, too, are engaged in farm work. It is not an infrequent sight to see the men holding the plow handles while the woman trudges alongside guiding old Dobbin in the way she should go. They are not dressed in fancy farmerette costumes, as a rule, but their assistance is not the less effective on that account.

Like the rest of the people of New England those of the Cape realize fully the duty that is encumbent upon them. It is not the hope of profits that animates their action but an understanding of the fact that food is needed, that food must be raised, and that they must do it. While husbands, sons, and other kin are serving their country upon land and sea, those at home realize that their opportunity for service is scarcely less and that the sacrifice they are called upon to make can consist of foregoing their usual pleasures, the giving up of their spare time, and the giving of the sort of service that must be given not only in order to supply and sustain the fighting forces, but also to furnish their quota of the food that is necessary for supplying the needs of all the people.

Probably there are few, in normal times, who would engage in agriculture upon the Cape, as a means of gaining a livelihood, although there are a few notable exceptions to this general statement. But as a duty, in this form of patriotic service there are few slackers to be found. It is realized that the great areas of the West and South must be depended upon in the main to supply the forces and to feed the Allied peoples. In order to lessen the burden upon these sections it is necessary that they shall not be called upon to furnish food for any section that can itself produce it. In normal times there is a surplus that can be used for the sustenance of such communities as ours where the people can more profitably engage in other pursuits. Now this supply should be reduced to a minimum and by all taking hold and doing their bit it can be accomplished.

When one speaks of sacrifice in connection with those whose lot it is to remain at home and pursue their usual vocation it is not for a moment to be compared with the sacrifice that is demanded and given of those who are called upon to endanger their lives, to give their manpower, to endure physical and mental hardships in order that the enemy across the water may be decisively defeated. Neither can it be compared with the sacrifice made by those who have been called upon to give up their husbands, sons, and near kin to the cause of civilization. Theirs is the supreme sacrifice, theirs the physical suffering and the mental agony, theirs the honor and glory. It cannot be considered sacrifice to buy Liberty Bonds, for that is an investment. It is a patriotic investment, to be sure, and a duty, but it comes under a different category. Monetary support, while necessary, is not comparable with the support given by those who are called upon to risk their all.

As the time goes on and the war comes more closely home to us we shall more truly realize the value of service and sacrifice. The meaning of the words will become more clear and we will be spurred to greater efforts than we have heretofore made. We will cease our grumbling and our petty criticism and bend our will and every effort to the task before us.

Of the quality of our soldiers and sailors there can be no doubt. Neither should there be doubt as to the ability of the people in general to withstand the strain of super-war and to rise nobly above themselves and their petty interests and to view duty in a new light.

No more noble epitaph was ever written than the illiterate words placed upon the tomb stone of one who had departed: "He saw his duty—and he done it." First we must see our duty and then we must do it. It is clearly up to us. There can be no dodging the issue or hiding behind the skirts of the serving and sacrificing public. Whether we shoulder a rifle, hold the handles of a plow or open our purses and take out the sinews of war, we serve and we sacrifice to the extent that we do our utmost and nothing less.

* * *

SMILING spring greets the visitor to the Cape with an appeal never before equalled. The budding trees, the greening verdure, the invigorating air, the peeping frogs, all assure us that the time for us to work is at hand. After the long, dreary and excessively cold period of winter there has come a time when the call of the open is touching us. We are called upon to be up and doing, to make all shipshape and shining. We must prepare to welcome the weary workers of the world to our beneficent clime and to see to it that nothing is left undone that can aid them in restoring their jaded bodies and wearied minds. Upon the Cape we must provide a place for them to forget their worries for the time being. Just as the soldiers "over there" are provided with a place for their "repose," where they can rest and regain strength, we are called upon to provide a like place for the thousands who need recreation and new scenes. Our welcome this year should be heartier than ever; our cordiality should be even greater, and our efforts in behalf of the temporary sojourners among us should be redoubled.

* * *

THEY are gone from us, those sturdy young specimens of manhood that were with us last year. In groups and singly they have slipped away quietly and have departed to scenes new and strange and bewildering. They have left a void that cannot be filled. The lack of their efforts will be severely felt. Those who remain behind will have to be doubly active. They must make up as best they can for the loss sustained. There must be no flagging of spirits on account of their absence. Their places must be taken by others less able.

* * *

DELAY will be fatal to those who may desire to spend the summer on the Cape. Arrangements should be made well in advance of the time of coming. Indications are that the influx of visitors will be great. The places of those who have been gone must be supplied. Labor will be scarce and more time must be given. It is none too early to begin to make summer plans. It is none too early for that preliminary visit that will prepare for the later coming.

* * *

The Red Cross society is well represented upon the Cape with branches in the various towns. Each branch has many active workers and all are engaged in working for the soldiers and sailors.

If you like the Cape Cod magazine tell your friends about it.

A SKIPPER FROM NANTUCKET

OR THE STORY OF A WHALE

By EARL L. BROWNSON

A skipper from Nantucket went to sea
In a schooner for to catch a whale.—
His ship was manned by rusty sailors three,
And to the crew there hangs a tragic tale.

The ship was called the Blubber, and was built
For Hesakiah Whalebone Blubber Jones;
But ere the tub was finished he was kilt:—
God rest old Hesakiah Jones' bones.

The Blubber was a tub and nothing more:
Her bow as square, her bottom flat, and so
Unruly was she, out of sight of shore,
No navigator knew just where she'd go.

This skipper from Nantucket made a vow
(As skippers have a way of now and then)
That he would navigate the thing, somehow,
As sure as Noah ever saved a settin' hen.

With the south wind blowing up a gale,
That whipped the breakers high in spray and foam,
The doty skipper, and his crew set sail,
And soon were wishing they had stayed at home.

The Blubber would not answer to her helm—
Her ropes got tangled—sails were out of whack—
Each wave, it seemed, their tub would overwhelm—
They tried—but could not steer the old thing back.

She rolled until it seemed that she would flop
Completely over, bottom to the sky:—
The crew was worked until they nearly dropped—
The skipper was so sick he wished he'd die.

But after many days and many nights,
They came in sight of land—they knew not where;
But woe to them—a thousand, thousand blights—
The tub turned tail and would not land them there.

And woe, more woe, an iceburg in their track
Loomed up as big as old Gibraltar's rock—
And woe, more woe, they hit the iceburg smack
And smashed their bow to splinters from the shock.

The skipper jumped, headforemost, from the deck,
And landed plumb into a he whale's mouth
And slipped right down the monster's slimy neck,
Just as he turned and started to swim south.

The skipper found his lodgings not so bad,
In spite of darkness—lacking window space—
And ventilation—fit to make one mad—
And fishy odors filling all the place.

He had his "pipe and baccy" in his blouse,
And so he lighted up the juicy briar,
And settled down, as snug as any mouse,
And warm as though he sat before a fire.

And being warm, with nothing else to do,
He took a chew of juicy "navy plug,"
And shortly vanished every feeling blue,
And smiles lit up the skipper's ugly mug.

No cuspidor at hand at which to shoot,
The skipper spat the juice upon the floor
And rubbed it in, from habit, with his boot
Until the mammal's belly was quite sore.

And clouds of smoke, arising from the pipe,
Upset the gastronomics of the whale
Till time for something to be done was ripe,
And furiously he lashed his mammoth tail.

He rolled and pitched and spouted, in his wrath,
Until the skipper could not keep his seat—
In fact, it seemed, a very sick whale hath
A disposition anything but sweet.

And then the floor, on which the skipper stood,
Began to heave in indication that
The skipper was too rank for whaleish food—
A thing that I have never wondered at.

He madly splashed about in greater wrath,
And rolled from side to side in sore distress,
And smashed a boat or two that blocked his path—
The skipper was some frightened, I confess.

But ever southward bore the whaleish craft,
And sicker, madder grew he all the while,
And plunging wildly fore and swishing aft,
At last he reached the skipper's native isle.

With one great heave, his head above the wave,
The whale threw up (as whales have done before)
And back to earth the skipper gladly gave
And spat him out upon Nantucket's shore.

A crowd of skippers gathered round their pal—
All eager for the tale he would relate:—
But crowding in, his wife—Tornado Sall—
Bore him away in anything but state.

"You dratted lubber," cried she in his ear,
" A nice home-coming this, I declare!
You've been away from home for most a year,
And here you're back with naught but what you wear.

"Where is your ship, the Blubber, and her crew?"—
The skipper, cowering, said he didn't know,
"But he had brought a whale home—that he knew,
But found it best to let the critter go."

"The only whale you've brought back is yourself,
And such a whale no whaler would harpoon—
But I'll attend to doing that myself,
Unless you stop your spouting mighty soon."

So saying Sall took hold upon his ear
And bore him homeward, venting all her spleen
That had accumulated for a year
Until her disposition was some mean.

Her wrath grew hotter and her face grew red,
As they neared home, and then she threw a fit,
And in a trice Tornado Sall was dead—
The skipper sighed, "Alas! I'm sorely hit."

The lonely skipper now lives by the shore,
And, like all seamen, loves to tell a tale;
But all his hearers tumble through the door
When he begins the story of the whale.

MY FIRST SILK DRESS

By MARY O. SPARROW

THE article "Sheep Raising" in the January issue of this magazine reminded me that once I owned a sheep. Now one may be a sheep and not know it, but it is not often that one owns a sheep in that way.

But it has been told me that once "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and didn't know it—at least she was too young to remember it.

My grandfather kept sheep; quite a number of them, I judge, since grandmother spun and wove most of the clothing for the family. I was a little toddling child and used to play with one particular lamb in the flock.

When my visit to my grandfather was over and I was to return home, my grief at leaving my lamb was very real and pitiful. To comfort me my grandfather told me I could have the lamb, but as I could not well take it home he would keep it for me instead.

Regularly for three years, when my lamb, which unknown to me had grown into a sheep, was shorn, grandfather sent me the money brought by the sale of the wool. Later when the sheep was sold he sent me the price received for it.

I do not know how much wool was worth then, nor do I know how much mutton brought, but my childish memory first circles around financial matters when I was the proud possessor of four dollars. Four shiny gold pieces.

That was in Civil War times and I next remember my father coming into the house one day and asking me if I would exchange my four shiny gold dollars for five clean, new one dollar bills.

My mind grasped the idea that five was more than four and I sold them, though I loved the shining gold. With the money I bought my first silk dress, a pretty light green and white checkered dress with fringe trimming. I remember it well and the pleasure it gave me, and a piece of it adorns a silk quilt now in use. Thus out of a sheep grew my first silk dress and out of sheep raising grew this story.

But certainly sheep raising was once a real industry on Cape Cod, and possibly may be again. I see no reason why it shouldn't. for industry, as well as history, repeats itself. Instance the knit, knit, knitting that carries us back to our grandmother's time, and the knitting which was once almost a lost art in America becoming the proud pastime of fashionable society.

Many a story my mother used to tell me of the lambs and how they used to frolic with each other, jumping over rocks and fences; and of one which jumped over the well-curb and found a watery grave. Ofttimes a sick lamb was brought into the house for food and shelter. Sometimes the mother sheep had died and the little baby lamb had to be fed warm milk and placed in the chimney corner.

Those were the days of fireplaces. Not the fancy ones of now-a-days, but real big chimneys where you could look up and see the stars. And the brick oven beside the fireplace, and the brown bread and pumpkin pies and plum puddings that came out of it. Oh, my; but that's another story.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY

BY MARY ISABEL BOYNTON

(Continued from last month)

"Two to Boston." Charles Augustus had said.

Something about those words, spoken so confidently, awoke a strange sensation in Ardella's heart. If her life depended upon it, she could not go to Boston. Of all the places on the face of the earth, that was the one spot she could not, and would not, go to. A sudden frenzy seized her.

"Oh! Charles Augustus!" she cried in a whisper, as the conductor moved on, "Not Boston! We are going to New Bedford!"

Charles Augustus shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I'd clean forgot, and now he's taken the two fares to Boston it's too late. It don't make much difference, and we'll go to New Bedford soon anyway, seein' you're set on it," he answered soothingly, seeing her agitation.

The brakeman opened the door and cried: "Tremont! Change for New Bedford!" For a minute Ardella wavered, then grasping her bag she arose and started for the door, and before Charles Augustus could realize what was happening she was outside on the platform.

"Wait!" he cried, rushing desperately after her, but the heavy suitcase dangling at his side retarded his progress. People entering the car barred his way, and when he finally reached the door the train was under such headway the conductor ordered him back into the car, and so while the bride calmly awaited the arrival of her train, the bridegroom was being carried towards Boston in a frame of mind equally divided between anger and anxiety.

* * * * *

Charles Augustus and Ardella were married on a Tuesday. When, on the following Thursday evening the train reaching their home town stopped a short distance above the station before crossing the double switch, a figure carrying a small, new bag stepped from the last car, and walked quickly away into the darkness, keeping well off the more frequented streets, towards the village. It was a woman, and as she walked, she gradually quickened her pace until she almost ran. Down a back street and across the field she sped, until at last her own little home came into outline in the darkness.

How forlorn and deserted it looked! As Ardella went around to the back door she could hear the wind rustling the dead leaves on the bean vines, and the practical thought came to her that they must be picked. The surf beat mournfully against the shore. Ardella took the key from its hiding place behind the blind. From sheer force of habit she had hung it there on the day of her wedding, and unlocking the door went into her desolate and silent kitchen. She resolved to be careful that no one discovered her return before the time allotted. The one madness of her life had passed before the train taking her to New Bedford had reached its destination. She did not understand the impulse that had prompted the rash act; never expected to, but she could not endure her husbandless honeymoon, and so, her practical mind working once more in its sane and normal channels, she resolved to return to her home and there, unknown to her neighbors, await Charles Augustus' return. The possibility of his following her to New Bedford, or himself returning home never crossed her mind. She thought she knew her Charles Augustus. He had gone to Boston on a week's honeymoon, and even if the moon was under an eclipse, a week he would stay.

Behind tightly drawn curtains, by the

light of one feebly burning candle. Ardella changed the wisteria colored wedding gown for a gingham house-dress. This accomplished, her thoughts turned to supper. Not since the day she left home had she felt hunger, now she did. The house felt chilly after being closed to sun and heat, but she dared not build a fire. Her nearest neighbor—barring the vacant house across the garden—was some distance away, but if any one was to notice smoke issuing from the supposedly tenantless house, an investigation was sure to follow, so she got out her little oil-burner and small tin kettle. To get fresh water she had to go to the well at the foot of the back steps, but she felt no uneasiness in doing this. The distance was too great for any one to see her in the darkness, and the old "cucumber" pump worked so easily nobody could hear. She carried the green-painted pail, holding it in one hand while she pumped with the other. A few strokes were sufficient to fill it to the brim, then for a minute she sat it on the stone flagging and looked about her into the night. The light in the lighthouse across the harbor winked at her. It seemed to Ardella that it winked knowingly, as if it knew of her secret home-coming, and flashed her a secret, cheerful greeting. For a minute or two she watched it, then turned and looked across the garden. Ardella's was not an emotional nature, but at the sight of the little house shrouded in darkness, a lump came into her throat, and a smart into her eyes. Never in her life before had she seen the house in darkness at this early hour. Slowly she lifted her eyes from the blank windows to the roof, then to the chimney standing in bold relief against the sky, and—Suddenly the strength seemed gone from her knees; she clutched feebly at the pump for support. Still clinging with one hand to the pump she rubbed her eyes with the other and looked again. Yes, it was there—a thin, trailing column of smoke came from the chimney of Charles Augustus' house.

Tramps! In a minute the truth flashed into Ardella's mind. Discovering the two houses remote from neighbors, and vacant, they had appropriated Charles Augustus' for their temporary abode.

The shock of the discovery soon passed; her mind worked rapidly, for Ardella was no coward. What should she do? To give an alarm was to disclose her premature return to town, and for both her own and Charles Augustus' sake she shrank from this. But his property must be protected; defended from no knowing what depredations, and first she would investigate; what she discovered would determine her future action. Swiftly returning to her kitchen she secured her rolling-pin, and with this grasped firmly in one hand she crept stealthily across the garden. Her hope was that through some crack or crevice she might be able to see into the house. All was dark. She listened; all was silent. Her heart beat a little faster and she gripped the rolling-pin a little tighter as she tip-toed cautiously up to the kitchen window. Yes! she could see a light! feeble to be sure, but a light where there should be none, for the green shade was not drawn down quite to the window's edge.

She stooped and brought her eyes level with the aperture thus made and looked in. On the table she could see the bottom of a small lamp—she knew the wick must be turned low—and a man's figure—from the waist down—sitting by the table. She sank noiselessly to her knees. Being able now to look up under the curtain she could see the whole figure. He sat there elbows on table, his head in his hands, a lonely, pathetic spectacle—Charles Augustus!

Ardella gave a little gasp of surprise, then her face broke into a radiant smile that escaped into a happy, noiseless laugh. She scrambled to her feet—for a large woman Ardella was surprisingly agile—and hurried around to the kitchen door. Well she knew it was unlocked, for never in her time, night or day was the bolt shot-to, and silently lifted the latch.

"Charles Augustus!" she called softly. Her voice rang clear as a bell in the silent room.

He lifted his head and stared as if she was an apparition from another world. She held out her hands. "I've—I've come home Gussie!" she said. There was a world of tenderness in her voice; a tenderness almost maternal. Not since the days of their youth had she called him "Gussie."

"Ardella!" he cried, and was across the room with her outstretched hands in his, tears and smiles mingling like rain and sunshine on an April day. "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I came from my house just now—I saw smoke and thought tramps had got into your house—I got in on the last train and sneaked down through the dark, home. When did you come?"

"Last night. It was terrible without you, Ardella! It was worse than that dream I had for I wondered if you'd ever forgive me—" they were seated side by side now on the old settle before the stove.

"Forgive fiddlesticks!" Ardella said. "I was to blame, Charles Augustus, and you know it! I was a stubborn old—"

"No you wasn't, Ardella," he interrupted, "and I'd oughter gone where you wanted to. It was your weddin'." Ardella laughed happily and with her right hand patted his that held her left. "I guess it was your weddin', too! And we won't quarrel over which was the biggest fool! I acted like a silly child that needed a good spankin', and I will admit you was some contrary yourself."

"Well, I've had my lesson," he answered humbly, "these last few days have been awful! awful, Ardella!"

"Didn't you like Boston?" she asked innocently, and the look he gave her was sufficient without the words: "Boston! it's a howlin' wilderness!"

They sat awhile in contented silence, broken finally by Charles Augustus. "Did you call on your cousin, Ardella?"

"Not much! How could I go around makin' honeymoon calls without any husband to exhibit?" she laughed her deep, throaty laugh, and then grew serious—"I'm sure I don't know what made me act so. I seemed to be possessed with that idea. All my life I've been a sensible woman with no nonsense about me. I think all the foolishness some women spread over a whole lifetime I just shot off all at once! If ever you see me gettin' ready to kick over the traces, you just say "New Bedford" and I'll come down into harness pretty mighty lively, and don't you forget it!"

Charles Augustus put his other hand over hers. "It's all right for you to talk like that," he said, "all the same I was a cranky old mule, and I guess I've had my lesson, too. And now Ardella, we'll take our trip together to New Bedford."

"Not much! Horses couldn't draw me there. I've had enough of New Bedford to last me the rest of my life. Home and you are good enough for me, but if you want to go to Boston, I'll go."

"Boston!" Charles Augustus shuddered. "I never want to see that place again!"

Ardella nestled contentedly against his shoulder; it was a small shoulder but it answered her purpose.

"Does anybody know you're here?" she asked anxiously. He shook his head.

"Nor me neither," Ardella said. "We'll be asked about why we came back so soon and we'll tell'm we got homesick and home looked good to us! It won't be a lie either. We did get homesick, and—we—come back!" she giggled like a girl. The comical side of the episode was appealing to her, but she did not intend any one else should have a chance to enjoy it at her expense.

It was right here that Charles Augustus had his inspiration.

"Let's go to the Brockton fair next month! It opens the fifth of October. I went once, years ago—"

"I've never been, and always wanted to," Ardella interrupted, eager as a child.

"We'll go one mornin', stay over night and come home the next night. Put in two days, and see everything!"

"Won't it be awful expensive?" Ardella asked prudently, and Charles Augustus answered: "Expense be hanged!" in so reckless a manner that she felt proud of his spirit. "We'll-go-and-have-the-time-of-our lives!"

"And go together!" Ardella added with another happy giggle.

So they sat before the stove while the fire died from inattention, and planned for the wedding journey that neither had ever dreamed of until Charles Augustus had his happy inspiration; planned and talked like two children until the clock on the shelf struck the hour of eleven and brought them back to the present, and a realization that neither had had any supper.

"I'm hungry as a bear!" Ardella declared, "I didn't have a thing fit to eat all the time I was away."

"Me neither," Charles Augustus assured her sympathetically, "and I ain't dared to cook anything since I got home, for fear some one would come prowlin' 'round and smell somethin' cookin'. 'Fore it got real light this mornin' I went out on the flats and got a few clams, I got tired settin' 'round shut up in the house. I got potatoes and onions—"

"And I've got some canned peaches. We'll have a short-cake—" Ardella was on her feet eager for action.

"There's some crackers if there ain't any bread," Charles Augustus was on his feet, too.

"Bread! I'll beat up a batch o' biscuits. Nothin' but what I can eat!"

"Same here." Charles Augustus affirmed.

"Just get a pail of fresh water; that's what I was doin' when I saw your smoke. Land! but it give me a turn!"

Together they coaxed the fire into a merry blaze, exploring the cupboard like children playing at housekeeping, eye meeting eye in loving content; hand finding hand with tender pressure, and finally Charles Augustus was dispatched to the house across the way for the peach, and Ardella's bag.

The fire crackled cheerfully; warm and pleasant odor of things cooking was in the air, and Ardella stood in the open doorway watching the bobbing lantern and the grotesque shadows it cast of Charles Augustus' meager figure as he crossed the garden.

The sea murmuring at the bottom of the garden did not sound mournful to her now, and the light winking at her from across the harbor looked brighter.

There was nothing mysterious or melancholy in the darkness, for it was penetrated by the light from the lantern in the hand of the man she loved, who was coming back across the garden to her and—home.

A GLIMPSE OF AN OLD CAPE CODDER

By ESTELLE DUNN

From being the busy landing place of many sailing parties, the pier had suddenly become deserted and lonely. It was noon time and the sun was streaming down in hot rays. Only one figure remained. Out on the end of the pier "Old Capt'n" sat leaning against a sturdy post. He was completely surrounded by fish nets and lobster pots, but his usually busy hands were idly fingering a broken fish net which lay in his lap. His delapidated seaman's cap was pushed back on his head, showing a scanty lot of unkempt gray hair, which matched his short, bristly side whiskers and beard. His sunburned and weatherworn face was very brown and lined. Deep wrinkles seamed his forehead, and long lines and creases along his rather hollow cheeks to his mouth showed care and old age. His little gray-blue eyes, which generally seemed so keen and alert, wore a far-away expression and seemed to see nothing. In a corner of his mouth he held a stump of a clay pipe. He wore a torn, blue serge vest over a faded blue linen shirt which was open at the neck. His sleeves were rolled up above his elbows showing a brown, hairy, once muscular arm.

I went quietly away without speaking, fearing to rouse the Old Captain from his thoughts, probably of past trips he had made in far away countries.

LIGHTHOUSES

By R. T. Chase

THERE are few people that know, or realize the value of Light Vessels stationed along our coast. I will, in this article, endeavor to show you the usefulness of these ships.

Many a sailing vessel or steam ship would have gone on the rocks or shoals during gales or fog and become a total loss had there not been a Light Vessel on her station. When the master of a steamer or sailing vessel sees a Lightship he can shape his course for port with confidence and safety.

There are 5782 men employed in this service. The general appropriation for the maintenance of this service for the year 1916 was:

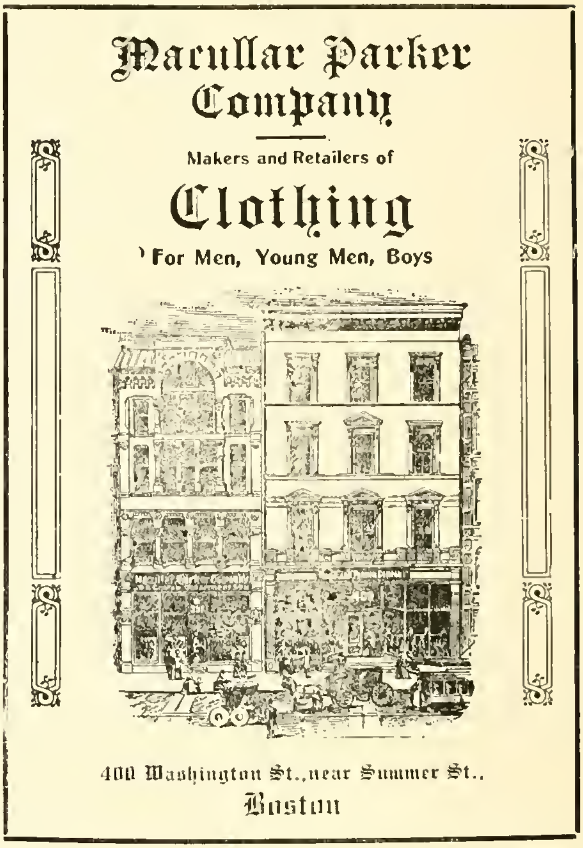
Salaries, bureau of Lighthouses, ...	$ 64,030
Salaries, Lighthouse Keepers, ...	940,000
Salaries, Light Vessels,	1,010,000
Salaries, Lighthouse Service, ...	375,000
General Expenses, Lighthouses, ...	2,775,000
Total, ...	$5,164,030

* * * * *

The Lighthouse Service maintains light vessels on 53 stations, and has for this purpose 66 light vessels, 13 of which are relief ships.

They are employed for marking dangers at sea, approaches to harbors, or important points in the courses of vessels where a lighthouse would not be feasible or economical. They are of a particular value in providing both a light and a fog signal to which close approach may be made, thus enabling mariners to fix their position with certainty.

In this respect light vessels are superior to lighthouses as in the latter case due allowance must be made for a safe distance in passing. Another valuable advantage is the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fact that light vessels may be shifted to meet varying conditions of traffic, such as changes in shoals or channels.

The first light vessel established in the service was in the summer of 1820, at Willoughby Spit, Hampton Roads, Va., but it proved too small for that station and was moved to Craney Island, Elizabeth River, Va., in 1821. The first outside light vessel was placed outside of Sandy Hook, seven miles, in 1823.

The idea of light boats, as they were then called, became popular, and in 1839 there were thirty in the service, most of them small vessels in inside waters. The largest vessel was the one at Sandy Hook station, 230 tons.

In the year 1852, when the lighthouse board was first established, there were thirty-eight light vessels in service, twenty-six of which were in Bays and Sounds.

The maximum number of men employed on one ship was ten for the most exposed station.

The type of vessels used at that time were not wholly suitable for the purpose and there were often complaints that vessels were damaged or blown from their moorings, the expense of maintenance and repairs was excessive considering the comparative feebleness of the lights.

More careful attention was then given to the design of vessels suitable for exposed stations. Wooden construction was the rule up to the year 1882, when the first iron ship No. 44, was built for a station on the Jersey coast. About the same time several vessels of the composite type were constructed, the modern tendency being toward all steel construction.

Another practical feature of design which has greatly increased the efficiency of light vessels is the use of propelling machinery, which enables them to go to and from their stations under their own power, and assists them in maintaining their positions on their stations during heavy gales.

The first lightships so equipped were No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, built in the year 1891 for service on the great lakes.

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anchors being of the mushroom type weighing from 5,000 lbs. to 7,000 lbs. The length of chain connected to the anchor weighs nine tons, each link weighing two and three-fourths pounds or 160 pounds for six feet of chain. There is no winter passed without some ship parting her chain and going adrift during heavy gales.

The latest light vessels are flush deck throughout, with all quarters on the main deck, well above water line; this conduces greatly to the stability and safety of the vessel when seas are shipped during heavy weather.

Comfortable staterooms and berths are provided and the large ships are steam heated throughout. Sanitary plumbing system with drainage adds to the health and comfort while the large ships have an electric lighting system.

Since the first outside ship, which was placed outside of Sandy Hook the size has been increased from 230 tons to 600 tons.

The average time of light vessels, kept on outside stations, is thirty years.

Men serving on these ships are allowed ninety days out of each year as liberty on shore, starting the 15th day of March and ending the 15th day of December, run in three groups, namely, first master and three men, second mate and three men, third engineer and three men. Each group stays on shore fifteen days at a time. On ships carrying less than twelve men three liberty parties are run on the same plan, each party consisting of one-third of the crew with an officer in charge.

When liberty ends, December 15th, all of the ships' complement of men are on board to stay until March 15th, unless there is a case of severe illness beyond the knowledge of the Master, thus keeping the ships completely manned during the three winter months. During that time no man is allowed to leave the ship unless, as mentioned, in case of sickness.

The ships are numbered as built, commencing with number 1, built in the year 1885. This ship is still in the service, being

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To Newsdealers

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now stationed off a shoal called Martin's Industry, S. C.

The lighthouse service has had built, up to the present date, 1917, one hundred and two light vessels, sixty-six are still in the service, some have been lost, others condemned as worn out.

Four of the most important light vessels on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts are equipped with wireless and electric lights, those are: Nantucket Shoals Light Vessel, No. 85, 42 miles from land, Mass.; Diamond Shoals Light Vessel, No. 71, 16 miles from land, N. C.; Frying Pan Shoals Light Vessel, No. 94, 18 miles from land, N. C.; Heald Bank Light Vessel, No. 81, 28 miles from land, Texas.

The duty of the men on these ships is to keep a continuous watch, day and night, keep the ship clear of rust and clean both inside and out. The ships are inspected every three months by the inspector of the district and woe betide the master if his ship is not in perfect condition.

Most important of all are the lights. They must be kept clean and the lens clear. On the inshore ships the lights are run with coal oil. They are hoisted up forty feet at sunset and lowered at sunrise. A close watch is kept on the lights all night and at the first sign of dimness they are at once lowered and new lights put up. If a ship's watch cannot see the lights the ship would go ashore and be lost.

The lighthouse board furnishes steamers called lighthouse tenders, which carry supplies and mail to the light ships the first and fifteenth of every month, as near as possible. There are times in the winter when it is impossible for the tenders to get to the ships for a month at a time.

The masters of the ships are under severe strains at all times. At present there is no provision for a pension for retired Masters although repeated efforts have been, and are being made to secure some such provision.

The first incorporated banking institution upon the Cape was in 1821 at Falmouth. The bank had a capital of $100,000.

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THE GILLIE FLEET

Continued from page 8

It's long work and hard work, but the more there is of it, the better, of course, here for all. If a boat gets all she can carry, this lift, she will make for port with the haul.

Usually, however, several hauls are necessary and one stays at sea the whole day Then there is dinner aboard, soup, fried fish, lots of bread, and the boys share with the rest of the crew. Sometimes one is out three, four days and nights, then one sleeps aboard, rocked by old ocean here.

What-so-ever, fish aboard, they haul up the trap, using a pulley attached to the big mast, in turn. Then the seine-boat, too, is brought in and then, with happiness written squarely on every face, these Italians set out for home.

On deck, while the sun tans their brown faces the more, they gather in brown sweaters and blue, and sea-coats, to sort and make rough count of the fish. Meantime they sing, tell stories, chat of Italy, and who so happy as they?

It's a treat just to be among so happy, merry a lot; it's an experience of itself worth the cost of the trip; while, surveying the fish they are bringing to port, you realize, away down at bottom of heart, that few of our Americans, though born here and bred, are doing quite such service as these.

In 1896 there was a celebration in Falmouth to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the purchase of the bell of the Congregational society from Paul Revere.

The last toll bridge to exist upon the Cape was made free to the public in 1869. It was the bridge over Bass river at South Yarmouth.

Wood cutting has been more general than usual this year on the Cape with a view of preventing a possible fuel shortage next winter.

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The Cape Cod Magazine

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

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WINTER SPORTS AT SEA PINES SCHOOL

A reminder that it isn't always summer time on the Cape

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BASS RIVER

By DAVID WING

A name replete with pleasant memories of the past; the name of a stream that always has water in it whether the season is wet or dry. The writer was greatly surprised some years since ,to learn by personal observation that many of the smaller western rivers are dry, or nearly so during a part at least, of the summer time, and himself has walked, dry shod, across the bed of the Des Plaines river at a point some seventy-five or more miles below its source.

But the one of which we write is not that kind of a river.

The current of a western stream, when it has one, always runs in the same direction. Bass river is a tidal stream flowing for a few hours towards the ocean, gradually moderating its speed, hesitating for a little time, and then, as if changing its mind, it begins to move in the opposite direction.

If one wishes to row or sail upon its waters with the tide to help him on his course, he has, at most, to wait only a little while, and then the help comes, and so regularly, that he is able to calculate the exact time when the assistance will be available.

Some sixty to sixty-five years ago, the boys of that section had great sport paddling up and down river on planks and in coolers. Those "Coolers" were rectangular vats, shallow and quite unseaworthy, used in the crystalization of epsom salts, and it required considerable courage to paddle across the river in one, especially when the wind blew at all fresh, either up or down stream.

Some of the more venturesome boys fitted their craft with masts and "leg of mutton" sails made of cotton cloth.

One, who later in life became master of a ship, tried to make his "cooler" look like a steamboat, and, upon some earth placed amidships, built a fire of light fuel with a good sprinkling of tar, sending volumes of smoke through a piece of stove pipe braced up to resemble a smokestack.

With this outfit, he made for the channel, intending to sail by the village and under the bridge in a manner that would attract attention of the people on shore.

He was entirely successful in attracting attention; for, somehow or other, the fire got beyond his control, the woodwork of his steamboat began to blaze, and the Captain, who was also "Cook and All hands," was obliged to jump overboard and swim ashore.

During the period of the Civil War, flat bottomed "punts" came into fashion and were named Monitor, Merrimac, etc., to suit the times. These craft were square at either end, required little depth of water and were useful in gathering the edible clam and the utilitarian horsefoot. There was always, of course, considerable good natured rivalry and some boasting on the part of the several navigators; but all enjoyed the fun, and today, those sports of long ago, doubtless are looked upon by those who survive, as pleasing features of boyhood days.

To a lover of nature, Bass River is a source of restful pleasure. The view from many a bluff along its shores is charming, and it is not at all strange that the dusky native for hundreds, probably thousands of years before the advent of the white man, found the locality an acceptable one for residence. The shell heaps, ruined stone hearths, charred remnants of former fires, fragments of bones of deer and other animals, and occasional stone arrow heads and other implements are evidences of a long occupation by the aborigines, of all the adjacent territory.

After the passing of the Indians, the whites occupied the lands they had planted, and "Friend's Village" soon became a thriving settlement. About the year 1800 communication with West Dennis just across the river, was by a ferry run by Eleazer Kelley and a little later by his brother, "Uncle Elihu." The rates were, for a single passenger, two cents, while for the transportation of a horse and carriage the charge was twenty-five cents.

The building of the "Lower Bridge" in 1832 put an end to the vocation of the old ferryman, although he lived until October, 1841.

I quote the following from one of my scribblings of nearly twenty years ago.

"Bass River! As I think of it now, what familiar scenes of the past come back to me! Visions of swimming, of rowing, of sailing; of paddling up and down its surface on plank or raft or in "cooler"; visions of fishing, of eeling, of clamming; of spearing blue crabs, flatfish and flounders; of searching for horsefeet, soldier crabs and scallops; of expeditions to the breakwater; to Bishop and Clerks' lighthouse and to the Powder Hole; of sailing parties up the stream by day or down the stream on moonlight evenings; of getting aground, sometimes by accident well planned; and last, but not least, visions of coasting and skating on favorable occasions in the winter!

BASS RIVER

At the sound of thy name, what fond mem'ries arise!
Of the scenes of my childhood which fondly I prize!
When I sail on thy surface or walk on thy shore,
I'm impressed by thy beauty as never before.

That the Thames is much broader, I'm sure must be so;
That the Hudson in grandeur, excells it I know.
That the "Father of Waters" in size, ranks above;
But it's thou, modest stream, who art first in my love.

Of the Afton and Tiber the poets have sung;
For the Avon and Danube their harps they have strung,
May the singer be blessed, whosoe'er he may be
Who shall sing the just praises, dear river, of thee.

THE QUAKERS

By E. LAWRENCE JENKINS

THE earlier settlers of South Yarmouth were of the religious sect known as Quakers or Friends and the place itself was long known as "Quaker Village." Their place of worship, "meeting-house" it was always called, for unlike the world's people they did not recognize the word "church," was built about 1809. Before this they, with others in the surrounding towns or villages, had been worshiping in the meeting-house on the other side of the river, which stood on the highway near Kelley's Bay, which meeting-house had been standing nearly a hundred years when it was sold, floated down the river and turned into a dwelling house. It is known as the "Waterman Baker house" and may be seen by anyone who is interested in old houses. The reason for its being given up was that the Indian lands in So. Yarmouth had been opened up to the public and the Quakers in that section wished a house of worship of their own. This new meeting-house, erected in 1809, is still standing in most excellent state of preservation, a sufficient fund for that purpose having been formed.

In those early days the meetings were largely attended, both sides of the meeting house being filled twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays, or, as the Quakers spoke of them, First day and Fifth day. The children were excused from school on Fifth day to attend meeting, and as boys were no different from those of today, I imagine there might have been objections to going if it were not that they got away from school early. Of the two evils, considering the gain in hours, they did not object so much to going to meeting in the middle of the week.

After many years the writer recalls the Sunday service with tender memories,—he was not called upon to attend on Fifth day—but at the time it seemed to him an infliction to go at all. The Quaker preachers were not paid for their services and only spoke when the Spirit moved them so to do, and it was no unusual thing to sit in silence for an hour. Of course, to an active boy, this was most irksome. Outside he could hear the wind sighing through the trees, hear the birds singing, and there was the river in sight. If his mind did not turn to spiritual things, who could blame him,—I am of the opinion that even the older ones let their minds wander to worldly things during that silent hour.—I know that the young man glanced across the meeting-house to the other side where the young women sat, but all he could see of her was the top of her simply plain bonnet.—Is it any wonder that a young boy would go to sleep at times, I am sure I should do so now if the day was warm. And when the boy was awakened by his father he would start up with a feeling of shame and disgrace. While I was gently chided when I reached home, I knew my father understood and did not blame me.

As the writer looks back to his young days he realizes that the Quakers as a whole were of the salt of the earth; a kindly, God-fearing people who were honest, even if in worldly dealings they were shrewd; hospitable and charitable, taking care of their own poor and in the doing this no one outside of the meeting ever knew who was helped.

They wore a peculiar costume, both men and women, simple, but in quality and texture, of the best; their pride centering in that one thing, and the dress was attractive, because of its simplicity, and because, in its making and in its seeming appropriateness.

As was the custom in those days the burial ground is adjacent; a most beautiful spot in its simplicity is this acre of God, and one greatly admired by strangers as being nearer to what one feels should be the last resting place. The small and simple stones are all alike, the rich man having no more noticeable monument than the poor man,—here all are equal before the Father. The inscriptions are simply name and date; no eulogies, no verses, no quotations that mean so little when used in connection with the sleeper. Trees, shrubs and flowers are there but not such as to make it a show place, but enough to make a frame for the picture of a quiet, restful scene that is not soon forgotten.

The old meeting-house is closed; all of the old Friends are sleeping in the little cemetery. Only a few of the younger members of the meeting remain and even these are beginning to be considered old. They are so few that to hold services could only cause a feeling of sadness, as, sitting there in solemn silence the mind harks back to the "days that are not" and to the faces of those who once filled the seats.

YARMOUTH

By MARJORIE A. WARNER

THE history of one's own locality should be known to each of its inhabitants, for one cannot appreciate the privileges of the present age without some understanding of the causes which have produced these conditions.

The present town of Yarmouth is situated about midway of the peninsula of Cape Cod, having the town of Barnstable on the west, Dennis on the east, Cape Cod Bay on the north, and Nantucket Sound on the South.

Little is known of this region before its settlement by the English. The Indian name for this locality was "Mattacheese," which means in their picturesque language, "the planting lands."

The County of Barnstable was incorporated in 1638. This comprises the land from Provincetown to Brockton.

The first discoverer of this land who left any reliable account of it was Gosnold. He left England early in 1602. He with four men landed here on May 14th and called it Cape Cod because his ship had been so pestered with codfish.

Our next explorer was Capt. Martin Pring who was in search of sassafras. He left no reliable record. He amused the Indians with music, but on the other hand, terrified them with the sound of huge mastiffs and the sound of cannon.

The next white explorer was the famous Champlain who was sailing under the flag of France. By reading his accounts we find that he entered our harbor during the month of October, 1606. He called it "Cape White," on account of so many sand dunes. After many narrow escapes from grounding on the shoals, he finally landed and remained here nearly a month. A cross was erected and he took the country in the name of their king, Louis XIV.

Later Captain John Smith came and made the first map of this locality and called it New England.

Between 1616 and 1619 many explorers visited our shores.

Now, as I have told you of our important discoverers, let us turn to the early settlers who dared to face all the hardships that their descendants might have "freedom to worship God."

Our earliest records in 1638 show that the Colony Court granted to Stephen Hopkins, who with a hundred others landed at Plymouth eighteen years before, the right to erect a house at Mattacheese and the remains of that house may be seen at the present time near the house of Thomas Thatcher at Yarmouth.

The permanent and authorized settlement of the town commenced in January, 1639. During the following year James Mattehews, William Nickerson, Samuel Ryder, Yelverton Crowell, and soon after others joined the colony. The first representative assembly in the colony met June 4, 1639 and appointed William Chase as constable, Thomas Payne and Philip Tabor as deputies.

We find Yarmouth first mentioned in a grant of land by the general Court to Thatcher, Crowell and Howes in 1639.

Our first settlers were from the eastern coast of England, some from Wales, and others from the south of England. Yarmouth, England, was the principal seaport on the eastern coast.

Naturally these early settlers thought of their home town when they came to name the new settlement in the wilderness, and thus it became what still is "Yarmouth."

The court forbade anyone dwelling here to purchase two houselots or more and lay them together and maintain one house upon them. This was done to make the settlement compact, as a matter of safety and protection from the Indians.

The pioneers of the town were soon joined by others and before the close of 1646 not far from twenty-five families were established here.

The earliest highway of the settlement ran from Barnstable nearly the same as the road travelled now, following the marshes and the shore to Nobscussett, passing the old cemetery and the meeting house.

We have considered our early settlement, now let us turn to what kind of people they were.

"What sought they thus afar,"
Bright jewels of mines, the wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay! call it holy ground the soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

The first comers were brought to this particular location by extensive marshes assuring them abundant feed and pasture for their flocks and herds.

Cattle raising was the principal occupation of our ancestors on the North Side. On the south or what was known as the "West Fields," they planted great crops of grain, also on the south side they had the river, which was a great shelter for their boats.

For this reason fishing became one of the great occupations on the south side, which was to be known later as South Yarmouth.

The social life of the community was the same as in other colonial towns. Military exercises, ball playing, running and wrestling were amusements of the men. Weddings and family reunions about exhausted the social opportunities of the women. The children from one generation to another did not forget the sports of the fatherland, such games as "hull-gull," "hy-spry" and "thread the needle." The boys and girls developed into men and women with the cares of a busy and serious existence prematurely thrust upon them.

The early pursuits in business of the settlers were, as I have said before, agriculture, stock raising and fishing.

Whales were cast upon our shores and the inhabitants claimed these fish for their oil.

Oil, fish, and tar taken from the forest were exchanged with the trading vessels which came here for goods which they needed and could not produce.

Later they transported their fish in their own vessels to Barbadoes and other West Indian ports in exchange for molasses and spirits. They had enough to send a great deal to Boston. They built vessels from the timber from their own forests. This became another industry of Yarmouth. Their progress in agriculture did not keep pace with the fishing industry and nearly all the men went to sea at an early age.

But the farms produced good crops of Indian corn, rye, barley and some wheat. Their orchards bore apples, cherries, peaches and pears. Some of the ancient pear trees, tradition says, that were planted by Anthony Thacher and Andrew Hallett are still standing.

Their tables were abundantly supplied with game, fish, and products of the fields. Cattle soon became plenty. Goats were kept for their milk and bees for honey.

So we see that our early settlers lived as Thomas Grey describes so well in his "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard."

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
    Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
    They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

The testimony of the men and women of the Revolutionary period, many of whom were the ancestors of the elder portion of the present generation, was uniform and emphatic in the declaration that the sympathies of the people of this town were unanimously enlisted in behalf of the popular cause. Liberty-poles, those outward expressions of the popular feeling, were early erected at two places in the western parish; one, on the eminence for many years called "Liberty Hill," another in front of the West Parish meeting-house. Around these poles, the "Sons of Liberty" were wont to assemble in the evenings, for the exchange of sentiments, and to summon to their presence the few luckless men who were so imprudent as to make remarks against the popular cause, and after disciplining them for their impudence, required them to dance around the "Liberty Pole" in token of their repentance.

The sentiment in favor of separation from the mother country had constantly been gaining strength and intensity by the events of the year, which followed the affairs at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, and the towns having been requested to advise their representatives whether "if Congress should, for the safety of the colonies, declare their independence, the people will sustain us in the act" a meeting was held June 20th, a fortnight before the "Declaration of Independence," by the continental congress—in which it unanimously voted "that the inhabitants of the town of Yarmouth do declare a state of Independence of the King of Great Britain, agreeably to a late resolve of the general court if in case the wisdom of congress should see proper to do it." This bold declaration though qualified by a contingency—one which was very sure to occur—correctly mirrored the spirit of determination which pervaded the people of this town. No other community in the state, so far as has been observed, responded to the inquiry of congress with anything like the decision and distinctness of old Yarmouth and she made good her promise in the dark perilous years which followed.

At this period of our narrative it is proper to recognize the important services of a descendant of an old Yarmouth family who did much to fire the hearts of the people to resistance to tyranny and whose prompt action was of the utmost value and importance at the critical periods of the history of the struggle.

Isaac Sears, in the fourth generation in descent of Richard Sears, "the Pilgrim," and whose father emigrated to Connecticut, first distinguished himself by opposition to the "Stamp Act," in New York, in 1764. He had previously commanded a privateer. The people rose in a body and under him compelled the officers to stop from their efforts to enforce the hated law. Putting himself at the head of the infuriated crowd and exclaiming, "Hurrah! my boys, we will have the stamps," they were seized and committed to the flames. He was afterward at the head of the committee of safety being popularly styled, "King Sears" and when disaffection entered its ranks, in 1774, and the loyalists were near gaining control of it, by his prompt measures he joined a majority, and added to its membership, so that it was secured to the popular cause. His efforts were not intermitted during the years that followed.

After General Gage had left Boston and sent secretly to New York for such supplies as might be available for his army, Capt. Sears discovered his plans and put a stop to his operations. He was a born leader of men and a true and tried patriot.

In 1803 an attempt was made by several towns to procure the establishment of an Academy in the County. This town voted to appropriate $1000 for the purpose provided the General Court will allow one to be built in Yarmouth and will appropriate a half township of the public lands to its support. Col. Thacher and Capt. Hallet, were chosen a committee to petition the General Court in favor of the measure. The Academy was finally located in Sandwich.

The "Forest Society" was permitted by its committees "that now are, or hereafter may be appointed" to cut down any of the trees that the society may have set, by setting out others. And to this society we probably are indebted for the beautiful Lombardy poplars and other trees upon the streets.

During the period of the war of 1812, the marine business of the people was of course nearly suspended. In 1814, especially, Great Britain being temporarily freed from her continental troubles, was at liberty to bend her energies to the task of dealing with the United States and a large fleet was despatched to American waters, staying in the vicinity of Boston Bay sometimes taking refuge in Provincetown harbor. Notwithstanding the great risk, some of the vessels occasionally ventured out and succeeded in eluding the enemy's cruisers. Capt. Hallet, in schooner "Victory," bound to the banks fishing, was captured shortly after leaving port, taken on board the Admiral's ship and his vessel sent to Halifax as a prize, with the Victory's crew. The Admiral had a valuable prize which he wished piloted to Halifax and Capt. Hallet was requested to act in that capacity. He made the condition of compliance: the restoration of his vessel when he reached there, the liberation of his brother-in-law, Ezekiel Hall, one of his crew, and a safe conduct of his vessel until her arrival at Yarmouth. His terms were accepted and in a short time Capt. Hallet had the pleasure of restoring his brother-in-law to his family and his vessel to her owner, Capt. E. Howes.

However, I have touched on the main facts and have given a history of the colonization and inhabitants, who have helped to make Yarmouth what it is today, a prosperous, flourishing community of hardy God-fearing men and citizens trying to carry out the wishes and desires of the great and humane men, descendants of the Pilgrim fathers who dared the cold and inhospitable New England climate for "Freedom to Worship God."

THE LOG OF THE JOLLY JANE

By L. C. HALL

One day while looking through an ancient sea chest stored in the attic of an old Cape Cod cottage which I had rented for the season I came across some nautical instruments, an old chronometer, quadrant and a brass spyglass. These attracted my attention as of interest as belongings of some mariner of former years who probably had occupied the home. I knew that I had no right, as a mere tenant, to overhaul the property of someone else, but curiosity got the better of my ethics and I continued my explorations. There were a number of old papers, yellow with time, and a leather covered book something the worse for wear. This book I found to have inscribed upon its front page in a fancy scroll of red and black ink the words "Log book of the Jolly Jane, Capt. Eldoras Eldredge."

Turning the page I found upon the next one a pen and ink drawing of a ship which my slight knowledge of things nautical told me was intended for a picture of a bark of about 500 tons. It was stiffly, though painstakingly drawn, showing that considerable pains had been taken to have the details correct. As a work of art it was somewhat lacking, but it readily showed the kind of a vessel she was and the name "Jolly Jane" upon the curve of her bows showed that she was the vessel the records of which the book had been intended to keep.

I took the liberty of removing the log book from the chest and taking it down the narrow stairs to the living room below where I intended to peruse it at my leisure before returning it to its resting place. Being called away at this time several days elapsed before I again thought of the matter, then, one stormy afternoon I picked up the book and commenced to turn its leaves. It was the typical journal kept by navigators and the data for each day of the voyage (for there was only one voyage recorded) was precisely set down in a legible, though old fashioned hand writing.

Beginning at the beginning I learned that the "Jolly Jane" had been launched from a ship yard on the north side of the Cape on October 14, 1823. She had been built on the "share plan" and Capt. Eldredge was set forth as the owner of one-eighth share and numerous other persons, whose names showed them to be Cape Codders, too, were owners to the extent of 16th's, 32nds and 64th's of the ship. I pondered awhile on these facts. Captain Eldredge had evidently been a person in whom his neighbors and friends had considerable confidence. Perhaps he had made successful voyages in vessels belonging to others and had made money for the owners, giving rise to the expectation that he could also make money in a vessel owned by himself and his friends. The building of the ship was probably a local enterprise and was one in which the whole community was interested in one way or another.

In a retrospective sort of a way I imagined that I could see the ship upon her stocks. I could hear the sound of the hammers as they pounded in the pins that fastened the planking to the frame. I could see the chips and shavings lying about and could hear the voices of the men engaged in the work. Then I dreamed of the day she was launched, of the holiday occasion it made and the cheers of the villagers as she slid down the ways and floated high upon the seas. Then I thought of the days occupied in rigging her, in making the sails, in forging the anchor and finally the day when she sailed proudly away from her birth place, watched by the whole community until her white sails finally disappeared beneath the horizon.

Referring to the log book again I found that she had been sailed to Boston and there taken on a miscellaneous cargo of goods intended for trade in the West Indian islands. There was cotton cloth and calico, some articles of furniture, tools of various kinds, kettles and crockery, and some fifty casks of Medford rum. In those days the captains of such ships were also traders. They filled their ships with what their experience had shown them to be in demand at the ports to which they were going and when they arrived there they negotiated the sale of the cargo and bargained for and bought goods with which to fill the ship on her return voyage. Some wonderful tales are told of the bargains driven by these shrewd Cape Cod skippers and many a proud family now constituting the aristocracy of Boston can trace the foundation of their wealth back to the shrewdness of some of these men who took advantage of the rum loving natives of the islands of the southern seas to make enormous profits on the goods obtained in exchange.

The voyage began on November 21. The "Jolly Jane" left Tea Wharf at sunrise and dropped out into the stream where her sails were spread and she was squared away for the first day's run around Cape Cod. The wind was from the east and the voyage began under auspicious circumstances. Then followed, day after day, the records of the voyage. Those who have peeped between the covers of a log book can have an idea of the sort of technical things recorded. There was the latitude and longitude of the ship taken each noon, the direction of the wind, the state of the weather and such details as formed the routine of the day. Here and there were bits of information telling of happenings different from the regular order of things, such as the sickness of one of the crew and the efforts made to relieve him through the contents of the medicine chest; the finding of wreckage upon the water and the passing of other ships.

All these and other things were conscientiously recorded as the voyage progressed. It was the history of the voyage, written in nautical style, with facts tersely stated.

Some weeks and months passed by. The Jolly Jane made calls at numerous ports, disposing of a part of her cargo here and a part there and taking on barrels of sugar, bales of tobacco, some mahogany logs, and other tropical products. Finally the entire cargo was disposed of, and the ship filled with a rich collection of goods from the sale of which in Boston much profit was anticipated.

Then I traced the homeward voyage, through the tropical seas into the northerly clime until the day came when the records in the book ceased. On the 12th of July the last entry was made. It recorded the position of the ship as being some miles distant from Nantucket shoals. A storm was raging with the wind in the northeast. Previous entries had recorded a falling barometer and head winds of great severity.

The sudden breaking off of the entries in the log filled me with curiosity as to the outcome of the voyage and I made some inquiries among the older residents of the place. I found that the story of the Jolly Jane was well known, the tradition of her ending having been an event of the town in the early days of the last century.

When the Jolly Jane sailed she was manned with men from that and neighboring towns. Some of the crew had shares in the vessel and some were sons of the shareholders. There was scarcely a family in the village that didn't have an interest in her in one way or another. The captain had left a young wife at home and an aged father and mother. The story was told of the anxiety felt as news of the arrival of the ship failed to come, week after week. There had been a report from a ship that had spoken her at sea on the 5th of July. Then nothing more was heard for weeks. As the days passed by fears were entertained for her safety, yet hope remained that she would eventually reach port. This hope was dissipated when it was reported that a section of the stern of a ship had come ashore at Monomoy upon which was the name "Jolly Jane." Then other bits of wreckage were found and finally there was picked up on the outer beach at Orleans a sea chest in which was found the log book that I had discovered. All doubt as to the fate of the ship and crew was thus dispelled. Somewhere, either upon the shoals of Nantucket, or upon the back side of Cape Cod the ship had met her fate—how no one ever learned, for no survivor ever appeared to tell the tale.

Well can we imagine the effect of the calamity upon the people of the peaceful village. Wives bereft of husbands mourned and could not find comfort; fathers and mothers grieved for sons and numerous persons who had mortgaged their little homes to pay for a share in the ship found themselves in straightened financial circumstances.

I found that the cottage which I had rented had been the former home of a son of Captain Eldredge—a son who had never seen his father, like many another Cape Cod boy. "Lost at Sea" is the entry in many a family Bible wherein are recorded the vital statistics of Cape Cod families.

There is scarcely a village upon the Cape which has not the story of some like disaster in its history. The log book that I had found was not an exceptional record or particularly remarkable. Such logs still exist in many Cape Cod homes, although many of them do not come to such abrupt endings. Most of the logs of the ships lost at sea go down with them, and the only remarkable thing about this particular log book was that it had survived the vessel by so many years. That it had happened to be kept in a stout sea chest and that the chest had floated ashore and had been found with contents intact is the one curious incident connected with the case.

CAP'N NICKERSON

When Cap'n Noah Nickerson, who lived down Chatham way,
Blew into port aboard his smack one wet and foggy day
He laid aside his oilskin togs, pulled down his fishy vest
And 'lowed that he, at four-score-ten, deserved a well-earned rest.

He'd boxed the compass, day and night, for well nigh sixty year;
The narwhal knew his swift harpoon, the swordfish knew his spear.
In every town along the Cape the smallest fisher boy
Knew Cap'n Noah Nickerson as well as Monomoy.

The Cap'n lit his corncob pipe, picked up a rusty spade,
And, standing in the kitchen door, his backyard then surveyed:—
"It's twenty-five by fifty, an' with elbow grease, by heck!
I'll make a fine war garden an' raise turnips by th' peck.

"I'll stow some lettuce seed out thar t' starboard, 'neath th' trees,
Then steer a course no'theast by no'th with radishes an' peas.
Thar at th' stern I'll plant a mess o' sprouts an' cabbage fine,
Then down amidships I will train a buxom punkin vine."

The Cap'n's garden grew and bloomed, the neighbors all confessed
The galley of the Nickersons, by long odds, was the best.
He even built a hencoop out of broken lobster pots
And spliced the thing together with uncanny sailor knots.

Now there were junior Nickersons—the Cap'n had six sons—
And every one a navy man who'd shipped to fight the Huns:—
Abijah K. and Benjamin, Octavius and Hugh,
Sandy-haired Ezekiel and J. Bartholomew.

Then there were younger Nickersons—Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls,
Some sweet-faced Red Cross Nickersons, with blond and raven curls;
Soldier boys and eagle men and Nickersons in tanks—
In every branch were Nickersons, and all red-blooded Yanks.

Then Cap'n Noah sickened and one day took to his bed,
But just before he closed his eyes he stroked his beard and said:—
"It surely is a durned shame that I've got to up and quit,
An' all afore I've had a chance to do my little bit."

—George Willard Bonte in New York Herald.

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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Editorial

IT is feared that the presence of U-boats off the coast may have a bad effect upon the business of the Cape this summer. It will be most unfortunate if such is the fact for there is absolutely no foundation for any fears of danger that may arise from the presence of the enemy off the shores. The timid, however, do not always view things in the right way and cannot comprehend that the shores of the Cape are as free from danger as inland territory. In the first place U-boats are only a menace to other boats and are not effective against dwellers upon the shore. Besides the shores of the Cape are well guarded by the naval forces of the United States which has established an effective patrol which can be depended upon to anonunce the presence of any enemy ships that may appear and quickly bring our defenders to drive them off or destroy them. The unusually warm weather of early June and the probability of a hot summer should make the Cape a more popular resort than ever. It is an ideal spot for rest and the recuperation of jaded nerves and as such is an important vacation ground. In war times periods of rest and recreation are even more necessary than in normal times and the Cape offers opportunities that are expected to be largely availed of by people from all over the country.

VACATIONS will be just as popular this year as ever. Relaxation from the strain of war can best be found in change of environment. Would you know the indescribable pleasure of motoring over faultless roads, the perfection of bathing upon gently sloping beaches, the rare joy of sailing over the placid bays or crested ocean waters, the recreation of golfing on links fanned by salt breezes? Would you know of a healthful place for your children—where they can enjoy the delights of country and seaside life? Come to Cape Cod!

For the automobilist, for the angler, for those who love to linger on the sunny sands, for those who love to bathe in blue waters, Cape Cod cannot be excelled. For those with Cape Cod blood in their veins a visit to the land of their ancestors is inspiring. Delving into the family history of many who have achieved success and fame in far off places we find Cape Cod ancestry and traditions. Scattered all over the world, they, if brought together in a vast reunion, would make a mighty throng.

Cape Cod life is full of health-giving enjoyments. If you want relief from dyspeptic troubles, take the Cape Cod cure. Out of the perplexing influences of city life pass into the quiet of woods, of streams, of lakes, of hills and pastures.

Come to Cape Cod and be as Cape Codders are. Forget the weary struggle for a season, a month or a week. Come by train, by boat, or by automobile. If you have never been here before you will never regret having come. If you have been here before you need no urging to come again.

* * *

WOULD anyone wish peace without victory so long as the hellish deeds of the Huns remain unpunished? Can we consider our petty troubles while Belgium suffers? Can we demand less than complete victory for our expeditionary forces? No, not if we have feelings of justice, liberty and humanity in our makeups. We are pledged to see the war through to the end.

IF there is any one thing that Cape Cod needs more than another it is a "booster's club," in which every resident of the region should be a full fledged member and an active worker. Lack of encouragement has killed many an enterprise that should have been fostered for the general benefit of all. Local rivalry has sometimes stood in the way of co-operative effort and jealousy between individuals has often stifled private enterprise. We must consider the Cape as a whole—its welfare and advantage. What concerns one part of it should concern all parts and no section should secure advancement at the expense of any other.

* * *

THE war time gardens on the Cape have been planted and the crops are coming up rapidly. With the proper care that is sure to be given them and the good start that has been made all visitors on the Cape are assured a plentiful supply of "garden stuff" this season. With a plentiful supply of fresh fish from the sea and fresh fruits and vegetables from the gardens meatless and wheatless days lose their terrors.

* * *

HIGHWAYS that are hard and smooth stretch from one end of the Cape to the other and cross from side to side. They are a beaconing invitation to automobile tourists and a delight to all who travel over them. They join villages closely together and render distance null and void. The roads of the Cape are one of its principal assets and they are always put in the best of repair just before the summer tourist season begins.

If you should see a giant gas bag in the air over the Cape do not jump to the hasty conclusions that one of the Hun's Zeppelins has crossed the ocean to inflict upon us the outrages that have been perpetrated upon the British. It will be a dirigible from the Chatham Coastal Areo Station and is intended for our protection, not our destruction.

MEMORIES

By EDNA HOWES

I sit by my fireside and in its bright glow
See faces of dear ones I loved long ago.
The joyous days of my youth call to me
And beckon me back to the cot by the sea.

The low, slanting roof, weather beaten and gray,
The doorstone, that ever was damp with the spray
Of the ocean; ah, could I but flee
To that homely old cot that stood by the sea.

The roar of the surf as it breaks on the beach,
The bell-buoy's sing-song, the seabirds' wild screech,
In fancy their echoes are borne back to me
And I hear once again the sounds of the sea.

What profit a man, that he labor for gains
That cannot withstand death's pitiless claims,
Riches take wings, for a day make me free
As a lad when I played on the sands by the sea.

The firelight dies out, like one's youth,
Yet remains in the ashes of age
A spark that retains fond memories
Clear as the embers that glow
And tells of the boyhood days long ago.

* * *

RECOLLECTIONS

By DORIS ELIZABETH BENSON

Oh, winding hills and winding rivulets,
I have yet from thee to part.
Oh, spacious fields I used to roam,
Oh, needled grove of my old home,
For thee Love burns within my heart.

The peaceful waters of that quiet pond—
The sport of summers past,
O'ershadowed by tall, stately trees,
Whistling 'neath the summer breeze,
Protection 'gainst the winter's blast.

The little paths I used to make and tread
Thru woods my way to wend,
Whose every bush and bank and tree,
The home of bird and humming bee,
I knew from end to end.

Those were the joys of days gone by;
Their recollection joy today;
No space of time can ever hide
Those happy days of childhood's pride
From memory's radiant way.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

By HILDA M. WINSLOW

IT was an old house, a very old house. Captain Jesse's grand-father had built it long before the advent of the summer boarder to the Cape.

We, my three cousins and I, had often tried to peer through cracks in the shutters as we used to pass on our way to the beach the year before. We called it the "Black House," for if it had ever been painted the elements had long ago erased the slightest vestige. Built long and low and consisting mainly of ells it gave one the impression that the original owner must have added bit by bit as his family grew.

There was nothing between the house and the beach except two neglected cranberry bogs and a single row of dunes. The builder instead of putting his home in the lea of a hill had placed it on the exposed side where the wind had free access to it. It is well that the structure was only a story and a half high for otherwise it never would have weathered the gales of over a hundred and fifty years.

Captain Jesse had always said that he never would leave the old place, but three years before he had finally given in to his niece's urging and had reluctantly shut up his house and had gone to New Bedford to live with her. It was said that the old man had never been quite himself since he had gone away.

The following November, while at school, I received a letter from Cousin Frances telling me that the old captain was dead and the place had been sold at auction. "And, Oh Anne," she said, "you never could guess who bought it. Well, I shall not keep you in suspense, father did. And if the house is habitable at all we are going to stay there next summer. Of course you will be with us."

In June, uncle went down three weeks ahead of us. He cut down the brush which had grown up around the house, took off the shutters and opened the place up to be cleaned. By the time we arrived order had been somewhat established and repairing enough had been done so that aunt and we girls could camp there for the summer. It was our first glimpse of the interior. How curious we had been to see it!

There was an old brick oven and boiler in the kitchen. In the cupboard were hand-hewn wooden spoons and queer cups without any handles. We also found several old wooden implements which our next neighbor, Obediah Nickerson, told us were needles for mending fish nets.

In the living room was an open fireplace, also six closets. In fact the house was filled with closets. Every nook and cranny had been fitted with shelves or hooks.

In all there were six rooms on the first floor and three and an open chamber on the second. The front stairs were steeper and narrower than any we had ever seen before and the back stairs were steeper and narrower than the front ones. There were four doors leading outside and two of these were on either side of the kitchen. When we opened a window we had to prop it up with a stick for there were no pulley arrangements on them. The cellar was a round hole faced with red brick. It was about ten feet in diameter and was reached by opening a hatch in the dining room and descending a perpendicular ladder.

What exploring we did that first week! The house abounded in trophies of the sea, such as shells of all shapes and sizes and sharks' teeth. We unearthed a hand-carved wooden mortar and pestle and a jar of peculiar black and red beans. Obediah Nickerson told us that Captain Jesse's father had brought those beans all the way from Africa.

All went well for about a week when aunt received a telegram summoning her to Boston on important business. She would have to be away two nights. It was decided that Sally Nickerson, who was Obediah's daughter and of rather uncertain age and mental depth, should come over to keep us company at night. As I was older than my cousins I was made housekeeper.

Late in the afternoon of our first day alone we sat on the beach looking out across the bay at the setting sun. "Do you know," said Frances, "I heard Sally Nickerson and her mother talking today and they say that our house is haunted."

"Nonsense," said Mary, the oldest of the three sisters, "you know that isn't true."

"Of course I know it isn't true," said Frances, "but I was just telling you what I had heard. They say that old Jesse never wanted to leave here and now that he is dead, his spirit has come to stay in his old home."

"Let us go home," said I, "It is getting late and no one has gone for the milk yet."

As we walked up the hill from the beach Mary said to me, "Wasn't that a queer story the Nickerson's told about Captain Jesse?"

"Yes, wasn't it."

"But I don't believe it, do you?"

"Of course not."

At supper, Grace, aged thirteen and somewhat of a boy, was the only one who was cheerful. Although we did not care to admit it we three older girls were just a little uneasy. We were glad to see Sally coming across the meadow at half past seven.

We decided to go to bed right away. "Where are we gonna sleep," demanded Sally. "I ain't gonna stay in a room by myself."

"Let us all sleep in the big front bedroom downstairs, just for the fun of it," I said, laughing a little too cheerfully. There were two large beds there already and we carried a cot in for Sally. I was to sleep with Frances and Grace and Mary were to be together. We decided to leave a lamp burning in our room and feeling that safety was in numbers we dropped off to sleep.

I do not know how long I had slept when I awoke. The wind must have blown out the light and it was very dark. Someone was snoring, not loudly but low and steadily. It wasn't Frances who was in bed with me. My, but it was dark! How I did wish whoever was snoring would stop it. I sat up in bed.

"What is the matter, Anne?" came Mary's voice from the other bed. "Who is snoring?"

"I don't know," I said. "It must be Sally."

"'Taint me," said Sally from the cot, "I been wonderin' for the last five minutes who 'twas."

By this time Frances was awake. Somehow I got up and lighted that lamp. The snoring continued. Grace was still sleeping peacefully but quietly. A search revealed nothing out of the ordinary in the room.

"It's old Jesse, I jest know 'tis," said Sally in blood-freezing tones and she covered her head with the bed clothing.

"Let us go out into the living room," said Mary. I shook Grace and told her to get up. After some persuasion on my part she rose sleepily taking the bed clothing with her. Establishing herself on the couch in the living room she was soon asleep knowing little and caring less about what was upsetting us.

After an eternity of waiting the morning dawned and with it we regained some of our composure. Sally went home declaring that there wasn't money enough in the county to pay her to stay another night in that house.

By the afternoon we had recovered from our fright enough to go into the front bedroom to remove the cot. We intended to sleep in the living room that night. As we were lifting the cot Frances stopped.

"There it is again," she said. Sure enough as Mary and I listened we heard the snoring going on in broad daylight. The sound seemed to be coming from under the floor over near the east window. The boards were old and there was a seam there.

Grace was outside with a neighborhood boy trimming a locust pole preparatory to going fishing. I called her and asked her to go for Obediah Nickerson to see if he could make out any reason for the noise.

"Do you mean that snoring you heard last night?" asked Grace. "I'm going to hear it first. Come on in Johnny." They walked into the bedroom and we followed.

"Do you hear that?" I asked.

"Yup," said Johnny, "sounds like they was a tramp under there."

"But there isn't room enough for a man," said Frances. "There isn't any cellar under here and the house is close to the ground."

"I'll get Obediah Nickerson," said Johnny, "and you fellas keep still so's you won't wake whoever 'tis up. He's over there in the cornfield shootin' crows."

In about five minutes Johnny returned with Obediah, who was carrying his shot gun over his shoulder. "Wall, naow, girls, le'see this spook o' yourn." We escorted him into the room and he listened. "Wall thar dew seem to be something thar," he said. He stood his gun against the wall, stroked his whiskers and thought a moment. Suddenly he burst into loud laughter. "Yeser, yeser, I'll bet 'tis."

"Is what?" I said.

"You wait awhile and we'll find out," answered Obediah. "Hey, Johnny, you go outside and see if there is a hole in the foundation under the winder." Johnny went out and reported that there was a hole there.

"The sound has stopped," observed Grace.

"Yes," said Obediah. "Who wouldn't wake up with all the noise we're making. Got any hot water?" We had. "All right, let's have a kettle full. Come in out o'thar Johnny and let's take the screen out o' this winder."

By this time Mary had arrived with a teakettle full of hot water. "Now," said Obediah, as he picked up his gun, cocked it and seemed to be taking aim at a bush outside the window, "you pour plenty hot water up and down that crack and we might possibly have some fun. The rest o' you c'n look out the winder if you stand back far enough."

Mary began to apply the water liberally up and down the seam. I stood with my eyes glued to the bush outside the window. Sundenly out from under the house shot a small black and white animal.

Bang!

Frances screamed, Mary dropped the teakettle and fled. I was sure I was dead. "Yep, I got him," came Obediah's voice as from a long distance. It was then that I realized that the gun had exploded and that was the cause of the uproar.

"I've been told," said Obediah, "that skunks snored just like men but this is the first time I ever got clost enough to one in his slumbers to hear him. I reck'n that spook won't bother you none tonight, girls, for I'll take him and burry him and I'll see that Sally comes over to stay with you tonight, s'long."

We did not sleep in the front bedroom that night, not because we were afraid of a ghost but because we preferred to be on the other side of the house where the air was clearer.

Boston produce dealers are complaining that the Cape is not sending to market nearly as much poultry as it used to and they urge the keeping of hens for profit, pointing out that the demand greatly exceeds the supply and that at the high prices prevailing a substantial profit is assured. There is plenty of land suitable for the raising of poultry upon the Cape, yet a hen census of the locality would disclose the fact that fewer and fewer are raised every year. The high cost of grain is largely responsible for this. As grain went up the flocks were disposed of and fewer little chicks hatched. From being a heavy shipper of eggs and poultry the Cape can now scarcely produce enough to supply its own needs. Poultry raising is a remunerative business when carried on in the proper way. Families have found profit in a few hens in the past and should do so again.

CRAIGVILLE

By JOSHUA F. CROWELL

Here, every morning roseates its day;
In whisperings aloft the pines, I hear
Some legendry of beauty on its way
To re-create its far off visions, near;
Sequestered home, benignly fair,
Enduring while the soul of man has need
Of silent stars, or ocean's flare;
Of lillied lake, or vernal mead.
Here, time her wondrous tale would tell
In charms of color, 'gainst the sunset sky;
In flowered rune of bank or dell,
While symphonies soft magic ply,
Faint euphonies of fluttering leaves,
The sea's deep murmuring, interweaves.

A SAILOR'S CHEST

By LUCY E. TREAT

AS the Romans of old venerated their Lares and Penates, the guardians of their family hearth, so the spirit of the past in old New England broods over many a household and lingers in the cherished heirlooms, which form a link between the activities of a subsequent generation. Among such a choice collection in the possession of a family of sea-faring ancestors are two chests whose fascination increases as time passes and with its passing we lose our hale and hearty seamen of yore.

One of these chests, a thing of beautiful workmanship, stands in state in the "spare room." The other rests in a dim corner under the west attic window, a painted, scarred old affair, with a light layer of dust sifted over its dark green top. Each is a reminder of sea-faring days; each is full of tender memories and loving associations.

In the days before the "hope chest" had become the fashion, the grand-father of the present owner of these chests, returning from a long voyage, brought home to his young bride an offering of love, which represented the work of many odd moments aboard ship. No bride of today was ever the proud possessor of a more handsome chest. Dark teak wood, highly polished, gave a shining exterior and the cover was inlaid with an artistic design in ivory. Strips of soft satin wood finished the edges and at its side hung two heavy brass handles. As the tray of the chest is lifted out a few withered rose leaves fall from a package, wrapped in muslin, yellowed by time. We shake out the soft, shining folds of grand-mother's wedding gown, made from silk, bought by her father in a foreign port. Beneath layers of tissue paper, delicately scented with lavender are pieces of her handwork, linens from the old loom, beautiful counterpanes and dainty embroideries. The spirit of romance is here and we love to linger over the treasures of this remarkable chest but up in the attic, awaiting us, is the battered old chest, which has accompanied grandfather so many times to distant lands. No inlaid ivory is here, no brass handles but a strong box of camphor wood, with lecket handles of Manila rope, blackened by time and ornamented with two Turks' heads. No gentle fragrance arises but the strong odor of the camphor wood greets our nostrils and the musty smell peculiar to things of the sea, for a long time shut away from the air. Here, just as they were left after grandfather's last voyage is his outfit of sea-faring days. As the chest is thrown open a vividly painted picture on the interior of the lid is presented to our eyes. Sailing over a sea of foaming billows is an old-fashioned ship, which unlike the "Flying Dutchman" has many years ago made its last snug port, in the old chest. On the cover of the till is inlaid a mariner's compass, the carving of which whiled away many tedious hours at sea.

In the till itself are treasures gathered here and there in foreign ports and on the beaches of the spice islands. Shells of queer shape, pieces of pink coral, a few Chinese coins, a whale's large tooth and many other trinkets of ivory or sandal-work make up this collection. In one corner lies a package of letters, yellow with time, written in delicate, fine old script, fascinating reading for rainy days. In the body of the chest is a pair of seamen's heavy boots, which have paced many a storm-swept deck. Close beside them is a sailor's well-worn reefer jacket, which has stood the captain well in many a stormy night's vigil on deck.

Beneath these articles of clothing are the instruments of seamanship, familiar to the old mariner, through all his sea-life, from the time, when as a mere lad he used the marlinspike and serving mallet, until he laid them aside for the quadrant and Gunter's scales. From its wooden triangular box we lift out a large old-fashioned quadrant, with which the captain had oft taken a peek at the noon-day sun in many latitudes both north and south of the equator. Close beside it are several time-worn navigator's books, "Bowditch's Navigator" and a Nautical Almanac. A stout canvass bag holds his ship's tools. Deep in one corner is a small square box sometimes called the "ditty box" which, when opened discloses a large piece of bees' wax, some linen thread and a leather hand piece, well worn and needle scratched, for every good sailor in grandfather's day could ply the needle, whether it be on a canvass sail or the heel of his own stocking.

This brings us to the bottom of the old chest and as we tenderly restore each article to its place and close the lid a vision of grandfather, still vigorous at three score years and ten, with ruddy, bronzed cheeks, twinkling blue eyes and snowy hair, arises before us and we say with Tennyson, as we push the old chest back under the eaves:

"The tender grace of a day that is dead."

THE SAND DUNES OF PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD

By J. S. RYDER

ON our way to that jumping off place, Provincetown, Cape Cod, we first sight a long line of coast. On nearer view a range of low hills (these extend from High Head to Race Point) or hillocks that glisten in the sunlight like frosted glass. These are the famous sand dunes of Cape Cod. In, and at no other place along the Massachusetts coast can their like be found.

As we round what is called Long Point, we enter the magnificent and land locked harbor of Provincetown. From this point of view but few of the sand dunes can be seen. Only a long row of hills covered with verdure and stately elms that range the whole length of the town like sentinels.

If we are to sojourn for a day or two here, let us go up one of the rural streets that cross Commercial and Bradford streets, and get a still nearer view of the sand dunes. We go further up the road and turn aside, then plod up a path made sandy by countless feet. Pushing aside a clump of high bushes, lo and behold, we are standing on the verge of a gigantic bowl of glistening sand. By good luck and chance, nothing has polluted that even surface since the wind has swept it clean and smooth. No foot has trod its surface, and as we gingerly step down, sinking to our ankles, we feel it almost a sacrilege to mar its beautiful aspect. We descend further down and are surrounded by sand, sand, and sand.

Were we to be dropped suddenly down there with our eyes blindfolded, we could not conceive that there was a populous town a few rods from us, with all the comforts of civilization.

All is stillness and nought is heard but the faint roar and booming of the surf on the coast but little ways from our locality.

It's pleasant to lie on the cool, soft, yielding sand on the side of one of these hillocks whose side lies towards the sea, and watch the fisher boats as they round the Point one by one, like great white-winged birds.

But another aspect presents itself. How is it when the cold winds of winter sweep over the sand dunes surface?

Perchance these great mounds of sand can tell many secrets. Many a ship-wrecked mariner may have wandered (during the years that have gone, from his ship, whose grave was the Peaked Hill bars) half frozen, and aimlessly, blinded by the merciless snow, cut by the coarse sand, bewildered by the intricate turning of the hills, at last sinks down into a sandy grave and are quickly buried.

Even the Life Saving crew of later days dread the journey across the dunes in the dead of winter to their homes in town. For instance: One of the oldest of the crew who had journeyed to and from town for many years lost his bearings during a fearful blizzard of snow and sand, and it was with difficulty that he at last reached the haven, but died from exhaustion a week after.

These sand dunes take many curious shapes. Some are conical, showing sand all around, and only a verge of vegetation on its apex. Two can be seen close together with only a narrow line of soil between, and cut on both sides as if with a knife. Down in the hollows, large roots of trees are laid bare, showing that mounds once reared their heads over these hollows, so shifting is this wonderful sand.

Nevertheless there has been and now is a successful attempt to reclaim this ever shifting sand, and many shrubs and dwarf trees have been brought from afar that can thrive in it. Visitors to these dunes can see here and there transplanted specimens of beech grass, bayberry, American heather, Scotch brooms, poplars, willows, maples, pines, oaks, and barberry.

Without doubt the sand dunes of Cape Cod will ever remain a source of interest and wonderment to the tourist and artist.

HYANNISPORT HARBOR BY NIGHT

By ESTELLE DUNN

ONLY half of the orange moon's shining face could be seen as it rose above the water. The man in the moon seemed to be laughing at me, as both his eyes peeped over the horizon to announce the beginning of his nightly trip across the sky. As it grew slowly larger and larger, it looked like an enormous ball of fire, flaming the sky with its beautiful colors. There was no other light except the regular flash from the lighthouse five miles out at sea.

The tall, stately pines around me swayed gently in the night breeze and mingled their spicy odor with the salt air.

A long, black streak stretched across the opening of the horse shoe shaped harbor and going past it was a small white speck. It was a sail boat going out beyond the break-water. Then came the loud chunk-chunk of a motor-boat starting out from the pier. As it went farther away the sound grew fainter and fainter until at last it rounded Egg Island and could be heard no more.

From the pier came the sound of voices and laughter of the young people as another sailing party started out. The rings squeak-

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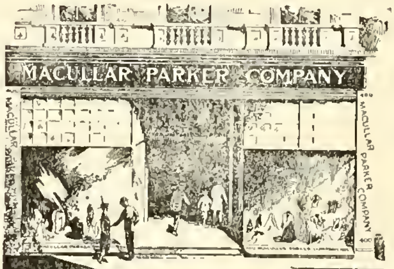

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ed on the mast as the sail was hoisted and then the captain's voice was heard. Soon from the boat came the punk-a-punk of a mandolin which started all the party singing many familiar airs. When they stopped I imagined that they had persuaded the old captain to tell them some of his old yarns.

Can anyone wonder why we all love to go to good old Hyannisport harbor so much?

ON THE CAPE

By EVA MARCH TOPPAN

We drove the Indians out of the land,
But a dire revenge the Red Men planned;
For they fastened a name to every nook,
And every boy with a spelling book
Will have to toil 'til his hair turns gray
Before he can spell them the proper way.

The islands in Buzzards Bay are these:
Cuttyhunk, Pennikese,
Nashawena, Pasquenese,
Great Naushon, Nononsesset,
Uncatena and Weepecket,

But do not of your memory boast;
Take another look along the coast:
Chappaquiddick, Katama,
Sippewisset, Nobscosset, Ashaumet,
Waquoit, Monomy, Siasconset,
Quemquamaquisett and Monohansett.

Menanhaut, Cotuit, and Gansett,
Tuckernuck, Sippican and Cohasset,
Muskeget, Nantucket, Teaticket, Pocasset,
Titicut, Sankaty, Cotechesett,
Squibnocket, Satucket, and Mattakesett,
Succanesset, Nemasket and Nauset.

Would you walk upon sands with such lingo strewed?
Then take a seat in the "Flying Dude."

The Coastal Areo Station at Chatham is not a training camp as many have supposed but is an important part of the coast defense. People who reside in that section of the Cape have become accustomed to seeing the naval hydroplanes outlined against the sky and to hearing the hum of their propellers.

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Observation By the Way

Brewster boys travelled all over the world some fifty years ago. Mr. Benjamin F. Fessenden "celebrated" his 14th birthday in a gale of wind off the Cape of Good Hope. He was bound for Australia in the ship "Templar," Captain Lane. Mr. Fessenden made many voyages after that and had strange adventures in foreign parts. Some day we shall get "Ben" to tell us about them. He was a second mate at 17, and in this responsible office he was held to account for good order in the fo'c'sle. This he achieved after licking every man in the crew. It was no job for a mollycoddle! One finds it hard to realize that one of our leading citizens, a man devoted to the peaceful pursuits of life, had been through this strenuous experience, but such was life on the ocean wave in the brave days of old.

Chairman Hays of the Republican National Committee sees the hand of Providence in America's participation in the war. He feels that we are no accident but that our great nation has been created with a definite purpose in view. Our land was settled by those inspired by the spirit of religious and civil liberty. It recognizes the equality of men and their right to rule themselves. It fought a great war that justice might be done to a down-trodden race. It became the refuge for the weak and oppressed of all races and now is called upon to bring to the world and establish firmly in Europe those principles which are so firmly embedded upon American soil.

Isaac Rich, born in Wellfleet in 1801, began to lay the foundation of his large fortune by selling fish from a wheelbarrow, going from

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house to house among the poorer class of people in Boston. He was then probably sixteen years of age. By his will nearly the whole of his estate was given in trust for the endowment of Boston University.

One of the greatest jurists of any age was Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, who was born in West Barnstable in 1781. He was seven years in the House of Representatives and four in the senate. In 1830 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of the state and held this position for 30 years. His reported decisions are quoted as authority in every state of the Union as well as in the courts of Great Britain. The house in which he was born is still standing and is marked by a suitable tablet.

This is a good time to recall the spirit of Ebenezer Weekes of Harwich, who, when the news of the battle of Lexington reached him, called his son and said: "Eben, you are the only one that can be spared; take your gun and go; fight for religion and liberty!" And, as became the son of such a sire, young Eben lost no time in joining the patriot ranks. He was present at the battle of Bunker Hill and we may be sure that his trusty gun took toll of the enemy on that memorable day.

Service flags with two or more stars are quite frequently seen in the windows of homes upon the Cape. The Cape was the first district in New England to exhaust its supply of men in Class 1, due to the fact that so many young men of draft age had previously enlisted in the navy.

Orleans has reason to feel proud of two of its sons, Capt. Carroll Higgins and Lieut. Gerard Crosby, whose promotions were lately announced.

Capt. Nehemiah Mayo Dyer, who was born in Provincetown, took part with Dewey in the Battle of Manila Bay and was given the

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rank of rear admiral in 1901. He died in 1910.

In spite of the war conditions which have elsewhere retarded the erection of new buildings, a large number of cottages are in process of construction upon the Cape. This is particularly true in Chatham and in Harwichport.

Carl C. Craig, who has been postmaster at Falmouth Heights for a number of years, has entered the aviation section of the army and been commissioned as a second lieutenant.

Capt. Myles Standish had a parcel of land, about 40 or 50 acres, in the town of Yarmouth, granted to him for his trouble in settling the land titles in that town.

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The Cape Cod Magazine

Entered as second-class mail matter at the post office at Wareham, Mass.

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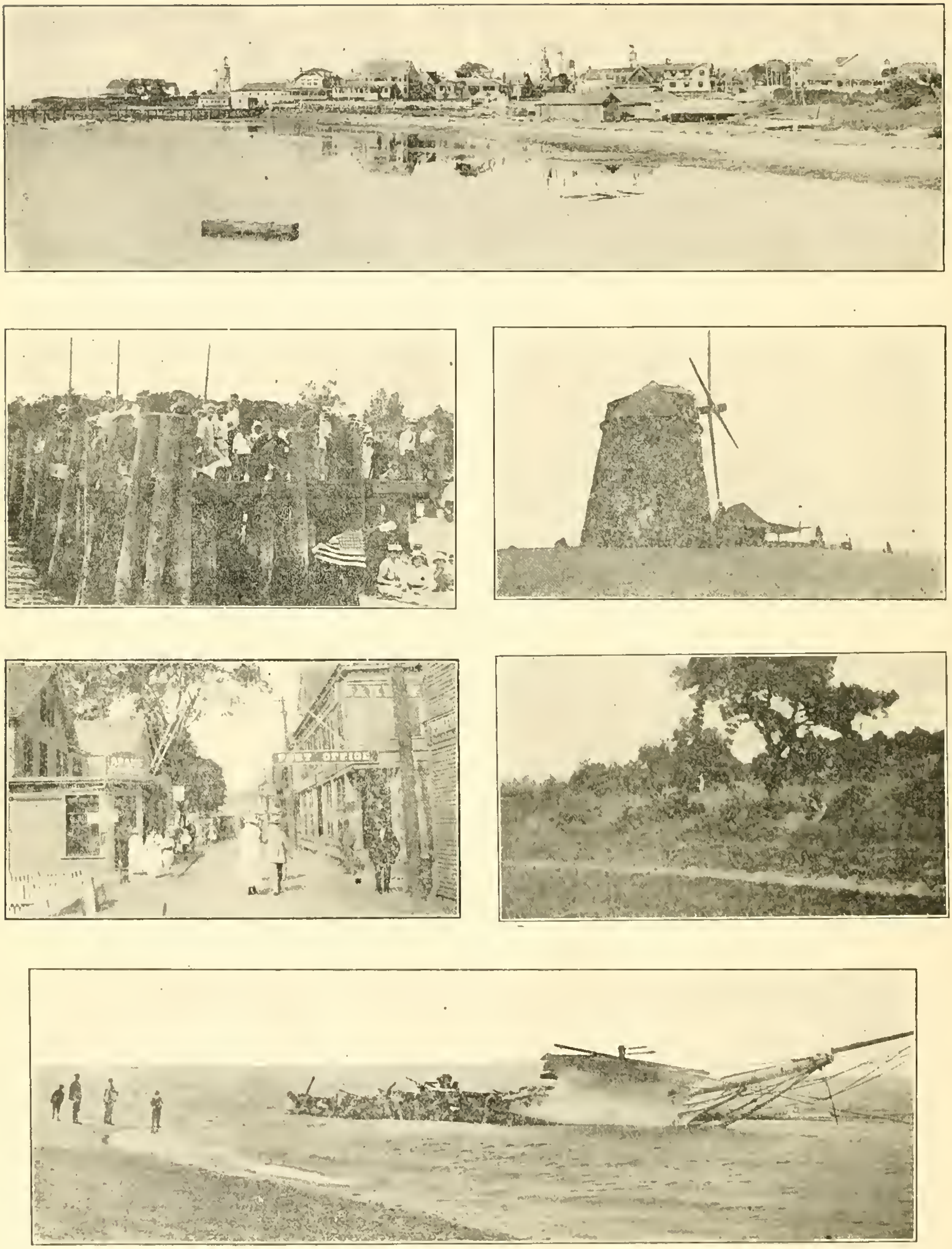

Some Scenes Along the Cape

Cape Cod Magazine

Vol. IV JULY, 1918 No. 3

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SOME WAR-TIME OBSERVATIONS

By THE EDITOR

ONE evening of a bright June day I stood on a hill overlooking the sea near the elbow of Cape Cod, watching the gulls as they dipped and circled above the waves. My attention was attracted by the sound of a faint but peculiar humming way off in the distance. Turning my eyes in the direction of the sound I dimly perceived two objects in the distant sky, which appeared scarcely larger than the gulls nearer at hand. In fact at first it seemed as if they must be sea gulls, but reason quickly asserted itself with the thought that at such a distance gulls would be invisible. And then, too, there was that peculiar hum coming from the same direction.

In a remarkably short space of time the objects became more distinct. Their advancement was rapid. Then suddenly, the noise ceased and they commenced to glide downward. Like monster hawks with stationary wings they came on a slanting course toward the surface of the water back of the line of surf that marked the presence of sand bars a half mile off shore to the east. Still gliding they came lower and lower until it could be clearly seen that they were two of Uncle Sam's watchful hydro-planes returning from their patrol up and down the coast in search of Hun sea tigers.

They seemed to float along without effort. As they neared the shore they banked one wing slightly and circled, then glided onward and finally landed so smoothly upon the surface of the water that there was no perceptible splash. In the water their momentum carried them forward several hundred yards up to the landing stage from which they had launched themselves in the morning.

The sight of these sky-patrol boats aroused thoughts of the care which is being taken to guard our coasts and the ships upon the sea. Not only is there a complete patrol of fast submarine chasers off our bays and harbors, but an air patrol has also been established which still further safeguards us from prowling enemies.

The naval hydro-planes are particularly efficient watchers because of their great speed and their ability to cover large areas of the sea in short spaces of time. Flying high above the water, objects below can be seen with great clearness and the vision of the pilot and observer is even able to penetrate the water to considerable depth. Up and down the coast these hydro-planes fly daily. Should an enemy U-boat come to the surface anywhere within the range of vision of the watchers their presence would be quickly noted and fast destroyers would soon be on their way to the locality where they were reported.

All this brings to our minds thoughts of the great struggle which has been going on for so long a time to decide whether civilization shall rule the world or whether ambition and strength shall be the full controlling factor. While we cannot hear the guns roaring upon the Western frontier of the Hun country, and cannot hear the groans of the dying, nor see the white faces of the dead as they lay upturned to the sky in No Man's Land, still we can everywhere see evidences of the fact that the world is not as it used to be and that vast changes are being wrought in our manner of thinking and acting.

It seems a long time since those peaceful days prior to August, 1914, when peace reigned supreme the world over and the brotherhood of man was coming to be so universally recognized. Prior to that time war did not enter into our thoughts. We thought that the world had become too greatly civilized to ever see another war of large proportions. We dreamed of the day when universal peace would become an international understanding, when courts of justice would decide disputes between nations and when men and women would be assured of full protection and liberty.

Rudely has our dream been shattered. At first we could scarcely credit the fact that there was war, but we were later shocked to find that suddenly there had risen a power so great and so ruthless that it could and did trample smaller nations beneath its iron heel and regarded sacred treaties as mere scraps of paper of no binding force upon those powerful enough to disregard the law. It were as though there had suddenly emerged from obscurity an ogre of terrible aspect and cruel habit which raided the haunts of men and devoured and destroyed at its own pleasure. Individual safety no longer existed and the sacredness of human life seemed as naught.

From afar we viewed these things. The newspapers told the story. They told of the destruction wrought in Belgium, of priceless buildings crumbled to ruins, of art treasures destroyed, of cruelty and oppression wrought upon innocent peoples. But still it all seemed remote—something to be read about and discussed. Our humanity prompted us to give relief to the suffering people as best we could. Our sympathies were with the downtrodden and helpless, but we were neutral as a nation. Our factories turned out shiploads of supplies for the Allies. We supplied them with arms, ammunition and food as we had a right to do and our country enjoyed great prosperity as a result of our increased trade. We suffered the loss of certain things that had heretofore come to us from the countries now at war. Our adventurous young men journeyed over the water and gave their services where they were needed, but as a nation we were unstirred.

The first rude shock was when the great steamship Lusitania was torpedoed without warning and some hundreds of American men, women and children met death. Just indignation flamed up at the act, but we did little more than engage in a discussion of whether the ship could be considered as an armed vessel, some even arguing that inasmuch as the passengers were warned of the danger by advertisements inserted in New York papers by the Germans, those who embarked did so at their own risk. Most Americans did not consider it an act of war against us and public sentiment approved the patient action of the President when he brought the matter to the attention of Germany through the usual diplomatic channels. As time went by more such ruthless acts were committed, more Americans lost their lives and more American property was destroyed. Protests brought only evasive answers and pledges were broken repeatedly.

Still we did not consider it our fight and when election time came around in the fall of 1916 we reelected President Wilson because he had kept the country out of war. In the spring of 1917 the arch enemy of freedom became emboldened to throw off the mask and to claim the right to do as she would upon the seas, regardless of international law. The German frontier was claimed to be the mid-Atlantic and we were given orders as to how our ships should proceed upon the open seas. Germany usurped the right of control over the seas and to dictate to us what our ships should do. Then it came home to us that we were being trodden upon, that we were being humiliated and that German domination of the world was imminent. We learned that as neutrals we were despised and that as an enemy we had been flouted. Such a state of affairs was intolerable and not to be endured.

America decided that the fight was her fight. It had been her fight from the beginning but she failed to recognize the fact. It was as much her fight as that of 1776 and of 1865—a fight for freedom for which America has ever been the chief champion.

When this became clear we began to strip for action. We were badly prepared, having let pass unheeded the warning of three years. We declared our readiness to fight, but soon began to perceive that we were not ready to fight and that it would take a year at least to become an effective factor in the struggle.

The mere declaration of our intentions, however, had a heartening effect upon the Allies and they were encouraged to hold out until we could come to their rescue.

During the past year England and France have been "holding out" while we have been preparing. That our preparations were swift and sure is greatly to our credit. We now have nearly a million of men in France. This is an achievement that has astounded the world.

Over there our boys are fighting. The power of America is no longer sneered at. We are comrades in arms with the English, the French and the Italians. Our full force has been thrown into the struggle. From Cape Cod to California the word has gone forth that the struggle thus begun shall not end until the ambition of Kaiser and Junker, of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, is foiled and the world brought back again to its normal condition of peace. Our coats are off—we are in at last and we won't be out of it until the principles of democracy and liberty are enthroned high above the powers of militarism and greed for conquest.

These thoughts were flitting through my mind as the winged engines of warfare settled gracefully at rest upon the waters of the land-locked bay. Here was the fourth arm of the service, ready for action.

It was a visible proof of our earnestness and our determination. Cape Cod, the strong right arm of the old Bay State, guarding the troubled seas as she has done ever before when danger threatened. The doubled fist, extending out into the Atlantic stands guard. Once described by Thoreau as being in an attitude of boxing with the elements of the sea, Cape Cod stands on the defensive while she sends hundreds of her sons to take the defensive on land and sea.

The thought is inspiring. It is great to be a Cape Codder—but it is greater to be an American.

The train service accorded the Cape by the railroad administration is ample for the travel and is better than was expected.

THE LAND OF MY DREAMING

By ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

I'm going back to the land of my dreaming,
Back to Old Cape Cod's fair shore,
Back to the land of the slumbering pine,
I am longing for thee evermore,
That is the place where I first saw the light,
And that's where my heart longs to be,
Wherever I roam my thoughts turn back home,
Down by the blue restless sea.

That is the spot where all nature combines,
To make it a sweet dreaming land,
That's where my mother is waiting for me,
Down near the golden strand,
The sky up above of a pure azure blue,
Kiss her tresses of silver and gold,
Her heart's beating true, and her love's ever new,
It's the sweetest that ever was told.

I'm going back to the land that is dearer,
Than all in this world combined,
To a cot in the shade of the willows and pines,
Where sweet perfumed flowers entwine,
Where the bright morning sun sheds its lustre of gold,
And the zephyrs float in from the sea,
I know there's a heart that will welcome me back,
Dear land, I am dreaming of thee.

"COTUIT"

By LILA B. CHILDS

COTUIT, a small village located in the south-western part of the town of Barnstable was originally owned by Josiah Sampson, Alvin Crocker and Alexander Crocker. This was in 1802 when the greater part of our land was covered with dense forests, there being only five houses.

The name Cotuit came from the Indian name Coatuite, meaning long fields, the ite, meaning place. The long fields are supposed to be the ones from Lewis pond to the golf links. These were used by the Indians for planting.

In 1812 new settlers arrived, whose occupations, in order of their importance were ship-building, salt-making and fishing.

Among the prominent ship-builders was Job Handy, through whose efforts eleven ships hailed from Cotuit Harbor, besides a daily packet carrying wood to and from the famous whaling city, now known as New Bedford.

The second occupation, that of salt making, was carried on on the estate now owned by Col. Chas. R. Codman. There is still a well remaining, showing where the salt water was pumped into the large tanks. This work was carried on by Samuel Dottridge.

The third occupation was that of fishing. A boat called a pinkey, went from here to the Grand Banks, cod fishing. The cod fish which were brought back, were cured, on what is now Mr. Horace Sears' estate.

Cotuit Bay used to be a harbor for vessels. About thirty years ago, twenty-five two- and three-masted vessels stayed in there for the winter.

We next take up prominent events in order of their importance and occurrence:

In 1820 Mosswood Cemetery was set apart for the use of the public. Mrs. Bethuel Handy's body was the first to be placed there. As an epitaph for her, Mrs. Elisha Howes composed some verses, the first stanza of which was:

"My bosom friend, come here and see,
Where lays the last remains of me,
When I the debt of nature paid,
A burying ground for me was made."

Since her burial the graves have increased to a large number.

A meeting-house was erected in 1842, the master-builder being James Childs. Ten years later the Santuit House was built, first for the accommodation of transients, but later it came to be for summer boarders. Since that time, two school buildings, the Public Library, Freedom Hall, the Methodist and Scientist churches, Hotel Pines and many beautiful residences have been erected.

The first school was held in what is now the reading room of our Public Library. Later on it was held in what is now called the "Green House," at Highground.

The first library was situated just back of this hall. The building is now found at the back of Mr. Charles Gifford's house, the outside looking the same as in earlier times.

At first a railroad only came as far as Sandwich, then the mail was brought in a stage from there to Santuit.

When the Civil War broke out a goodly number of men enlisted. The women also helped. They met together and made bandages and cloths for the men who were fighting.

The scenery of Cotuit is very beautiful. It has a fine view of Cotuit Harbor and Vineyard Sound. This did not remain long unnoticed by the city people, for the very fact of its being a secluded village, added to its fine water views and excellent facilities for bathing and boating, allured the people. Thus Cotuit has gradually grown into a summer resort.

Its first city resident was the late Samuel Hooper, who bought the Crocker estate, now owned by Prof. Ropes. The second person to come, became one of our most esteemed citizens, the late G. G. Lowell. Col. Chas. Codman built here the same summer. Within a short period of time other summer residences were erected by the late A. T. Perkins, Mr. John T. Coolidge and Mr. James Morse.

This gave new occupation to the people, agriculture and horticulture, which are more widely carried on as the population increases.

"Ye children of the mountain, sing of your craggy peaks,
Your valleys, forest laden, your cliffs where echo speaks;
And ye, who by the prairies your childhood's joys have seen,
Sing of your waving grasses, your velvet miles of green:
But when my memory wanders down to the dear old home
I hear, amid my dreaming, the seething of the foam,
The wet wind through the pine trees, the sobbing crash and roar,
The mighty surge and thunder of the surf along the shore.

I see upon the sand-dunes the beach-grass sway and swing,
I see the whirling sea-birds sweep by on graceful wing,
I see the silver breakers leap high on shoal and bar,
And hear the bell-buoy tolling his lonely note afar.
The green salt-meadows fling me their salty, sweet perfume,
I hear, through miles of dimness the watchful fog-horn boom;
Once more, beneath the blackness of night's great roof-tree high,
The wild geese chant their marches athwart the arching sky.

"The dear old Cape! I love it! I love its hills of sand,
The sea-wind singing o'er it, the seaweed on its strand;
The bright blue ocean, 'round it, the clear blue sky o'er head;
The fishing boats, the dripping nets, the white sails filled and spread;
For each has its picture, and each its own home song,
The sights and sounds which move it when youth's fair memories throng;
And when, down dreamland pathway, a girl, I stroll once more,
I hear the mighty music of the surf along the shore." (Lincoln).

The frost of the night of June 20th did a great amount of damage to the war gardens on the Cape as well as to the cranberry crop, but in spite of this Hon. Thomas C. Thacher, chairman of the Barnstable County Farm Bureau, states that the production on the Cape will be three times what it was two years ago.

GEO. W. COLEMAN

By L. C. HALL

CAPE COD has harbored many distinguished men, but there are none of them more honored and beloved than George W. Coleman of Boston, who makes his summer home at Sagamore Beach.

Mr. Coleman is by profession an advertising man and as such is known from Maine to California. He is a leading member of the Pilgrim Publicity Society and has been president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

But it is not in this field that he is best known. Early in life he became connected with the Christian Endeavor Society and there began to study sociological work and he has become one of the best known social workers in the country.

As trustee for a fund left by the late Henry Sharp Ford for educational purposes he built Ford Hall in Boston and became the leader of the Ford Hall meetings and of the Forums of the United States. Little need be said of his work in this line as the history of Ford hall is so well known. There every Sunday night during the winter is held a series of public forums which are attended by rich and poor, educated people and seekers after education, all meeting in a democratic manner and listening to the leading speakers that the world can furnish. These meetings are nonsectarian and are attended to a great extent by the foreign element that is seeking to learn the truths of true democracy.

From the Ford Hall movement grew the larger open Forums which have spread all over the United States. In this connection Mr. Coleman became one of the best known men in Boston and was trusted by all classes of people. His first entry into political life was when he was induced to become a delegate at large in the National Convention of the Progressive party. He was elected by a large majority. When the Boston city charter was altered he was placed in nomination as a candidate for the City Council and was elected by the votes of those with whom he had come in contact through his sociological work. He was trusted by the foreign element as few men in public life have been trusted. He was made president of the Council and served in that capacity through many of its stormy sessions. As the most prominent layman in the Baptist church he was made president of the Northern Baptist Conference and last spring he was sent to Europe as chairman of a committee of that denomination to ascertain what was most needed by our soldiers abroad. Armed with credentials which were calculated to cut red tape and get him into the heart of things, he landed in England where he was at once officially received as the representative of eight millions of Americans and allowed to see all of the secrets of the English army and navy. He was in London during one of the air raids and relates interesting experiences concerning them. Passing over to France he was given the opportunity to visit the English and French battle fronts and viewed all of the great battle fields. Later he visited the American Front and carried messages of good cheer from friends at home to the members of our Rainbow division. He served for a time in the American trenches as a Y. M. C. A. worker and lived the life of a soldier in order that he might become familiar with their needs. In Paris he was under bombardment by the long-range German gun.

One of his experiences was a trip in an airplane piloted by one of England's famous aces and while upon this flight was treated to the famous "wing spin" learned from the Germans.

Dr. Coleman has returned to America and is telling the American people what he saw and recently has been called upon by the government to give one-half of his time to war work in Washington.

Mr. Coleman helped to establish the colony at Sagamore Beach and has managed the Sociological conferences which have become so famous. He was the first president of the Cape Cod Board of Trade and during the year in which he occupied that position he became well known to all the people of the Cape.

We can surely call him "Our George W. Coleman," too. From his sunny disposition we also know him as "Sunshine George" and his acquaintance and friendship is a valued asset of all who have come in contact with him.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE CAPE

Modern sanitation is an important feature of life and the cleanliness that is next to Godliness is strictly insisted upon by those who are particular about their laundry work. At Falmouth there is a modern laundry where the sanitary feature is given especial attention and sterilization is practiced in all the work. Visitors to this plant often express surprise at the completeness of the equipment and at the care which is taken with the clothes which are cleansed there. The fact that hand work is done insures individual attention to each piece and the clothes from each household are handled separately when being washed. Summer people who have visited the Robbins' Hand Laundry assert that they did not expect to find such a modern laundry upon the Cape, nor one doing such a high grade of work.

Perhaps there is no man better known upon the Cape than Thomas H. Nickerson of Harwich. Mr. Nickerson is one of the selectmen of the town and is prominent in all its affairs as well as in most public affairs upon the Cape. He is often called upon to serve as an adjuster of claims both by the court and by private parties who desire to avoid litigation.

One of the saddest events of the season was the drowning at South Harwich on July 8th of two little girls, aged 11 years. They were the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Clenric H. Cahoon of Harwich and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Perry of Brewster and were cousins.

GRAINS OF SAND

By CAROL WIGHT

DEAR Florence:—Here is my little sister's letter at last, and though you may not think there is much war preparation here on the Cape compared to New York, still our hearts are beating to the same measure as yours and every hand is helping in one way or another. I felt this so very deeply yesterday afternoon when I visited old Captain George and found him hard at work in his garden. You remember the house with its great grey roof, its snow-white clapboards and the two dormer windows looking out upon the Atlantic like the Captain's own keen eyes in search of passing sails. To think he is eighty-four and his step as firm, his eyes as bright, and his mind as clear as father's! I watched him a minute as he cultivated his potatoes and every now and then he would grease the blade of his hoe with the bacon rind he kept in the pocket of his blouse. Suddenly he saw me, dropped his hoe, grasped my hand on the run and almost without a word hauled me up the hill in triumph to Aunt Mary.

"George," she cried, bubbling over with joy at seeing me; "If you'd been on a voyage to the Garden of Eden instead of to our little Cape Cod garden, you couldn't have brought me a more precious cargo." Then she adjusted her spectacles and when I had picked up the soldier's helmet she had dropped, knitting needles and all, she said, after looking at me fixedly for some time: "I have just lost a grandson over there," here she turned and pointed toward the ocean—"and it seems as though when he left the Cape and passed out of my life and closed the door behind him the wind pulled another door open as it does in a room and in you came to take his place in my heart." Then there was a pause in her conversation while she sat before me a Washington pie. "Yes," she resumed, while her stern but beautiful face lit up with an enthusiasm that made me think of the picture of Cromwell in my history, "yes, I sent my grandson over the sea to fight for the England where I was born. Self has a long arm, but love has a longer one, for it can reach over three thousand miles of ocean to the land of one's childhood."

Going to the bureau she took out an English flag. "I'm a foreigner, Saddington," she said laughingly, and then very earnestly, "Many a long year that flew from my father's ship before he became a citizen of New England and God knows I love the old flag still, even if I have learned to love my husband's flag more, and George, if you were a few years younger I'd send you over, too."

"A few years makes a big difference when you pass eighty" said Captain George, wistfully; "I fought in the Civil War and now my only weapon is my hoe, but I shall wield that for all it is worth. Old as I am I can raise enough corn and potatoes to feed several families beside my own, and I can work harder for patriotism than I can for profit."

"That's saying a great deal, George," said Aunt Mary, with a smile of grim approval; "there were few rivals who could blanket your sails." "To dress the earth, to keep it," he continued, "that, Saddington, is what God bid us do, and He started the first man and woman off in a garden, and Mary and I think we are nearer to Heaven and to Him for having one every year for ourselves. So I'm going to float the Stars and Stripes over our garden to show what a bit of 'God's Own Country' is like, and if food, as they say, will win the war, I shall do my bit," and he took from the wall our American flag and gazed at it in his solemn way.

"I guess we shan't quarrel, George," said Aunt Mary, shaking her colors, "for these two flags, as I take it, stand pretty much for the same thing and the reason I love this New England is that it thinks about freedom and justice very much as old England does, and

George, if you landed in Devonshire or Kent you could pass for an Englishman unless it came to a 'trade', when, to their grief, they'd know you were a Yankee."

"Did you ever repent the trade I made with you, Mary?" he asked with a chuckle, while he winked at me so pointedly that I felt embarrassed.

"Neither of us repented that trade," she replied quickly. "That was what a trade should be. Neither lost and both of us gained and I pray God," she added earnestly, as she took her husband's hand, "that these two flags shall be united, even as you and I, in the love of Justice, and all noble things now and forevermore."

When I went home that evening after a very happy afternoon, which I wish, Florence, you had been there to share with me, I turned and looked back where Captain George and Aunt Mary were standing at the gate. The declining sun lingered over them and touched their white hair and kindly faces with a new brightness which was partly reflected from the flags they waved and as I looked at the cross of St. George and the Star Spangled Banner, I involuntarily repeated Aunt Mary's words: "United in the love of Justice and all great and noble things, now and forevermore."

Well, Florence, for the present good bye and won't you envy your brother when I tell you that we are to have an Italian officer to dinner. In my next letter I shall tell you all about him and if you only knew how handsome he was you would take the next train. I'll write you all about him in my next letter. Of course you are not even curious. Girls never are—about officers.

Your loving brother,
SADDINGTON.

The Chatauqua gatherings upon the Cape have been very successful this year, the audiences in all towns being larger than they were last season. This form of entertainment promises to be a permanent summer institution in towns where it has been given.

SPIDER BREAD

By MARY O. SPARROW

A receipe for spider bread:—Verily the world doth move, and spirally, as has been said, for it comes around each time a peg higher in the scale of fashion. I suppose spider breads are cooked now over a gas range and perhaps later if not now, in a fireless cooker. But the ones I remember were set to cook in a corner of the fireplace with the spider nearly upright—where it would get as much as possible the even heat of the fire. When nicely done, and a little brown on one side, it was deftly turned somewhat like a flapjack and done to a turn on the other—no, vice versa, for I have just thought that done to a turn means ready to turn, and that is where the phrase comes from.

There are advantages in all circumstances and I owe much of my love for and remembrance of old fashioned cooking to the fact that my grandfather was a very conservative man, and clung to the use of fireplaces long after most people had discarded them for stoves.

As long as my grandmother lived all cooking was done in fireplace and brick oven. After her death, and a housekeeper was obliged to be hired, the fireplace was discarded, but the brick oven for Saturday's baking was still used. She, being an English woman, used to say, "I'll 'eat the hoven, Mr. 'Opkins."

The spider bread was cut in pieces like a pie, and on our plates split between the crusts and spread with butter or thick cream. My! but it tasted good.

Johnny-cake was baked somewhat the same way but being of yellow meal did not appeal to me so much.

Rye mixed with wheat flour is nothing new for that was the kind of bread baked Saturdays in the brick oven with the brown-bread and beans and plum pudding. Not baked beans as we sometimes have them now, baked a few hours in an open pan. No, these were baked for hours and left to be kept hot in the oven till the family returned from church for the Sunday dinner.

Doughnuts sweetened with molasses are nothing new. They were cooked in a kettle hung on a crane in the fireplace. Dangerous business I should think it would have been and grandmother's face must have been many times scorched. But as I remember it, it was of the fairest. Always peaceful. Perhaps she had learned the uselessness of fretting.

There were fireplaces in nearly every room in the house, even one in the underground cellar. For what purpose it was built I do not know, but my mother has told me that sometimes it was used to make molasses candy when grandfather didn't know.

There was one in the parlor of course, but that room was never used except for weddings and funerals and courting.

One Sunday the family didn't get the beans. When they returned from church the beans were missing. So was Stephen, the boy taken from a Reform School. Stephen had a club foot and it somehow got into his character. He was found though down in the house under the mill at the saltworks, nicely hidden away in a bed of straw, with food enough to last him till the search was over and he could safely run away. He didn't run but was promptly returned to the institution.

Abel was his successor. Abel is a story in itself. He had his faults and he had his good qualities. Grandfather used to say, "I can't live with him, and I can't live without him. and what shall I do?" Not by any means an unknown experience to some of us in these days.

Abel was never around when needed. Grandfather had a stentorian voice and his long drawn out A-b-e-ll—when calling him could be heard from anywhere in the vicinity. But I hear a bell and it is the school bell, so no more. I wish it were spider bread.

A LETTER

By CLARA KECK HEFLEBOWER

Oh, Maud Dear, I'm writing to tell you
I'll meet you again at Cape Cod;
I expect to re-open the "Belle View,"
(My cottage attracts me, it's odd?)
The waves and the sand have been calling,
I'm having my yacht put in trim;
The beach and its maidens enthralling,
All are beckoning me for a swim.

Sweet memories are ever recurring
Of delightful weeks spent on the Cape;
They set every pulse o' me stirring,
Recalling one narrow escape
That very near finished our calling,
On that wonderful Provincetown trip,
When the storm and those breakers appalling
Held us fast in their terrible grip.

Nor yet are forgotten the clam-bakes
And the fun of digging and search;
Oh! the pies at the Inn "just like Ma makes,"
And the 'Bus Line to Falmouth, for church.
Woods Hole, with Biological College,—
And folks, "just the best of the earth;"
While Chatham, we proudly acknowledge
As the home of a writer of worth.

I'm sure you remember fair Sandwich
With its beautiful home on the bluff;
And the ride in the boat that bleak morning,
When the waves were cutting up rough;
The white gulls and crows on the seashore,
Lovers' Lane thro' the woods to Menauhant,
Past the dear little cottage of "Restmore,"
And the Davisville, Falmouth Heights jaunt.

We'll miss some dear lads at the races,
Our water-sports sure will be tame;
We'll miss their wild "Pep" and dear faces
As they fought for or cheered at the game;
They have answered the call of their Country,
Are in training or "Somewhere in France"—
How we love them, these soldiers and sailors,
Who are now daily facing Death's chance!

Do try to arrange, if convenient
To rally the gay crowd once more,
For they all well remember days joy-spent
On the sands of the Sunny South Shore.
So here's to our vacation meeting,
And the summer days coming, dear Maud!
I look forward to every warm greeting
That's awaiting me down at Cape Cod.

CAPE COD

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LEMUEL C. HALL, EDITOR
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Editorial

OUR OWN BOYS

THOSE who reside on Cape Cod have a particular interest in "The Old Colony Regiment," which, more than any other, Cape Cod puts her faith in. The official designation of the War Department is "the 302nd Infantry" but as "The Old Colony Regiment" it will always be known to us. When the writer suggested the name as one most fitting for this fighting unit, Major Barlow wrote that he agreed with the appropriateness of it, but that the enemy would be more likely to call it "The Devil's Own," when it got a taste of its fighting qualities.

This regiment is made up of men from Southeastern Massachusetts. There are more Cape Cod boys in it than there are in any other unit. We trust that we will not be revealing any military secret when we make the claim that in intelligence, stamina and fighting qualities the men of this regiment will be excelled by those of none other. Not in a spirit of loyalty to our own is this statement entirely made, but from observation and reports that have come to us and our knowledge of the quality of the training it has had.

Everyone on the Cape will anxiously await news which will tell them of the doings of this regiment and as time goes on and they go from the training period into the fighting period we must expect to hear of casualties which will bring sorrow into many of our homes and sadness to the communities.

Hall Caine has said, "near is thy shirt, but nearer is thy skin," so these boys are near to us and dear to us and harm to them is harm to us. This not only applies to the Cape Cod boys in the 302nd Infantry, but also to Cape Cod boys wherever they may be, at home in camp, abroad upon the seas, or along the blood stained line between the Vosges and the English channel. However near and dear to us are all of those who are fighting for freedom's cause, nearer to us, as Cape Codders, are the men we have seen go forth from among us to meet whatever fate may have in store. They are the men we know by face and voice and feature, they are our Jims, our Johns and our Davids. They bear the familiar names peculiar to our locality. They are peculiarly and particularly ours and to us their fate means much.

* * *

THE granting of franchises to public service corporations is a matter that should be carefully considered by our towns. The conveniences of electric lights and water supplies is apt to be given undue importance and corporations often gain rights that afterwards become burdensome to the community. Such matters should be considered very carefully in all aspects and the mistake of giving all that is asked for avoided. The proper capitalization of such companies should be insisted upon to the end that rates may not become too high. Many communities are so anxious to obtain such facilities that they eagerly accept the terms offered and later on find that they have been hasty and that valuable privileges have been given away without being properly safeguarded. The future should be given consideration as well as the present and such terms insisted upon as will be fair to the people that are to be served.

THE Cape has always been a hot bed of political enthusiasm. A good political scrap is always dearly loved. It has not always been just clear what such fights were about but there has never been a lack of interest in them. This fall an important election will take place. We have to choose a governor, a senator and a congressman. Partizanship should be ignored this year. It should not matter what party a candidate belongs to so long as he is the man best fitted to forward the interests of the times, so long as his patriotism rings true and his worth is clear. If there ever was a time when true worth is needed in political candidates it is now. Self-seeking politicians whose desires lead them to aspire for positions above their capacity ought to get little encouragement. To use the words of President Wilson, "let politics be adjourned" for the period of the war and let sound sense and reason govern the votes we shall cast in the primaries and the elections. We should see that no man who is needed at the head of our affairs is turned out of office merely because someone else wants it, and that no man is kept in office unless he is qualified for the position which he holds.

* * *

THIS is summer time upon Cape Cod. It is the season of the year when visitors throng to its shores and when its social and recreational activities are at their height. Yet it is not quite as it has been in other years. While there is laughter and gayety, it is subdued. There is a lonesomeness to it all that is sad to contemplate. Familiar faces are gone and their absence is noted. Amid the throngs there are many strange faces, more earnestness and more care. Yet never before has Cape Cod seemed so dear to all, never has its welfare seemed more vital to us. Our task is this: To keep the home fires burning; to keep to our task; to nourish and cherish and keep our institutions intact, so that when the day comes for us to welcome home those who have fulfilled their duty we can feel that we have also done our duty and kept for them all that was good in our community lives before they went away and made improvements in conditions which required them.

* * *

AUGUST is the month when the Cape is Mecca for the greatest number of people who seek rest and recreation from the toils of life in the enjoyment of salt sea breezes, invigorating bathing and the joys of country life. In August the season is at its height and functions of all kinds furnish their greatest pleasure. A vacation upon the Cape is a pleasure to be looked forward to and those who have once accustomed themselves to it seldom fail to come back . More and more the Cape is being visited for week end auto trips by those who cannot afford the time to take vacations of longer duration. An especial effort should be made to make the stay of all visitors pleasant and everyone should be given to understand that the latch-string is always out to new-comers.

Women working in the fields is no uncommon sight as tourists pass along the Cape highways. The fancy farmerette costumes one sees in the fashion pages of the newspapers and magazines are conspicuous by their absence. The costumes most worn by Cape Cod farmerettes is a gingham gown and a sunbonnet. The pretty faces, glowing with health, seen beneath the headgear reminds one of the poem wherein the Judge saw Maud Muller raking hay and was compelled to tarry awhile.

The question is often asked "are there any golf links on the Cape?" We can answer this by saying that there are a number of excellent nine and eighteen hole courses which present all the variety that any enthusiastic golfer may desire. Among the courses most noted are those at Highland light, Truro; the one connected with the Chatham Bars Inn at Chatham; at Hyannisport, Yarmouth, Wianno, Woods Hole, Pocasset and Sagamore.

CAPE COD IN WAR TIME

A Little Journey to the Tip End of the Right Arm of the Old Bay State

JUST to learn, if I could, what effect the war is having upon the people who inhabit the "bared and bended arm" of the state, I took my automobile from its garage and started on a trip of investigation. Cape Cod is always an interesting place and more so now than ever. It has been bragged about, lied about and talked about ever since the Pilgrims landed upon the soil of America at Provincetown in 1620. Thoreau walked over it and told wonderful tales of what he saw and about the people with whom he talked. Others have attempted to write about it with more or less success. It has been viewed from all angles. Its "types" have been pictured by artists and pen-pictured by writers until the popular conception of a Cape Codder is a salty old tar with ragged chin whiskers who chews tobacco and rolls as he walks. Where these "types" are to be found has long been a conundrum to those who knew the Cape best.

Well, "to resoom," as Josh Billings said, I have taken a trip down the Cape, have survived the ordeal and am ready to tell what I saw.

Just where the Cape begins is something of a mystery to the average Bostonian. The newspapers often speak of Brockton, Plymouth and Middleboro as being Cape Cod towns. But they "ain't." Cape Cod is synonomous with Barnstable County and Barnstable County is bounded on the west and north by Plymouth County. It begins at the village of Buzzards Bay, in the town of Bourne and finishes at Provincetown, otherwise known as "the jumping off place" from the fact that if you wish to go any further you have to jump off the end of the dock and swim.

Although the Cape proper begins at the Buttermilk Bay bridge which connects Plymouth and Barnstable counties, I begin this narrative at Wareham. No, Wareham isn't a Cape town, but you have to go through Wareham to get to the Cape, therefore it has an important relation to the Cape which should not be overlooked.

The last census states that Wareham has a population of 5,000 people and that its principal industries are the growing of cranberries, the manufacture of cut nails, horseshoes, and the finishing of cotton cloth.

Coming into Wareham from the north we first enter the village of Tremont where is located the steel plant of the Tremont Nail Company, a subsiderary of the United Shoe Machinery Company. The presence of this mill accounts for the Italian village which swarms with children. From the mill stacks smoke is pouring and from the furnace building red flames shoot skyward showing that one of the big steel furnaces is being tapped. Leaving Tremont behind we roll along over a winding road to South Wareham, which curiously enough is not south at all but is west of Wareham center. There is a horseshoe mill here which is busy making shoes for horses and mules to wear in France.

Wareham, the village, is a considerable business center. Coming into it from the west the first important feature noticed is the handsome soldiers' and sailors' monument, a tall shaft rising from a green triangle of soil, flanked by two cannon of Civil War times. Half way up the monument are two figures representing the military and naval branch of the service. Strangely enough the sailor is seen gazing, as though on lookout, toward the north and away from the water, while the soldier bravely faces the waters of Buzzards Bay. In explanation of this it is said that the builder of the monument was left handed and reversed the sculptor's plans.

To get to the Cape you have to go through the main business street of the town and cross the bridge at the Narrows where flows the Wankinko river. Below the bridge the stream widens out into the harbor and along it are wharves where vessels discharge their cargoes of coal and lumber principally.

Wareham has a bank which is the center of the business interests of the town. It has sold about half a million of dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds to the townspeople and it is the clearing house of the funds used in the cranberry industry.

Speaking of the cranberry industry it is worth knowing that more berries of this variety are shipped from Wareham than from any other town in the world. Its cultivated bogs represent a large amount of capital and the industry is one of the main dependencies of the town. Last year there was a frost in the fall which more than cut the crop in two. It was a great blow to the town and would have been a much severer one had it not been for the fact that the small crop brought high prices, thus making up in a measure for the frost loss. Just now the principal topic of conversation is the frost which occurred on the morning of June 20, which is believed to have reduced the crop from a quarter to a half of what it would have been had the frost not come.

Wareham has gone in heavily for "war gardens." It is deeply patriotic in this respect for its soil is none too good and the returns from farming are not so great as in many other localities.

Wareham has suffered from the war. Not only has it sent over 200 of its young men to the war, but it has also been drained of its working force by the exodus of large numbers of Portuguese inhabitants to the manufacturing centers where they receive higher wages than those paid at home. Unskilled labor demands and gets from 30 to 50 cents an hour and it is expected that the cranberry growers will have to pay 75 cents an hour for the harvesting of the crop.

After crossing the bridge and continuing about two miles to the east the village of East Wareham or Agawam appears. Here is located a large cotton cloth bleachery and dyeing mill. Across from this mill is an old house of considerable historic interest as it was once frequented by Daniel Webster and contains a number of relics of this noted man.

A little further on the road divides. The straight road leads directly to Buzzards Bay. The other takes the tourist through Onset, a summer resort that annually invites thousands of people to partake of its cool and shady comfort. It is built around a little gem of a harbor and in the summer time is a busy and thriving place, with its hotels, its cottages, its bathing beaches, and its amusement features. Onset was originally the camping ground of the Spiritualists, but it has now outgrown sectarian lines and is a peculiarly cosmopolitan summer resort.

For two miles we roll along over a smooth road lined with neat homes and pretty summer cottages. We approach the Narrows and look off to the south, down Buzzards Bay. It is an entrancing view on a clear summer day, and as the first real view of Cape Cod scenery for the tourist is much admired and compared with the Bay of Naples.

Now comes "Cohassett Narrows," as the inlet at the head of Buzzards Bay was once known. It is bridged by a low wooden structure (speed limit eight miles an hour) and on the other side lies Cape Cod.

The first town on the real Cape Cod is Bourne, not the "bourne from which no traveller returns," so one need have no fear of entering it. Bourne is a town divided against itself. It is cut in two by the Cape Cod canal, the greater part of that important waterway being within its borders. It reaches way across the Cape from Buzzards Bay to Cape Cod Bay and has a number of villages and a considerable shore front. The hamlets which comprise the town are Buzzards Bay, Monument Beach, Pocasset, Cataumet, Bournedale and Sagamore. It has an interesting history and is altogether an interesting town. One of its best features is its fine roads. As one has to pass through Bourne to get to any other part of the Cape by its good roads it calls the attention of the tourist to the fact that Cape Cod roads are always good roads.

Sagamore is the home of the Keith Car and Manufacturing company which makes freight cars in great quantities and which is by far the largest and most important manufacturing industry on the Cape. Then comes Sandwich, a town once famous for its glass works. In Sandwich the full measure of war gardens are to be found and everybody is helping in the war work to their full capacity.

Further on comes Barnstable with its group of County buildings and its various villages scattered way across the Cape. Then Yarmouth, Dennis, Brewster, Orleans, Eastham, Wellfleet, Truro and Provincetown. On the South shore of the Cape lies Chatham with its big naval aviation camp and its mammoth wireless station, also Harwich, a town where war-work is being carried on extensively.

Hyannis is the business center of the Cape and here we find a fine company of State Guards. Falmouth, at the elbow of the Cape is a town that has many charms and is known as the summer home of many prominent people.

All along the route, up and down the Cape, there are service flags in the windows, showing that Cape Cod has furnished its full quota to the army and navy. All about the Cape we find a patriotic spirit which impels its people to "go over the top" in all the calls made upon it. Everywhere are war gardens and nowhere is the conservation of food practiced to a greater extent.

To Cape Cod must be given the credit of doing its full share in the prosecution of the war. There is scarcely a home that has not contributed one or more of its members to the cause of liberty. Nowhere is the atmosphere more cheerful or the spirit of the people more earnest.

In war time as in peace time Cape Cod is fulfilling its destiny. On the battle line in Europe are many of the most deserving of its sons and upon the seas its young men are undauntedly doing their utmost to make the world safe for democracy.

DOWN IN TRURO

By MARY W. RICH

On a strip of land by the ocean side,
Washed by the ebbing and flowing tide,
In the sand and salt, and salt and sand,
Found nowhere else as in Cape Cod land,
Is the quaint old town of Truro.

There are scenes most rare in this fair old town,
The shadows are weird, when the sun goes down,
Chasing each other like fairy sprites
In'to woodland dells, where they sleep o' nights,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

Marshes redundant with reeds and with rushes,
Where hover bobolinks, bluebirds and thrushes,
Cheery and sweet are the songs they deliver,
As they sway to and fro on the reeds by the river,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

The river embosomed in glories galore,
Like a mirror enshrined in some lady's boudoir,
Winding its silvery way through the lea,
To become the fair bride of the beautiful sea,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

There are sun-kissed slopes, all teeming with bushes
Of rich, ripe fruit, clothed in bloom and in blushes,
And fragrant perfume, from the fern and the pine.
Profusely dispensed by the giver divine,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

There are wind-swept hills, hills covered with green,
And hills where the dead lie, so still and serene.
The sea sings a dirge to the souls that have fled,
And the moss-covered gravestones bend over the dead,
In the quaint old town of Truro.

There may be landscapes of grander mein,
With bolder cliff, and deeper ravine,
But nowhere else in region or clime,
Can be found such rest, in summer time,
As down in the town of Truro.

There are memories dear of this Cape Cod land,
With its cool pine groves and sea-salt sand,
And wherever I chance in this world to roam,
My heart drifts back to a peaceful home
In the quaint old town of Truro.

AUNT SARAH'S TALE

"OH, how do you do, Mrs. Lewis; so you have decided to make quaint Cape Cod your home for the summer. Well, I'm always glad to see some one from the city, and hope you will enjoy your stay among us. You thought you would accept my invitation to call again? Well, that's right, for I always enjoy the new ideas I get from strangers.

"You think these little villages must be full of historic interest and Indian lore, and you wish you knew the right ones to ask for tales of the early settlements?

"Well, perhaps I could tell you a tale that was told to me when a child, although I am not a regular story teller and my way of telling it may sound very crude to you.

"Long ago in a little New England village lived Patience White and her little daughter, Rebecca, a tiny lass not quite four years old. Her husband had been murdered by a hostile Indian two years before the events in this story occurred and Patience still had great fear of the stern-looking warriors who often came to the settlement for trade with the white men. But while of course there were some bad Indians, most of them were peaceably inclined and the white people were fast losing their fear of them, and were inclined to look upon them as a rather worthless lot.

"But Patience, poor girl, trembled at the sight of them, and you can imagine her feelings, when, just at the twilight hour, she went to the door to call her little daughter in from her play, and saw silently gathering a host of dusky forms. In a panic she called her little Rebecca loudly, but not a trace of her could she see, while the warriors began to make signs and in broken English tried to tell her what they wanted, but Patience was too frightened to understand, for she feared that something had happened to her child. And then suddenly a childish voice was heard singing in low tones, 'Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top, when the wind blows the cradle will rock.' Not waiting to hear the rest, Patience and the Indians rushed toward the sound of the voice.

" 'Baby, baby,' screamed the mother, and 'pappoose, pappoose,' grunted the Indians.

Then stepped forth from a shed near the house, little Rebecca, calm and unafraid, holding tenderly in her arms an Indian pappoose, which she had found tied to a tree as is the custom of the Indians.

"With a rush Patience tried to reach the child before the Indians got to her, feeling sure that something horrible would happen to the fearless little maid.

"But one big Indian chief stepped in front of her, and taking little Rebecca and the pappoose in his arms strode off with them. With wild cries, Patience followed, but the Indian said, 'No hurt pappoose,' and little Rebecca seemed to feel no fear. Patience, almost crazed with fright, followed as closely as possible with the rest of the tribe pressing around her, until they reached the Indian encampment.

"The squaws and children swarmed about them, and the chief spoke to them in the Indian language, and then one of the women went into a teepee and brought out an Indian doll and gave it to little Rebecca, while taking at the same time the pappoose from her arms. Then Patience began to realize that the fierce looking chief had only meant a kindness to her little girl, substituting the doll for the pappoose that she might not be disappointed.

"Just as Patience was thinking "now I can take my child home and perhaps nothing is to happen to us after all," an interruption occurred which made her pause a minute. Out from a clump of bushes came an Indian girl singing a weird and plaintive song. At sight of the little white girl she changed to a more joyous note, and dancing and frisking before her she held out her arms as an invitation to the little one, and suddenly snatching her up, danced off with her toward the shore.

"Patience started forward in dismay, but the chief held her back. This girl was one of the innocents, feeble minded we should call her, but the Indians regarded such with reverence, and would not have her molested, for the Great Spirit had entered into her, they said.

"Straight down to the water's edge went the Indian maiden, still dancing and singing and hugging little Rebecca to her. Then out into the waves she danced laughing in glee as the waves dashed over her bare feet.

"Patience strove in vain to escape the chief's hold upon her that she might rescue her child, but he shook his head reprovingly at her, for the work of the Great Spirit must not be interfered with even by the white lady.

"Farther and farther out into the water gleefully went the foolish maiden until she was up to her waist in the waves, going out perhaps to meet the spirit of the deep which seemed to be calling her on.

"Then suddenly from back of them came the most beautiful song of a bird; then other birds seemed to join in; the robin, the thrush, the oriole and hosts of others. Sometimes the bird notes seemed to be near the Indian maiden and she would turn her head to listen, and at last turned her footsteps slowly shoreward, listening intently to the beautiful burst of song, and as it gradually receded from her followed slowly, lured from the dangerous waves by the enticing notes.

"The notes seemed now to precede from the lips of the white woman, and the half-witted Indian maiden dropped the child at her feet and gazed eagerly at the face of Patience, but now the bird notes changed and sounded farther away, and the girl darted past her in eager pursuit of the birds as the music receded into the distance.

"Patience waited no longer but snatched up her precious child and ran fleetly home leaving the Indians still fascinated by the wonder of the unseen birds and their beautiful music.

"It must be a miracle, Patience decided; how else could such a wonder have happened.

"But the next day she had a call from a stranger, a young man, who said he came to inquire whether she or the baby had suffered any ill effects from the fright of the previous day.

"In amazement Patience asked how he had heard of the affair.

He replied that he had been a witness to the scene upon the shore. In fact he had been the worker of the seeming miracle, for he had the gift of a ventriloquist and had, by throwing his voice in different directions, enticed the girl to follow and hunt for the birds.

"In the course of conversation Patience learned that a new colony had come to the New England shores from England and were searching for a suitable place to build their homes. He hoped that they might settle near this little village as he liked the location; and that was what did happen, and as Patience was still very young you can of course guess at the result.

"A year later a simple but beautiful wedding took place upon the shore, in the same spot where a tragedy almost occurred the year before.

"There, in the glory of a setting sun, with the Indians forming a dusky background, little Rebecca holding fast to her mother's hand, the couple made their solemn pledges before the minister of God and the people of the colony, and lived, let us hope, useful and happy lives thereafter. No diamond ring, no feasting, no wedding trip was their's, but who dare say that nature's scenery, the wide expanse of old Ocean's domain with its undulating waves and the beautiful glow of the sun as it sank to rest, was not more fitting to consecrate the new life before them, than all the pomp and feasting of modern weddings.

"The superstitious Indians felt that the Great Spirit had taken this couple under his special care and became their firm and devoted friends, and ever after called little Rebecca "Singing bird" in memory of the eventful day when the miracle was wrought."

ANONYMOUS.

Our Debt to Old Ocean

By LUCY E. TREAT

AS the environment has its effect upon the life and growth of the individual, so certain geographic features of a country's situation retard or promote its national life. Not least among these dominating factors of a people's history is the ocean, when it washes its shores. In early European history, the Mediterranean was a controlling factor. It early became a highway for commerce and a barrier to Asiatic conquest. To the ancient Phoenician merchant, navigating its waters, with his richly laden ship, it was a source of wealth and an avenue of communication. It was the means of disseminating the civilization of the East among the more primitive nations of the West. It brought the conservative Greek of Athens in touch with the broader-minded Greek of Miletus. It made possible for Rome her naval supremacy, after the victory of her first rude fleet. Through the ages supremacy of the sea has gone hand in hand with national progress. With its decline has vanished national prestige.

Since the days when a little band of Pilgrims settled on the rocky New England shore, until today when the Stars and Stripes wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, as a nation we owe a deep debt to Old Ocean. During the first winter at Plymouth, when the earth refused to yield her increase, it was from the ocean's boundless store that these brave people gained their sustenance. Even after the gathering of successful crops, the chief dish of that first Thanksgiving feast was a steaming kettle of clam chowder. The ocean as a source of food supply kept Gaunt Famine from stalking among the early colonists. Upon the ocean alone they depended for communication with the loved ones in England. Across the ocean's wide expanse came the news from the Mother Country and eager eyes sought the sail of the returning Mayflower on its bosom. To the leaders of

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the colony the ocean was a great unknown pathway for exploration, leading to new settlements along its shores.

In the commercial development of the nation, the ocean has been a guiding and controlling factor. At the time of the Revolution the ocean had enabled us to establish two national industries, of whose rapid growth even the older countries of Europe were becoming jealous, fishing and ship-building. Commercial cities were springing up along our coast and fleets of merchantmen were sailing from Atlantic ports. Salem already was sending out ships laden with New England produce, to return with rich cargoes from Europe and India. Merchant princes were amassing fortunes from ocean commerce and fishing along the coasts, which later became the capital for larger forms of enterprise in developing the interior of our country.

After the period of commercial paralysis and stagnation following the war of 1812, newer and larger industries arose at ocean's door. For half a century our merchant marine was unsurpassed on the sea. Old seaport towns, like Nantucket and New Bedford, were acquiring wealth and prominence in the whaling industry. Nothing could have made possible such rapid commercial expansion during this period except old Ocean pounding on our shores.

As a barrier and defence from aggression, the ocean is rapidly losing its prestige before the rapidity of ocean travel today and the submarine. But we must not forget the part which the ocean has played in the past, in protecting us and in developing such naval heroes as John Paul Jones and Admiral Farragut.

Upon the character of the people, the ocean has had a most wonderful effect. Sea-faring people possess a rugged strength of character, a wide charity and a simplicity, which partakes of the strength, depth and peace of old ocean in its varying moods. Life on the ocean has developed such types as the hardy Norseman of the North, the rich merchant

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of the South, and the grand old New England sea-captains of a century ago.

From the narrow training of a New England boyhood our first captains sailed forth into foreign realms of age-old civilizations and carried back to their New England village a broader and deeper vision and a wider charity for their fellowmen. The days of the ocean-going packet and the clipper ship era produced the finest type of sea captains. Theirs was a calling which not only developed but demanded certain sterling qualities, and a rugged strength of character. Physical endurance and strength must be theirs to withstand the cold, the storm and the fog; courage and good judgment upon which the crew could rely in times of danger, and a real seamanship and knowledge of navigation. The latter could be gained only by real experience on the ocean, in all its moods. Hearty and jovial, yet gentlemen in the truest sense of the word, were these old-time captains.

Today when population is becoming so congested on the land and there is real danger of a famine of the products of the soil, we are depending more and more upon the ocean to supply us with edibles. Shellfish, cod, salmon and many other varieties of sea-food are being used more extensively on our tables than ever before.

Although danger lurks in ocean's angry moods and its depths may hide the menacing submarine, the ocean, particularly the grim, gray Atlantic, has become a broad international highway over which food is being sent to the hungry nations of Europe. Across it go the khaki-clad youth of America to help in the great struggle for democracy.

Inspiring means of shaping our infant industries, producer of our jolly Jack Tars and our splendid old captains, highway of international relief, Old Ocean abides forever, a source of wonder and pleasure, although one day it smiles warmly upon us and the next day frowns in deep displeasure and exacts heavy toll.

"Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

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Captain Edwin Thacher

THE passing of Captain Thacher takes from Yarmouth a worthy man and true, one of Cape Cod's sturdy mariners.

He was born in Yarmouth nearly eighty-three years ago, the oldest child of the late Samuel and Polly Hamblin Thacher. Two brothers survive him, Cyrus Thacher of Yarmouth, Isaac Thacher of Brockton, also a sister, Mrs. Emma Gorham of Yarmouthport.

He married in 1860, Elizabeth T. Matthews who survives him. Their two sons died in manhood—Edwin Sears in 1896, and Lawrence Matthews a few years ago. One grandchild is left.

He got the fundamentals of education in the common schools. The rugged discipline of life furnished the rest.

In his youth he felt the call of the sea and started forth full of hope and ambition to win in his chosen vocation. After several seasons on fishing vessels, he made his first deep-sea voyage in the early 50's. His determination and ability soon brought about his promotion to the position of first officer. In that capacity he sailed around Cape Horn on two voyages with the late Capt. Bangs Hallett, in the ship Hussar. Later he was first mate on the Regent with the late Capt Edmund Hamblin, and again in ship Ringleader.

He was made captain in the early 60's and commanded in succession large clipper ships, in the employ of the owners, Howes & Crowell, Boston. Some of the ships commanded by him were the Audubon, Fleet Wing, Ericson, Ringleader, Glendon.

He belonged to that group of Yarmouth sea captains of whom we are justly proud, whose goings and comings with the thrilling adventures between, were stimulating events to a younger generation.

In the wandering moments of his last illness his mind was upon the ocean. He was

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living over again the vivid experiences of earlier years.

After retiring from the sea, he engaged in various activities in his home town, the cranberry business being an important interest.

Carol Wight of Chatham has written a play entitled "The Scallop Shanty" which will be printed and sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The first war casualty to occur on the Cape was the recent death of an ensign and the fatal injury of a lieutenant by a fall from a hydroplane at the Chatham Costal station.

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